OLD WEST

Spring, 1967
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ALL STORIES NEW!

OLD WEST

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

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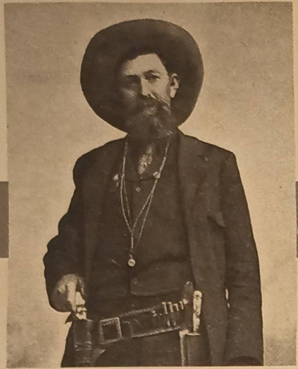

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OLD WEST
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ALL STORIES NEW!

COVER PHOTO
by EBY STUDIOS

BACK COVER
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GIVE ONE TO A SOLDIER!

SELDOM is a message (especially by old Hossus Taillus!) important enough to run in all three magazines. We think this one is.

Recently we donated 1,000 copies of TRUE WEST to the boys fighting in South Vietnam. What a terrific reaction! Those boys are lonely over there—they are in strange lands and they want something from home that doesn't remind them of the horrors of warfare. Naturally, the "girlie" books are very popular but we have been surprised to find out just *how* popular Western Americana is! It sort of gives them a chance to forget their own troubles and read about the fascinating lives of our pioneers, I suppose.

Well, we are going to continue to donate sizable numbers of all three magazines—not only to the Vietnam theatre of war, but to the lonesome outposts in Korea, West Germany and a hundred other spots throughout the globe.

We have also put service personnel on our complimentary list. A letter came in recently that I want to share with you:

"Hi, Hosstail! Now this here is the actual-fact-Sunday-go-to-church truth: I have a close friend who is the Psychological Warfare advisor to the First Cavalry Division up in the Central Highlands of Vietnam in the bustling little community of An-Khe. This fella comes to Saigon maybe every three months or so, and always comes over to have a meal or three with me. He always asks me the same question, "You got any of those TRUE WESTS around?' I usually do, as well as FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST. I have thanked you in the past and I am still thanking you for sending them to me. Trouble is, my good friend is depleting my library and building his own—with *my* copies! Well, that's all right. Can't think of a nicer guy who ought to have them. He's part horse, himself!

"You can't imagine how these boys go for your magazines over here! They are so badly needed that I pass mine around until they nearly fall apart and then this good friend takes them up to the Central Highlands with him and I think they have to be glued over and over to hold them together as man after man reads *every word!* Finally, they just disintegrate. It would be interesting to know how many men read one copy!

"If your readers only knew *how much* these magazines are appreciated (maybe I should say *loved!*) by the boys over here, they would send every copy they have! I am going to send gift subscriptions to my buddies—as far as every extra penny I have will go.

"Thanks again for keeping me on your list as a 'deadhead'—maybe I can make up for it by sending subscriptions to my friends. Sincerely, Wayne F. Hyde, U.S. Embassy/JUSPAO, APO San Francisco, California 96243."

Sort of does your heart good to know they appreciate it *that* much, doesn't it? Seems like sailors, marines, the Air Force—every branch of the service *all over the world* is low on reading material and, in some spots, almost desperate for it. If you don't send them our magazines, send them somebody else's publication.

IN THE CASE of ours, you could send your own copy after you have finished it (if you are not starting a collection), or you could send the special gift offer of back issues that we carry in each magazine every issue, or you could send subscriptions at the special rates you will find in each issue of all three magazines. Six gift subscriptions would earn you the six western color prints which we have been selling at $1 each and the six gift subscriptions would cost you only $9.00.

If there is no one in the service that you know personally, you can send gift copies, gift subscriptions, etc. in care of any of the USO stations listed below—the location of your choice—and "the home away from home" will sure see to it that they're passed around.

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That is it. We are going to give 'til it hurts, but we can't take care of them all. I know what it means, *even in training camp*, to get something you really want to read. Overseas, the need and the desire is so much greater there is no comparison.

Send the boys some magazines, Folks—again whether they are ours or some other publication!—Hosstail.

YOU'RE MISSING SOMETHING!

That's right folks! You haven't read even half of the ALL-TRUE, ALL FACT western reading that's in store for you each month . . . if you haven't latched on to the other two-thirds of this OLD WEST combination!

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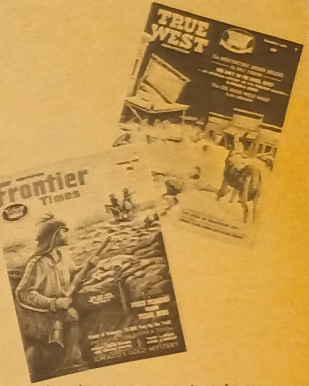

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An INDIAN FIGHT in JACKSON HOLE

By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

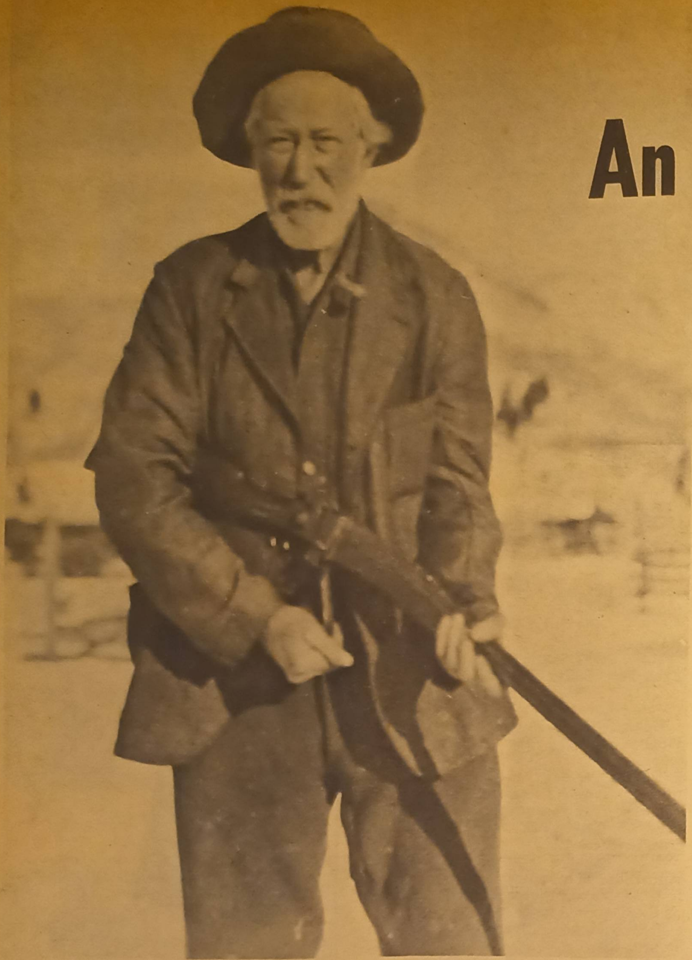


Photo By W. C. Lawrence

William Manning, about 1932

ALL RESIDENTS OF JACKSON HOLE, WYOMING MASSACRED
Another Bloody Page Added to the History of Indian Depredations In the West

CRISIS REACHED—LAWLESS ELEMENT AMONG SETTLERS PARTLY TO BLAME
Unless Conditions Change, a Bloody War Will Ensue

IN July, 1895, these startling headlines topped newspapers across the nation. Summing up the situation the Commissioner of Indian Affairs Browning in Washington, D. C., said: "Sensational newspaper reports told of an Indian outbreak in the Jackson Hole country; Bannocks on the warpath; the killing of many settlers by the savages; homes burned to the ground; whites fleeing for their lives; and the appeal to the Government for United States troops to be hurried to the seat of the war to stop the fiendish work of devastation and murder of white by the redskins." Just how much truth there was in these press reports remains to be seen.

Jackson Hole had been known for more than seventy-five years to the Astorians, to Wilson Price Hunt, to Robert Stuart, and to other early explorers and mountain men, but the general public, especially in the East, knew little about this isolated, almost inaccessible area. It generally was referred to as the trapping grounds of fur men, and it was dramatically pictured by the press as a hideout of outlaws.

It must be admitted that some outlaws and rustlers were in the Hole at various times, but the majority of the fifty or sixty settlers by the mid-1890s were honest and trustworthy.

Jackson Hole was a mountain-rimmed valley about twelve by sixty miles in size, then in Uinta County, Wyoming. It was flanked westward by the spectacular Grand Teton Range. Buttes and hills were scattered through parts of it. It had meadows of lush native hay fringed by dense mountain forests. The valley itself was watered by the Snake River with innumerable tributaries, most of which were fringed with willows and cottonwood. In the higher places quaking aspens, service berries, haws and choke cherries and, in season, luxuriant wild flowers carpeted the hillsides.

Named for David E. Jackson, an associate of William H. Ashley in the 1820s, Jackson Hole was a hunter's paradise with an abundance of elk, deer, antelope, moose, mountain sheep, and other wild animals, as well as fish, sage hens, and grouse.

The first post office in the Hole, established in 1892 on the ranch of Frank E. White, was called Marysvale in honor of White's wife. In 1894 the post office was moved to John Simpson's home on Cache Creek, and called Jackson, but Marysvale remained the official headquarters for the settlers. Telegrams were sent from there to the nearest telegraph station, Market Lake, Idaho, which was 120 miles away. The connecting road up over Teton Pass was steep, rugged, and open only during the months when the snow left the high country. The county seat where settlers in the Hole had to go to conduct legal business was Evanston, Wyoming some 250 miles to the south by trail and wagon road.

THE BANNOCK INDIANS of the Fort Hall Indian Agency had for years considered Jackson Hole their sacred hunting grounds, given to them under the so-called Connor treaty signed at Fort Bridger, Green River County, Utah, on July 3, 1868 before Wyoming became a Territory.

Under Article 4 the Shoshones and Bannock tribes received the right "to hunt on unoccupied lands of the United States so long as game may be found thereon and so long as peace subsists among the whites and Indians on the borders of the hunting districts." It certainly was quite evident that much of Jackson Hole for many years was "unoccupied."

At the beginning, the targets were elk and deer; at the last, the targets were white men. This probably made sense to the Indians—for one was getting too scarce and the other was getting too plentiful!

Under the terms of the same treaty the Wind River Reservation in Wyoming was designated as the home of both Bannocks and Shoshones. Later, however, some 800,000 acres in Idaho were set apart as the Fort Hall Indian Reservation, and 600 Bannocks, in addition to a large number of Shoshones, consented to live on this new reservation.

There was much visiting back and forth between the Indians at Fort Hall and those at Fort Washakie on the Wind River Reservation. Often the tribesmen and their families camped and hunted together in Jackson Hole, or in the Upper Green River country.

When Wyoming became a state in 1890, its officials began to look toward the preservation of the state's fast disappearing wild game. As early as 1889, the Secretary of the Interior had sent a circular to all Indian Agents which said that the privilege ". . . of hunting under the 1868 treaty provisions gave the right merely to kill such game as may be necessary to supply the needs of the Indians. The slaughter of wild animals in vast numbers for the hides only and the abandonment of the carcasses without attempt to make use of them is as much a violation of the treaty as an absolute prohibition on the part of the United States against the exercise of such privilege would be."

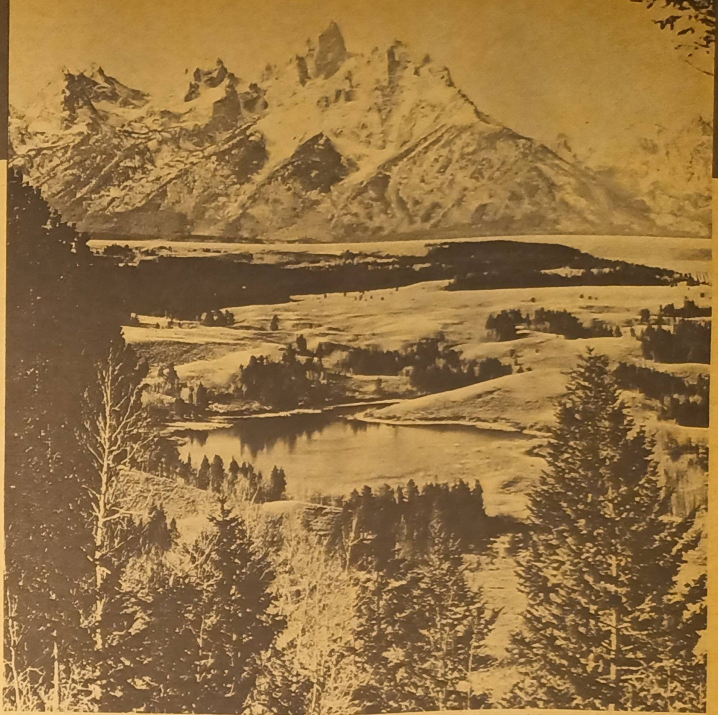
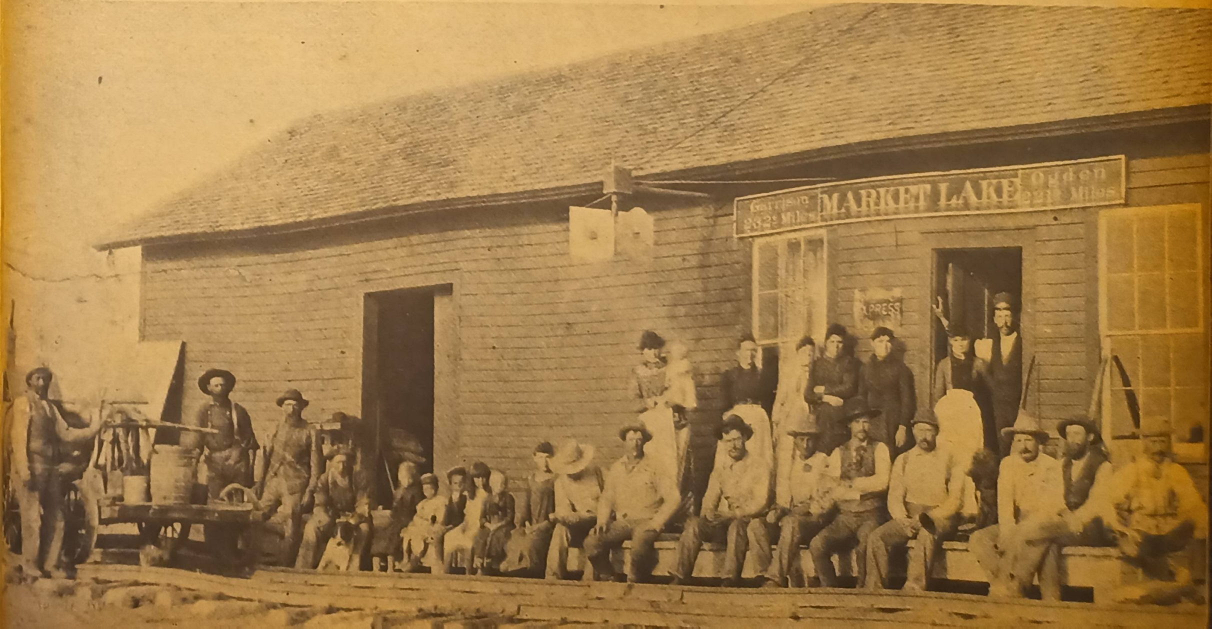


Photo Courtesy Wyoming Travel Commission

Above, Jackson Hole—favorite hunting ground of Bannock Indians as "unoccupied country." The Market Lake, Idaho Railroad, Express and Telegraph Office (125 miles from Marysvale), is shown below. Telegrams relating to the Indian troubles were sent from here by Chief Agent Henry A. Petit, shown standing in doorway with wife. The railroad was then known as the Oregon Short Line, later a part of the Union Pacific system.

Photo William Stibal Pettite



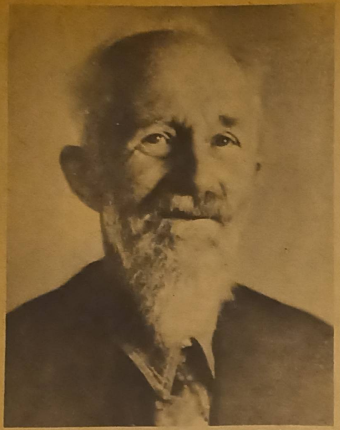


Photo Grand Teton National Park

Albert Nelson, who met the Bannock face to face on the trail

This order of 1889 was called to the attention of the Indian Agents a second time on May 22, 1894.

The following year, Wyoming passed a new law setting a closed season of ten months on the big game and requiring a license of $20.00 for non-resident hunters. Although the settlers in Jackson Hole at this time were primarily ranchers, a number of them served as guides to big game hunters. They were incensed over the fact that the Indians hunted when and where they pleased while the white men were required to abide by the new game laws.

The settlers insisted that the Indians wantonly killed game during the closed season chiefly for hides and that if this unrestricted killing kept up, the country would be stripped.

A great state of confusion arose, especially on the part of the Indians, who were told by Washington, D.C., and by their local Indian Agent that they had treaty rights.

WHEN the Indians began to come into the Jackson Hole area in the early summer of 1895, the settlers first appealed to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington, D.C., and to Indian Agent Thomas B. Teter at Fort Hall. Nothing was done.

William Manning, Constable at Marysvale, sent a telegram to the Secretary of War to the effect that if the Government "won't take care of its Bannocks, we will." There was no reply to the telegram.

Manning, a native of Ohio, was not a newcomer to the West. He had hunted buffalo in Kansas in 1866, had fought Indians under General Miles, and for a time had resided in Teton Basin before moving to Jackson Hole.

In a short time the Bannocks were all over the valley. The settlers declared they were killing elk and other game for the hides and were leaving the bulk of the meat to waste. An appeal was made to Governor William A. Richards at Cheyenne, Wyoming, who had taken office in January, 1895.

Although other western states were making no attempt to enforce game laws against the Indians in view of the old Fort Bridger Treaty, Governor Richards insisted that the state's fish and game law must be obeyed. He issued an order to the officials of Jackson Hole to enforce the law.

Accordingly, the last of June, Constable Manning, Vic Gustaveson, William Crawford, Windy Crawford, Andy Matson, Stephen N. Leek, George Wilson, J. G. Fisk, and a man called "Slough Grass" Nelson started along the Gros Ventre River to arrest any Indians found breaking game laws.

On Turpin Creek they were joined by a hunter-prospector, Albert Nelson, who was camping there with his partner. As the party moved along they met two Indians. Manning arrested them and held them as hostages.

Some of the settlers stayed with the Indians and the rest went on to a tributary of Green River above the Big Bend.

Albert Nelson, some years later, told Mrs. Julianne Tanner of Jackson: "We caught up with a bunch of Indians and proceeded to arrest them. It was decided beforehand that every man should have his gun loaded and ready to fire when ordered. The Indians were objecting to the arrest and stated they wouldn't go.

"While the argument was on, Vic Gustaveson fired his gun accidentally. The gun had two triggers and was a new one to Vic and he had accidentally pulled the wrong trigger. Poor Vic was so excited when his gun went off that he rushed out in front with his hand raised shouting, 'It was an occident! It was an occident!'

"This had a good effect as the Indians (except one of them) got off their horses and immediately surrendered their guns. This one was a young Indian and was inclined to be stubborn. He said, 'Me no get off, me go Hoback.' We knew there was a large party of Indians on the Hoback River.

"Mr. Manning ordered Fisk to take this man prisoner. The Indian remained stubborn. Fisk tried to persuade him to dismount but he still kept saying, 'Me go Hoback' and Fisk tried again with no result. When the Indian started to ride off, Bill Crawford shouted, 'Stop or I'll shoot you dead.' The Indian immediately stopped, dismounted, and gave up his arms."

THE INDIANS' camp where the stubborn buck insisted on going was in Hoback Basin. The Hoback River took its source in the Gros Ventre Range, flowing northwest through Hoback Canyon into Jackson Hole where it joined the south branch of the Snake River. After the river emerged from the canyon it was known as the Hoback. The upper end of the stream was called Fall River from the many beautiful cascades. The stream bore the name of John Hoback who had trapped the Upper Green River and Snake River in 1810 for the Missouri Fur Company.

The arrested Indians were put under guard and their camp was searched. They had 211 hides. These hides had the hair removed and were fleshed, ready for tanning.

Manning and his men took the Indians before Frank A. Rhodes, a Jackson Hole Justice of the Peace. A trial was held and the Indians were found guilty. They were fined $75 each and costs. In default of payment, the peace officers seized their horses and equipment to satisfy costs.

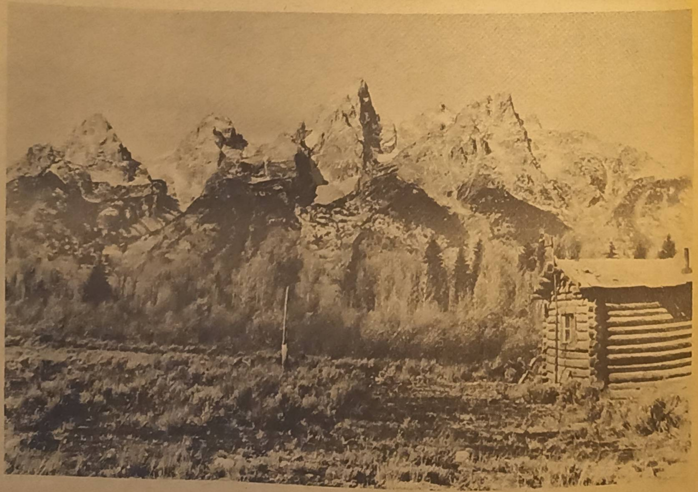
Four Shoshones in the group were retained in the custody of the officers. They had been friendly on the road although they had been defiant when they were arrested. They told about their council at the Hoback Basin camp and said they had split up with the Bannocks because of the latter's hostile intentions. The arrested Bannocks were sent to the county seat, Evanston, to serve out their sentences.

When the party arrived at Evanston, authorities there were greatly disturbed over the arrests. They held that the Wyoming Game Laws did not provide for arrest without warrant unless the original offense was in view of the officers. They also quoted the so-called Connor or Fort Bridger Treaty of 1868. In fact, it was reported that the feeling at the county seat was that the whole affair in Jackson Hole was just a local tempest in a teapot.

Now realizing that they could expect little help from the state, and with no attention being paid to their appeals to the Federal Government, the settlers decided that if anything were done to protect the game from being killed off, they would have to do it themselves. Something more drastic than arrest and convictions was necessary. An Indian or a white man had to be killed in order to point up the seriousness of the situation, the settlers decided.

Settler's cabin, Jackson Hole

Photo Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library



Soon after, three special constables came upon a number of Bannocks on a hunting jaunt with a number of freshly killed hides in their possession. When they told the Indians that they were under arrest, the officers found themselves looking into the barrels of Winchesters which far outnumbered their own firearms.

The Bannocks said they would not submit to arrest and were going to their camp. Being greatly outnumbered, the officers returned to Marysvale empty-handed. The Jackson Hole settlers immediately decided that they must try to arrest the bunch of Indians in camp at Hoback Basin. If the matter was allowed to drop, they felt they would become the laughing stock of the Indians.

Such a situation would be unbearable. Many of the younger Bannocks were already quite insolent as they came and went through the Hole.

Since the shortest way to the Hoback Indian camp was down Hoback Canyon it was presumed that the Indians would be expecting the settlers to approach from the north and would be prepared to resist. Plans were made, therefore, to approach from the east. Warm Springs on the Gros Ventre River was named as a rendezvous for the whites.

IN ORDER to take all necessary precautions, the settlers did considerable preliminary scouting around the adjacent country. William Crawford, who had a place on Spread Creek and who was very familiar with the lay of the land, having come to the Hole in 1883, was sent out on horseback to scout around Granite Creek. After going some distance, Crawford decided it would be too risky to proceed farther on horseback as the Indians undoubtedly also were scouting. He tied his horse to a tree in a secluded spot, took off his boots and advanced in his stocking feet as quietly as possible.

At a sharp turn in the trail where it wound around the precipitous face of a cliff, he suddenly came face to face with an Indian scout. Both were taken completely by surprise. According to one version, Crawford recovered first and promptly knocked the Indian off into space without waiting to see the result and then hurriedly made his way back to camp and never returned to get his horse. Another version, however, states that both Crawford and the Indian turned in their tracks and headed back the way each had come.

At any rate, Crawford afoot and without boots, cut off the legs of his overalls and wound them around his feet. After considerable time, he reached his starting point, bruised and scratched from the long tramp through rugged country.

About two weeks later, so the story goes, the Indian he had met on the trail reported at the Fort Hall Agency. He said that he had been all that time getting back to the reservation. "And," said he, "Mebbe so white man running yet."

Crawford went to the Reservation to recover his horse which he had learned had been found and appropriated by the Indians. When he called at the reservation store to make inquiries, the Indians saw him and recognized him as white man from Jackson Hole. The storekeeper, being alarmed over Crawford's safety, finally convinced him that the Indians were looking for trouble and that his life was threatened. The Indians, the storekeeper said, were in too ugly a mood to be controlled. He at last persuaded Crawford to leave at once for home.

When the settlers rendezvoused at Warm Springs, there were thirty-eight men in line. All held up their right hands and swore to do their duty as officers and to uphold and defend the constitution of the State of Wyoming and of the United States.

One member of the posse, Stephen N. Leek, who had settled in the Hole in 1888, said, "It was our object to cross over from the head of the Gros Ventre River onto Green River, thence down Green River and into Hoback Basin from the east and thus take the Indians by surprise.

"But it happened, though unknown to us at the time, that the Indians who had resisted arrest went direct to their main camp, composed of Bannock and Shoshone Indians in some numbers. There a council was held. The Bannocks were for resisting arrest and continuing the hunt; the Shoshones, for fear of trouble, were for going away. Accordingly, these latter Indians broke camp, traveled east over onto Green River and went into camp.

"The oath having been administered at the Springs, the settlers, each with saddle horse and pack horse, immediately started up the Gros Ventre River, camping that night near the point where Crystal Creek flows in from the south. The next night they camped on the divide between Gros Ventre and Green Rivers, and about ten A.M. sighted the Shoshone camp on Green River, where Rock Creek joins, and immediately surrounded it.

"The Indians, though considerably outnumbered, met the settlers with rifles in hand and six-shooters at their belts, and made considerable show of resistance. For a time excitement ran high and a spark would have meant some good Indians; but owing to the close quarters and the determined actions of those same Indians there would have been mourning among the whites also. Fortunately, however, the settlers secured all the Indians' guns and quiet was restored.

"The orders were to pack up immediately and start home with the prisoners. The start back was made about two P.M. and made quite an imposing spectacle, with the complete Indian camp —squaws, papooses and men—all on horses, with many more horses packed with their camp equipment.

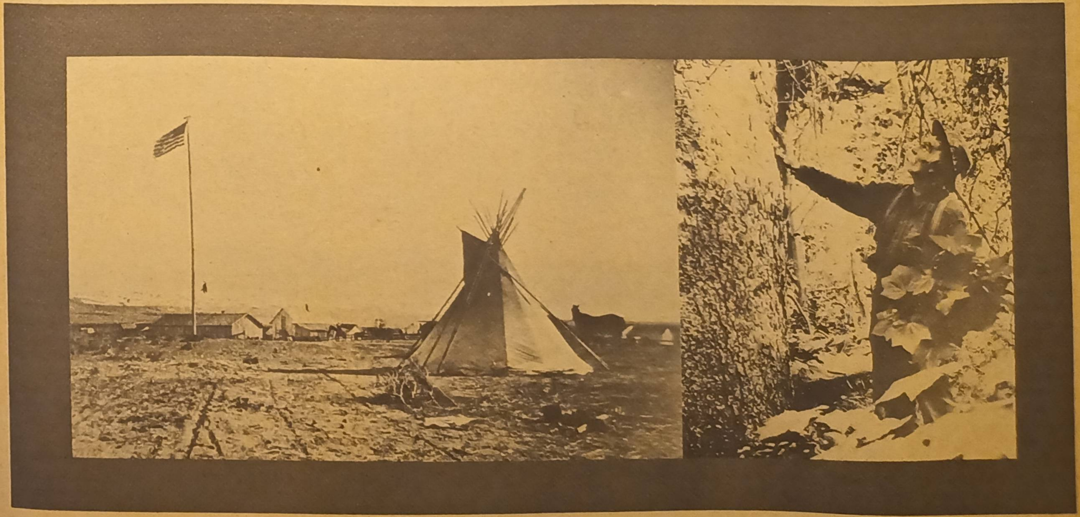
"After delivering the Shoshones at Marysvale, our party again collected for the purpose of bringing in the Bannocks. By that time, though, our numbers were somewhat reduced."

IN this second posse, according to a list supplied by Frank H. Rhodes, J. P., to Indian Agent Thomas B. Teter, were: J. G. Fisk, Ham Wort, Steve

Fort Hall, Idaho—Indian Agency of the Bannocks. At right below, Stephen N. Leek, a member of Manning's posse.

Photo Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library

Photo Grand Teton National Park



Adams, Joe Calhoun, William Crawford, Ed. Crawford, Martin Nelson, Joe Enfinger, W. Munger, Ed Hunter, Frank Wood, Frank Peterson, Jack Shine, George Madison, Andrew Madison, John Wilson, Irv Wilson, Victor Gustaveson, Steve Leek, William Bellvue, John Cheney, and William Manning.

"Going by way of Cache Creek, heading Horse Creek at the base of the Gros Ventre Mountains, camping the first night in a little valley on Little Granite Creek, we got into Hoback Basin about noon the next day. The main party kept somewhat out of sight and passed up the valley with a scouting party on either side.

"Just before night both scouting parties joined the main body—both parties having located the Indians about two miles farther up, on the Hoback River. We immediately went into camp and sent out a scouting party to investigate the Indian camp and surroundings. They returned at dark, reporting the number of lodges, number of horses, location, etc., and suggested methods of approaching the camp.

"After setting guard, all 'turned in,' to be awakened at four A.M. by the guard. Then we formed in line and all traveled silently on foot. Within about a quarter of a mile of the camp, by pre-arranged plan, the party divided equally, part passing to the right, the balance to the left. At short intervals each party dropped two men and in this way completely surrounded the camp, and all keeping perfectly quiet.

"In a short time the Indian horse guard brought in the bunch of Indian horses, and was allowed to pass, unconscious of our presence. When it was finally light enough for us to see our rifle sights, we could see a few Indians stirring about. We now made our presence known to the Indians. Taken completely by surprise and seeing white men in every direction they looked, they gave up gracefully.

"Men were then sent into the camp to search for and procure all arms. Orders were given to prepare breakfast, after which we packed up and prepared to move, a detail going back for our own horses.

"These Indians (among whom were Ben Senowin, head of a clan, Nemuts, Wa-ha-she-go, Ya-pa-ojo, Poo-dat, Pah-goh-zite, Mah-mout, Se-we-agat, Boo-wah-go, thirteen women and five children), surrendered gracefully—too much so, we thought—and we were justified in thinking this, for soon surliness began to appear and it was only complete alertness on the settlers' part that prevented serious trouble.

"Some of the young bucks required constant watching to prevent any treachery or attempts to escape. The latter we were particularly desirous of frustrating for the reason that we believed there were more Indians about. Manning placed a posseman as a guard for each Indian. (His order was, if anyone tried to escape, to shoot his horse.)

"We traveled down Hoback River and camped for noon on this stream where our saddle horses were picketed and a hasty meal provided. Here a mistake was made. The Indians, in getting their loose horses in, all changed horses, all of them catching and mounting their best animals. This proved to be our undoing.

"It is a fact that nearly every man shoots from the right shoulder, so while in the saddle it is impossible to shoot to the right with accuracy without first turning the horse. The outfit was passing through timber where the single trail wound among the trees, when with a pre-arranged signal, a whoop, the application of spurs and quirt, a number of scattering shots, a few bucking horses, some few flashing glimpses through the trees of flying bodies in the timber to our right—AND OUR INDIANS WERE GONE. Not all gone, however; a little of the trail lay one of them."

Se-we-agat, an old man, was shot and killed. Nemuts, a boy of about twenty was wounded in the body and one arm. According to one version he remained at the spot and for ten days lived on dried meat. Then he crawled for three nights to the ranch of a man friendly to the Indians. Another version has it that Nemuts was found by William Manning, badly wounded. He was taken to the Phaler ranch in Hoback Basin and Indian police from the Fort Hall Agency came and returned Nemuts to Blackfoot, Idaho.

"We found ourselves with about one hundred head of Indian horses and a large number of pack horses loaded with all kinds of Indian camp duffle. Since the Indians were gone, we concluded we had no use for any of this plunder, so unpacking the horses, we left the duffle in a pile and turned the animals loose on Big Granite Creek, where we camped for the night."

One source stated that the settlers found hundreds of hides of elk, deer and antelope which the Indians had in their "duffle" and destroyed them. Another source says some of the hides were confiscated.

"The following day we got home, nor were we without prisoners. One of the squaws, in her dash for liberty through the timber, had tried to pass under a leaning tree which was too low to allow the passage of herself and saddle, and she was scraped off the horse. She got up and ran like a deer, leaving a papoose about two years old, which she had behind her on the horse. The boys took turns carrying the papoose until home was reached."

The papoose, about two years old, was able to walk. Betty Nelson, wife of Martin Nelson, took care of him and cleaned him up for he was lousy and filthy dirty. The child later was returned to his mother. It is said that he grew up on the Wind River Reservation and that he distinguished himself in World War I.

Another papoose, lost while the Indians were escaping, was not found. It was presumed that he was killed.

IMMEDIATELY upon the return of the settlers to their homes, a messenger was dispatched to Market Lake, Idaho, 120 miles away, and a report was made to Governor Richards.

As soon as the news of the killing of the old Indian reached the "outside," Jackson Hole became the focus of national attention. A New York newspaper carried the following headline:

ALL RESIDENTS OF JACKSON
HOLE, WYOMING MASSACRED

In its next issue the same paper carried a cartoon showing an Indian securely lashed to a tree, with two white men fully armed standing in front of him. One man, with a six-shooter, was saying, "Shoot him, Bill. He is trying to get away."

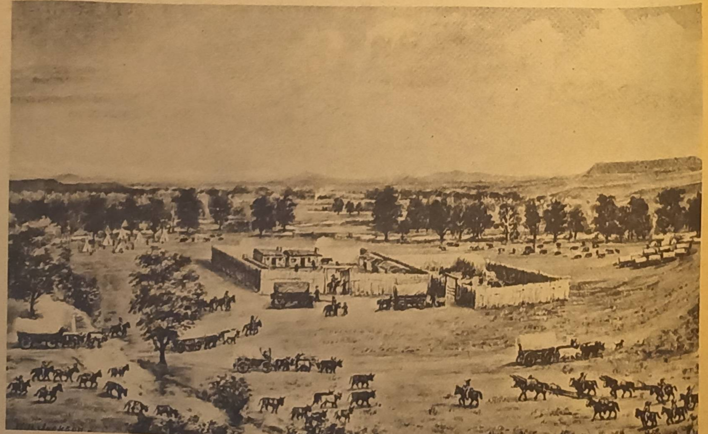
Reporters especially called attention to the fact that the posse had returned to Jackson with one Indian papoose as the booty of war!

Greatly excited and fearing that the Indians would stage a raid on their homes, some of the settlers began to fortify themselves. Others refused to leave their homes. Three so-called forts were quickly erected: one on the Irv Wilson Ranch; one on the ranch of Robert E. Miller; and one, of logs with double walls, on the James Pierce Cunningham place on Spread Creek.

Later in telling Mrs. Julianne Tanner of Jackson of her experiences, Mrs. Irvin Wilson said, "We just had two large rooms and the Martin Nelson family stayed with us. The rest of the people (who were mostly men) camped out around the house. Everyone brought horses, of course, so we hastily erected a fence around ten acres of land for a pasture. Mrs. Nelson and I baked bread for these people. We baked every day. We were out quite a bit of money by having the fort there.

Fort Bridger, where treaty was signed in 1868, from a painting by W. H. Jackson

Photo Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library



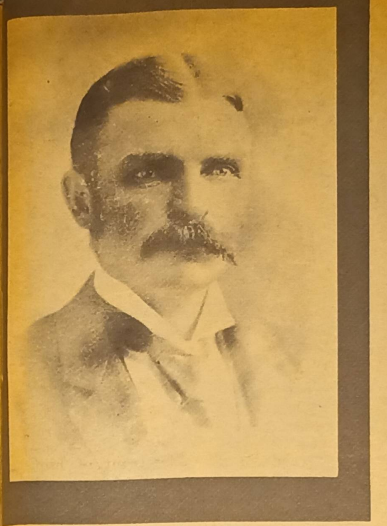


Photo Western History Research Center
University of Wyoming Library

Governor William A. Richards

"Irv, my husband, broke a horse to work for Brigham Adams. He got the use of it for the breaking and hauled a year's supply of wood. This, of course, had to be burned. Also we were out the hay we would have cut on the ten-acre pasture. It was during haying that we had the Indian trouble. My husband had to leave his hay and go with the posse. All hides taken from the Indians were supposed to have been destroyed but I am sure some were confiscated.

"We found Indians generally civil. We saw Indians through the summer almost every day. We gave them many a meal. I always gave them a towel and insisted they wash which they didn't care to do. One day some Indians came just at dinner time. I fixed them some bread and butter and passed it out to them. They refused to take it and said, 'No, when we come to white man's house we eat like white man.' They wanted to come in and sit down to the table. We laughed and let them.

"We passed the evenings, while in the fort, very pleasantly. Mose Giltner, a bachelor, had a small organ which he brought over and we sang and visited and sometimes we danced. We even had a new baby. The Pettigrew family were camped near us and just before it was decided that it wasn't necessary to stay in the Fort any longer, little Ruth Pettigrew was born in our home.

"When the posse was bringing some Indians into the Fort, the Indians saw all the people and asked why they were here. Uncle Nick Wilson, for a joke, told them that they (the Indians) were to be hanged and all these people were there to see it done. The next morning the Indians were gone. When the colored soldiers came, they camped about a mile from the Fort. They often came into the Fort, played their mouth harps and sang Negro melodies. We enjoyed that very much."

The sentinels at the Wilson place had been ordered to fire a signal if they saw anything at all moving near the Fort. One evening when William Crawford was one of the guards and the rest of the company were dancing, he saw something move in the nearby bushes. Without waiting to investigate, he fired a signal. The cry "Indians" put a stop to the dance. The women and children sought cover; the men hastily armed. Mr. Crawford's "Indians" turned out to be two little calves in the bushes.

WHILE the settlers of Jackson Hole were endeavoring to solve their own problems, numerous official communications were flying in every direction. The burning question was: "Who has the right to control wild game within the borders of Wyoming?"

The latter part of June, 1895, Governor William A. Richards wrote the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, requesting that action be taken to restrict Indians from leaving their reservations for the purpose of hunting in Wyoming.

On July 17, Governor Richards telegraphed the Commissioner of Indian Affairs as follows:

"Have just received the following telegram, dated Marysvale, Wyo., July 15, via Market Lake, Idaho, July 16:

Nine Indians arrested, one killed, others escaped. Many Indians reported here; threaten lives and property. Settlers are moving families away. Want protection immediately. Action on your part is absolutely necessary.

Frank H. Rhodes,
Justice of the Peace.
Wm. Manning, Constable.

I have received other advices by mail representing situation is serious. The Indians are Bannocks from Fort Hall, Idaho. Arrested for the illegal and wanton killing of game. My letter to you dated June 17 relates to the matter. Can you take immediate action for the protection of our settlers?"

Upon receipt of the Governor's message, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs telegraphed Indian Agent Thomas B. Teter at Fort Hall, Idaho, as follows:

Governor Richards, of Wyoming, telegraphs this date that nine Bannock Indians belonging to Fort Hall Agency were arrested and one killed on or about 15th instant, at Marysvale, Uinta County, Wyo., for wantonly killing game; that many other Indians are there threatening lives and property, and settlers are moving families away. Proceed at once to scene of trouble and do all in your power to prevent further disturbance and to return absent Indians to reservation. If troops are needed to protect settlers or prevent open conflict, advise immediately. If you have any information now telegraph same to me before starting.

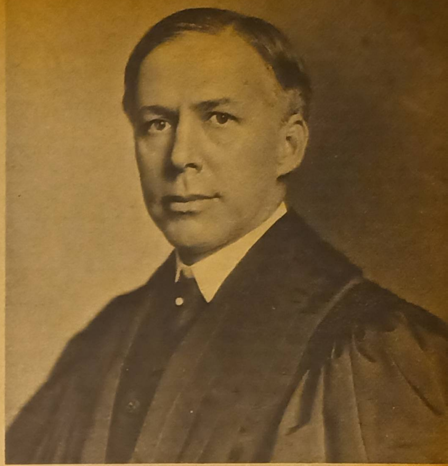
The Commissioner also telegraphed the acting Indian Agent at the Shoshone Agency in Wyoming advising, "If any of your Indians are absent in that region have them returned to reservation at once."

Indian Agent Teter informed the Commissioner by telegraph on July 18:

Will state on 13th instant, upon receipt information Indians were killing game unlawfully in Wyoming, I sent the entire police force to Wyoming to bring back Indians belonging to this reservation. Captain Indian police sent back policeman, who arrived this day, stating that one Indian was killed by settlers. Other sources say several Indians killed. I leave for scene of trouble at once.

Five days later Agent Teter telegraphed Washington as follows:

Have investigated trouble between Indians and settlers in Wyoming, and will advise troops be sent there immediately to protect law-abiding settlers; lawless element among settlers being determined to come into conflict with Indians. Settlers have killed from four to seven Indians, which has incensed Indians, who have gathered to number of 200 or 300 near Fall River in Uinta County and refuse to return to reservation. I find Bannock Indians have killed game unlawfully according to laws of Wyoming, though not unlawfully according to treaty of Bannock Indians with United States, usurping prerogative of settlers in that respect which caused the trouble, and nothing but intervention of soldiers will settle difficulty and save lives of innocent persons and prevent destruction of property.



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Judge Willis Van Devanter. He won reversal of Race Horse case decision in U.S. Supreme Court.

THE NEXT DAY Secretary of War Lamont ordered Brigadier-General J. J. Coppinger, commanding Department of the Platte, to proceed at once to the scene of disturbance in Wyoming and to order such movement of troops as might be necessary to prevent a conflict.

Two troops of the Ninth Cavalry (colored soldiers) soon reached Wyoming. In trying to get over Teton Pass they found that their mules could not pull their wagons over the steep, almost impassable road. The mules were unhitched, long ropes were fastened to the wagons, and the soldiers pulled the loads by hand. These cavalrymen camped near the Irv Wilson place and as soon as possible Lieutenants Gardner, Parker, and Jackson conducted scouting parties through all parts of Jackson Hole. Companies of the Eighth Infantry maintained troops at the Fort Hall Agency with Captain P. H. Ray as Summary Court Officer.

On July 31, Governor Richards telegraphed Washington that according to reliable information 200 Indians, supposedly Utes, had been seen near South Pass, Fremont County, Wyoming; also 47 Sioux were on Bad Water Creek, all mounted, armed, and without women or children. He asked to have these and other Indians in Wyoming recalled to reservations. Telegrams were sent at once from Washington to the agents of Pine Ridge (South Dakota), Shoshone

(Continued on page 36)

This treasure is still waiting—and maybe not too deep. The author has checked around and not a single fish has been reported flashing unusual amounts of money!

CANADIAN GOLD on a CALIFORNIA REEF

By ROBERT NASH

Photos Courtesy Author

BROTHER JONATHAN was moored at Pier 4 in San Francisco, her holds filled to capacity with 300 hogsheads of whiskey, mill supplies, and gold mining machinery. She was also waiting for a large order of railroad rails, this cargo to be placed on her deck.

Captain De Wolf, skipper of the *Brother Jonathan*, was pacing the bridge. He was at the same time trying to convince the owners of the vessel that his ship was already overloaded, and to add the iron rails would be dangerous. The owners replied that either he would accept the extra cargo or another Captain would take *Brother Jonathan* out to sea.

At this point further discussion was put aside when Brigadier General George T. Wright arrived with his aide, Lieut. Ed. D. Waite, United States Army, with the Northwest Army payroll, consigned for Fort Vancouver, Washington. The $200,000 in gold coins was put into the ship's safe alongside a million dollars in gold bullion consigned to the Canadian Government.

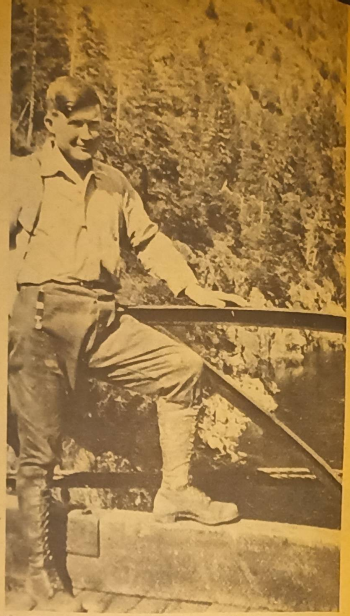
Brother Jonathan was considered a large ship for her day. She was 220 feet in length; her beam was 36 feet. Built at the New York shipyards in 1852, she was in the East Coast service for twelve years, then her owners decided it would be more profitable to place her in the West Coast trade. So she sailed around the Horn, skippered by Captain C. H. Baldwin, and was placed in San Francisco's shipyards to be overhauled. New boilers were installed; her hull was sheathed in copper; extra cabins were built to accommodate more passengers. Coming out of dry dock on July 20, 1865, she was ready for sea duty.

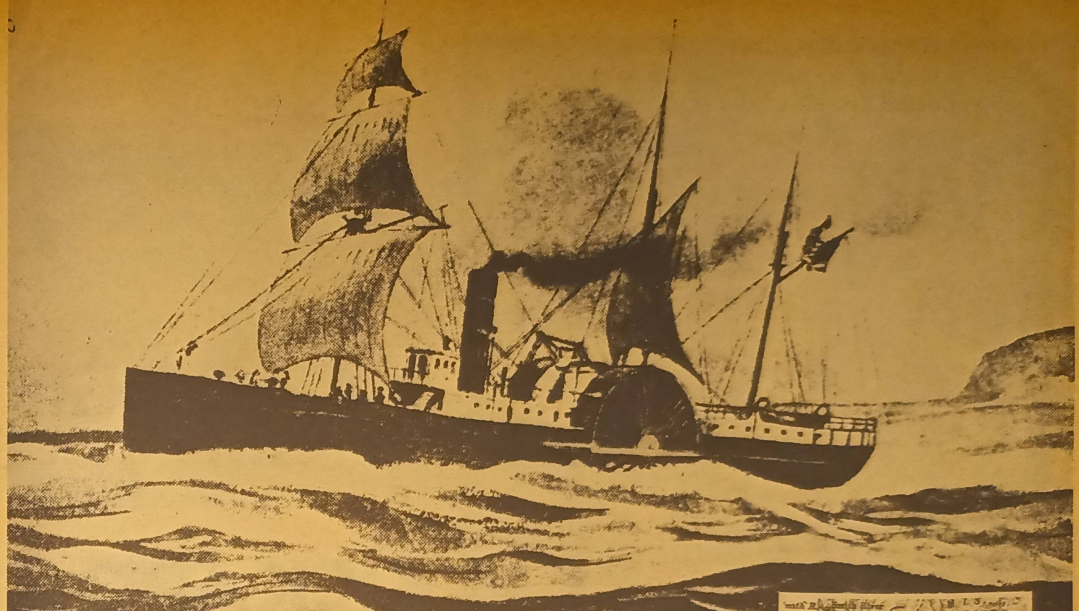
WITH ALL her passengers aboard and her cargo of iron rails secured to the deck, Captain De Wolf gave the order to cast off the moorings and head for sea. As *Brother Jonathan* passed through the Golden Gate, the people aboard little realized that they were not only bidding farewell to California but to the earth itself—for few of them would ever walk on land again.

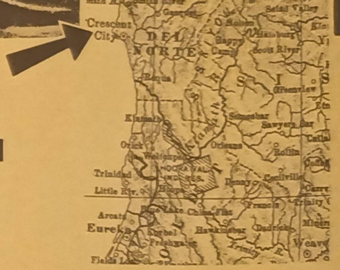
A strong headwind and a heavy sea, together with an overloaded vessel, made progress a difficult matter, and it was not until the morning of July 30, 1865, that the vessel passed Crescent City, California, scarcely holding her own in the heavy gale.

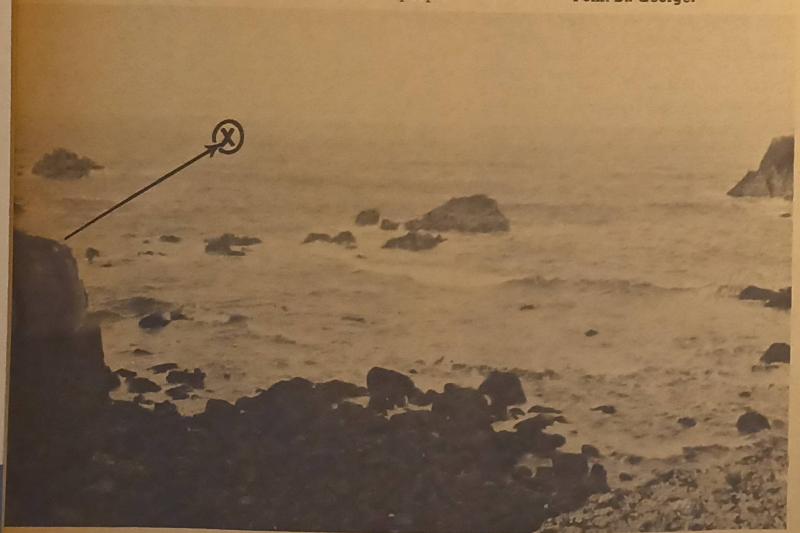
Captain De Wolf kept her on course until 1:00 P.M., when realizing the futility of trying to proceed until the weather improved, De Wolf determined to put his vessel about and return eight miles southeast to Crescent City where he could stay until the storm abated.

The vessel was put about, and had gone only a short distance when it hit the bayonet rocks of Point St. George Reef with such force that the shock threw the passengers off their feet. Immediately after striking, broken pieces of the keel floated up alongside, showing that the hull had received serious injury. The Captain gave orders to stop the engines, then he tried to back his ship off the reef, but he could not move the vessel.


Al Thayer at about age 21. He was the only hard hat diver with courage to dive off St. George Reef.


Pacific Mail Steamer, *Brother Jonathan*





X indicates the wreck site on reef off Point St. George.

She rolled about one minute, gave a tremendous thump, and part of the keel came off. By that time the wind and the sea had tossed her around until her bow came to the sea. She then worked her way off the reef, with the foremast going through the bottom of the ship and the yard resting on the deck.

Captain De Wolf gave the order to lower the lifeboats. The vessel by now was sinking rapidly. The first lifeboat was launched, but so many people made a wild scramble for it that it capsized immediately. All of its occupants drowned before the eyes of those aboard. The rest of the lifeboats, except one, suffered the same fate.

The third mate, James Patterson, was in his bunk when the ship hit the reef, but made his way to the deck as quickly as possible and succeeded in lowering the last boat. This lifeboat, with 22 people, arrived at Crescent City, to report the loss of the *Brother Jonathan* and the deaths of 310 passengers.

Most of the bodies floated ashore at Point St. George Reef. A few bodies also drifted to the beaches near Crescent City, and to the mouth of Smith River which lies five miles north of Point St. George. Many of the dead had their fingers smashed and cut off. Some of the mutilations were the result of *Brother Jonathan's* crew's trying to ward off passengers who were overloading the lifeboats.

The amputation of fingers for jewelry was done by the white settlers of Crescent City, but as usual, Indians were blamed for this atrocity.

Unclaimed bodies were buried in a mass grave at Pebbles Beach. Years later these bodies were moved to a new site, where a beautiful commemorative plaque was put up by the Del Norte Historical Society of California.

The only witnesses to hear the death agonies of the *Brother Jonathan* were a ten-year-old Indian boy, Johnny White, his eight-year-old sister, and his Aunt Noma. These Indians were members of the Tolawa Tribe. They had just returned from Crescent City, and were walking along the trail past St. George Bluffs. Later on, Aunt Noma told other members of the tribe that she and the children could hear the cries of the passengers, and the Captain bellowing out orders to his crew. As it was foggy, they could not see the ship. The Chief of the Tolawas told his tribesmen never to mention to the white man what they knew of this tragedy.

In 1914, the Canadian Government sent a salvage vessel to Point St. George to locate the *Brother Jonathan*, and salvage their gold. For two months divers searched the area around Jonathan Rock, which lies one and a half miles from the beach. Fast currents which prevailed around this rock hindered the vessel's divers. The Canadians finally called off the search as too expensive, and their final report was that the ship broke up and was swept out to sea.

AL THAYER, a gold prospector from Cave Junction, Oregon, was reading a newspaper report on the *Brother Jonathan* and decided it would be easier to dig gold out of a ship's safe than out of the ground. Al, being a young man of moderate means but knowing how hard it would be to get financial assistance on a venture of this nature, resolved he would finance his own way. He bought a home in Crescent City, then made a trip to San Francisco, where he invested in some hard-hat diving gear. Now all he had to do was learn how to dive, and how to locate the *Brother Jonathan*.

In 1922, Al did some research on currents and tides at Jonathan Rock. According to the government charts, this was supposed to be the location of the ship. He tossed a number of colored rubber balls into the sea, most of which came ashore at Crescent City or at the mouth of the Smith River. None came ashore at Point St. George.

Third Mate James Patterson, on his arrival at Crescent City with twenty-two passengers, had said, "I and my crew rowed for one hour and twenty-two minutes before reaching the harbor."

Al and his brother rowed an identical boat under the same conditions the *Jonathan's* crew rowed, and it took Al and his brother two hours of hard rowing to reach Crescent City Harbor from Jonathan Rock. This proved that the Third Mate did not know where his ship went down.

As Al continued his experiments with colored balls, an Indian youth, Ned Green, who was watching him from the beach at Point St. George and was getting just a little curious as to what Al was doing, paid Al a visit one night at his home.

Ned asked, "Why are you putting all those balls into the sea?"

"As most of the ship's dead bodies came ashore at Point St. George," Al replied, "the *Jonathan* must have gone down close to the beach." He was proving his point by the drifting of those balls.

Several days later, Ned Green with his uncle, Johnny White, again went to Al's home. There Johnny told Al that he was at Point St. George the day the *Brother Jonathan* went down. From the sound of voices coming from the stricken vessel, he estimated the distance from the beach to the ship as 400 feet. Johnny went out to Point St. George with Al and pointed out where he had stood, and then pointed out to sea where he thought the ship went down. So began the long tedious search for the *Brother Jonathan*.

(Continued on page 54)

The DOGIE from KICKAPOO CREEK

By JOHN B. FORMWALT
as told to OL' WADDY

Photos Courtesy Author

John Boon Formwalt, born February 2, 1880, as he appeared in 1964. He says, "In my hands are my piggin' string and rope—all I have left of my cowboy outfit."

MY UNCLE, John Formwalt, was appointed the first sheriff of Runnels County, Texas, in 1880 because he was just as tough—or maybe a little tougher—than the rough element that harassed that part of the State back then. In fact, he out-drew them for eleven years.

As kids, Brother Will and I spent a lot of time around the courthouse where Uncle John had his office. One day we overheard him telling a man that some troublemakers had sent him word they were coming in from Tom Green County to run him out of town.

They made their visit, all right, but never having seen Uncle John, he had them bested because they didn't know who he was when they did see him.

Five of them came over on a Sunday. The saloons were open every day and all night. A boy passing the bar in which the toughs were gathered, heard what sounded like a knockdown and drag-out fight inside. He ran to the courthouse and told Uncle John a man was being killed in the saloon.

Uncle jumped on his horse, named Grey Eagle, loped up to the rear door of the saloon, dismounted, walked in and told the bartender, "It's my shift. Give me your apron."

The barkeep gladly handed Uncle his apron. Then the ruffians began razzing Uncle John by hitting him with their hats and yelling for him to get busy and serve up some beer. The new "bartender" told them to not be so rambunctious.

In those days, beer came in corked bottles with a wire over the top which had to be broken, then the cork pulled with a corkscrew. He set five bottles of beer on the bar, backed off, pulled his gun, and shot the necks off the bottles.

Uncle looked across the bar and saw all his customers lying on the floor. He told them he had one bullet left in his gun; if anyone wanted it, to come up shooting. None of them moved. He then ordered them to leave their artillery on the floor, get on their feet, and drink every drop of beer from the broken bottles. They did so without a murmur.

Uncle John then growled, "Pick up your hardware, get out, and leave town. I'm the new sheriff of Runnels County."

He had no more trouble with them.

MY EARLIEST recollection is of a cabin near Kickapoo Creek on the old stagecoach road between Fort Concho and Paint Rock, Texas where my older brother, William, and I were born. Will, who now ranches near Willard, New Mexico, was born in 1877 and I came along three years later.

I recall how we used to stand near the road and wave at the stagecoach driver and shotgun messenger as the four horses pulling the vehicle came racing by, with a cloud of dust trailing behind. Sometimes they would toss us a couple of apples or a bag of stick candy.

My father, William M. Formwalt, was born in Pontotoc, Mississippi in 1847. He was the oldest of five brothers, William, Charles, Hood, Sam and John. In all generations of the Formwalt clan, William and John were favorite names.

My father and my mother—Miss Sallie Whitaker—were married in Hood County, Texas, but I can't recall the date. Our three uncles (besides Uncle John) operated ranches in that area of Texas, and our father was roundup boss for the Bob Wiley cow outfit whose cattle ranged along the Colorado River.

After Mother died in 1885, when I was five years old, we boys were shunted from one family of relatives to another while Dad was away on the cow works. We would stay at one place 'til our welcome ran out, then move on to another until Dad returned home.

Father gave us an old gentle pony to ride and call our own. He was coal black with a white star on his forehead. When rubbing our hands over his black coat of hair, it was slick and seemed to be oily. So we gave him the name—"Oil."

Will gave three dollars for an old rawhide-covered saddle-tree. It had some scraps of leather on the front, in the seat, across the back, and had a center-fire cinch. It was just an old worn-out kak, but it suited us fine.

Oil had the roughest and most jolting trot of any horse I ever rode. Will and I rode him double and he trotted so fast and hard, we'd both fall off sometimes before we could get him into a gallop. But when he did strike a gallop, it was like sitting on a rocking-horse and we rode him easily.

We boys used old Oil to carry us on visits to our uncles' homes when Father was away. I well remember the first of those trips we made on horseback. It was to the home of our Uncle John and was to be a two-day journey with an overnight stop.

We folded two old Army blankets under our saddle for bedding. A canteen filled with water was hung on the saddle-horn on one side, and a flour sack partly filled with sourdough biscuits and hunks of jerked beef on the other side. Then climbing aboard old Oil with Will in the saddle and me behind, we headed for our uncle's home.

Just before sundown, we hunted water for our mount, staked him out to graze, ate some of our biscuits and jerky, then rolled up in our blankets. A full moon lighted up the area and shortly after we lay down, a striped polecat came sniffing around us. Will reached out, picked up a rock and hit the kitty broadside, and it stunk up the surroundings so badly, we moved our blankets to another spot. Along toward daylight, we were awakened by yapping coyotes and we seemed to be surrounded by the pesky varmints. With our sack of biscuits and jerky, we climbed up in a post-oak tree and remained there 'til daylight. We rode to our uncle's home the next day and he put old Oil in a pasture near town.

Loading camp supplies on pack animals at Hermosa, New Mexico, in 1913, for transportation over the Black Range Mountains to the Diamond Bar Ranch

He started out early in life traveling toward sundown, never wanting to be far from a land where the last dying rays would cast a shadow of cattle . . .

Being motherless, my brother and I made the rounds from one relative to another like a pair of dogie calves for the next four or five years.

Then in 1899, Dad sold out and shipped his cattle to Riverside, north of Roswell, New Mexico, unloaded them and drove them to Bosque Grande on the Pecos River about thirty-five miles north of Roswell. Dad bought the place from a Captain James for $3,000. It was said to have been the first cattle ranch in eastern New Mexico.

IT WAS John Chisum's first headquarters when he brought his first herd of Jingle Bob cattle from the Concho River in Texas in 1867, to Fort Sumner, about thirty-five miles north of the camp.

After Chisum located his headquarters on South Spring River south of Roswell in the 1870s, the Littlefields and Whites bought the Bosque Grande and grazed their cattle branded L F D there 'til they moved to their Four Lakes ranch on the Staked Plains in the early 1880s.

My father bought a place on the Berindo near Roswell and lived there. An Irish lad named Pat Doolan and I stayed at the Bosque and looked after our cattle.

Old-time Pecos River cowhands told us that so many cow rustlers and horse thieves had been hanged to the limbs of those cottonwood trees, the grove was "ha'nted." But the Irish boy, Pat, was so tough he spooked the spooks, and they didn't bother us.

That winter, the L F D outfit's float wagon, with which their winter hands traveled over the range looking after their cattle, was camped on the river north of the Bosque. We had six calves in our herd still following their mothers that we didn't brand 'til we got there. The L F D hands found them fresh branded, and evidently thinking they belonged to the L F D, they counter-branded our brand.

Doolan and I found them after the L F D moved away. We put them with their mothers in a pasture at Yellow Lake. I rode down and told my dad about the mess. He went to Roswell and had Tom White pay him steer-yearling prices for them. That action put us behind the eight-ball with the L F D.

Pack train going over the Black Range summit

The next spring, Tom White wouldn't let me work the range with the L F D outfit. Jack Heard, wagon boss for the High Lonesome outfit, let me work the Staked Plains with him. Four separate outfits worked the range together that year under the supervision of the L F D roundup boss. Each had their own chuck-wagon, remuda and crew of men.

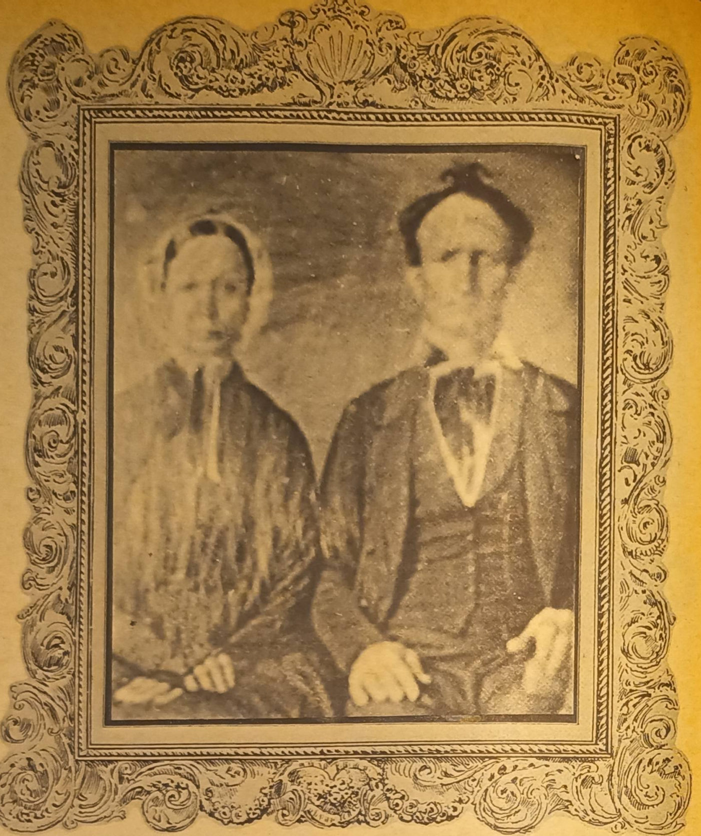
Two years later, three more Texans brought their cattle to New Mexico—my uncle, Charles Formwalt, John Cole, and R. P. Bean. They, in partnership with my father, bought two watering places with windmills on Long Arroyo east of Roswell, New Mexico, from a sheep man named Jim Miller.

At one of the windmills we stretched a wall-tent, built a horse pasture, set four posts in the ground and nailed our chuck box to them, and named the ranch, "The Chuck Box." We then moved our cattle from the bog holes on Salt Creek and the quicksandy bed of the Pecos River, to Long Arroyo.

Dad gave me the Bosque Grande for holding down a homestead for him near Dexter, New Mexico. I traded the Bosque to Dick Barnette for two town lots out past Mexican-town in Roswell. Several years later, I traded the lots to Sales Brothers and McAlpin of Toyah, Texas, for twelve cows and calves.

WHEN Dad and I sold our cattle to John Cole, I went to work for Charlie Walker, the best all-around cowman I ever worked with. Walker borrowed money from Uncle George Littlefield and bought 10,000 steers from ranchers around Marfa, Valentine, and Alpine, Texas, and drove them to Chaves County, New Mexico. The next year, I helped him gather 7,600 steers which he sold and we shipped out from Kenna, New Mexico. We also gathered 1,000 stock cattle from the herd he had built up while working for the L F D, and shipped them to Medicine Hat, Canada.

Later, I hired out to John Charles, whose range was along the east side of the Pecos River. His camp where I stayed was the old Lee Fountain horse cabin. My job was riding bog each day along the river, pulling cows out of the sloughs and trampling them out of the quicksands in the river bed when they walked in to drink and became mired. I worked there until I chased a deputy sheriff across the Texas line. The chasing was done with me in the lead.



Mr. and Mrs. William M. Formwalt, parents of the narrator. At the time of their marriage, the father was Chief Deputy Sheriff of Hood County and an ex-Texas Ranger. Below, John Formwalt's wife, Ozella, with pony her husband caught from a bunch of mustangs.

After paying a fine in the Justice of the Peace court in Roswell for fighting, Constable Loveless told me Walter Ray, a deputy under Sheriff Woodruff, was looking for me with a warrant to make me pay a fine in Circuit Court, also, for the same fight.

Determined that I wouldn't pay two fines for the same offense, I rode out to my camp, caught my two personal horses, saddled one and put my bed on the other, and headed for Texas. I crossed the state line south of Carlsbad only a few jumps ahead of the deputy.

I tied up at Tat Hulling's place on Delaware Creek and told him I was hunting a job. He told me he'd heard that Sales Brothers and McAlpin's outfit down near Toyah, Texas, were hiring men. I rode on down there and hit McAlpin for a job. He asked if I was a horse breaker. I told him I had rode a few broncs and was willing to try.

In the bunkhouse that evening, I overheard the waddies talking about a horse named Jack that had unloaded every bronc peeler who had tried to ride him. I suspected they were doing that for my benefit.

The next morning, I rode out in the pasture with McAlpin and helped him corral about twenty-five young geldings. He told me if I wanted a job, I could start breaking them. I asked him which horse was named Jack. He pointed to a strawberry roan about 15 hands tall and weighing about 1,200 pounds.

McAlpin suggested that I not ride Jack until I'd broken all the others. I told him I'd ride Jack first; if I couldn't stay on him, I'd mosey on down the road looking for another job. I took down my rope and dropped a loop around the roan potro's neck and led him into a small corral with a snubbing post in its center.

Jack, with only a rope around his neck, was gentle as an old night-horse. He was easy to lead and no trouble to saddle. The boss started to close the outside gate to the corral. I told him to leave it open and give the horse a fair chance.

Pointing through the gate to a hackberry tree about 100 yards from the corral, the boss told me that was where Jack always unloaded his rider. I said I'd ride him three jumps past the tree, but he seemed to think I was bragging on myself.

All the cowpokes on the ranch—even the old cook—came out and sat on the corral fence to see the show. I cheeked the hackamore and pulled Jack's left eyelid down over his eyeball so he couldn't see me, and crawled aboard.

I tried to hold Jack's head up, but he got it down between his forelegs as he went through the gate and fell to pieces. He put it on 'til he reached the hackberry tree. Then probably thinking he had gotten rid of me, he started high-jumping and crow-hopping 'til he raised his head and saw I was still on him.

Jack hadn't bucked at all compared with what he started putting out then. He came unwound for another 200 yards as he sunned his sides, fence-rowed, and changed ends in mid-air. It was the farthest I'd ever rode a pitching horse, and the last jump was just as hard as the first one.

I kept Jack on stake while I was breaking all the others and rode him once each day. I had trouble getting the meanness out of him, but when I did, he was the best all-around horse I ever broke. I could catch him out in the pasture with the other horses, get on him bareback with only a mane hold, and drive the other horses to the corral. But he was a one-man horse.

When I left the ranch, I offered two other horses and $50 for Jack, but they wouldn't sell him. Later, I heard that he became an outlaw and was used only in bronc-riding contests in rodeos.

After I finished thrashing the broncs, I helped the outfit brand their calves. Then McAlpin gave me a mount of horses and sent me to work through with the neighboring spreads when they rounded up, as their rep.

When Sales Brothers and McAlpin had lived out the required time on their Texas land, they moved back to Abilene, Texas, to live, and made me their ranch foreman.

IN 1906, I married Ozella Gordon, an orphan girl who was born in Mineral Wells, Texas. I had made a lot of friends, and every rancher I knew gave us a heifer calf for a wedding present. The final count was thirty-five calves.

We took up eight sections of Texas land with borrowed money, bought some more dogies with my savings, and by 1909, we were branding about fifty calves each year.

A drought hit that part of Texas about that time, and caused the worst money panic I ever saw. We lost our land and most of our cattle, getting out with only 120 cows, 5 saddle horses, 2 mules, a good wagon, and a buggy.

My dad had remarried several years before (Laura Morrison) and had three children by his second wife. He had sold his interests in the Roswell area and had located in Lincoln.

One day we received a message from my father, telling us that my stepmother had been cleaning outside the house with gasoline while she was also cooking dinner. She entered the kitchen, opened the stove door to put in some wood, and her clothing caught on fire. She was burned so severely, she died from the effects.

Believing Dad needed our help in looking after his kids, we decided to move to Lincoln. We delivered our cattle to Means and Evans who ranched east of Pecos City and received almost $1,900 cash for them. Then, with our horses, mules, and our belongings in the covered wagon with the buggy trailing behind, we headed for famous old Lincoln town.

When we got settled there, Ozella and I took over the care of the two youngest children—a boy and girl—the oldest boy remaining with Dad.

I was asked by a commissioner of Lincoln County to bid on repairing the windmill and pump in the horse corral behind the courthouse, and got the job. It was a dug well about sixty feet deep.

The pump was in bad shape and had to be replaced. The pipe was rusty and full of holes. Threaded joints on some of the sucker-rods were badly worn. The wheel, tail, and moving parts of the mill needed new parts. The mill was built about the time Billy the Kid was born, and didn't appear to have been greased since the Kid killed Pat Garrett's two deputies—Bell and Ollinger—there in the courthouse.

I paid for all parts and got receipts marked "paid." I allowed three dollars a day for myself, and two dollars for my helper. When the job was finished, I presented the commissioners court a bill for $202.50 and they refused to pay.

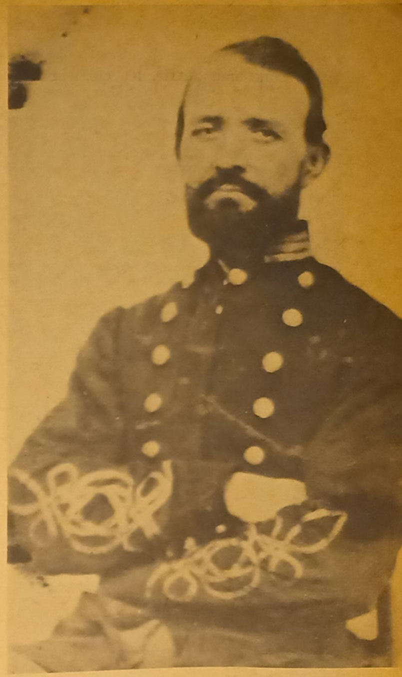
An election was coming up. My helper and I told them we would do our best to elect county commissioners who would pay their bills.

Al Roberts of Carrizozo and two others ran for the office, and all were elected. But I had to wait 'til they took office before I could collect.

ABOUT THAT TIME, what I called the "Second Lincoln County War" broke out. Lincoln was becoming a ghost town and the residents of Carrizozo wanted to make their town the county seat. They had the foundation for a courthouse partly built before we knew what they were planning. When Charley Stevens, Sheriff of Lincoln County, heard what they were doing, he got an injunction and had it stopped.

A lawyer at Carrizozo told the people there if they could get the records out of the courthouse at Lincoln, take them to Carrizozo and hold them, they could force the county seat to move. They decided to carry out the lawyer's suggestion.

Word came to Lincoln that a party headed by Al Roberts was bringing two four-horse wagons to pull off the job. Roberts was a friend of mine, but his interests were in Carrizozo, and mine were in Lincoln.



The grandfather, Maj. Gen. John A. Formwalt, First Texas Brigade, Confederate States Army. He enlisted as a private and rose through the ranks to become a General Officer. Served as Justice of the Peace at Granbury, Texas, for many years.

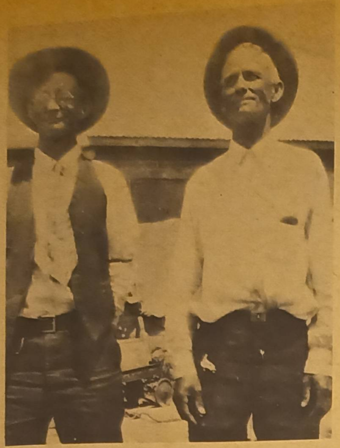
We rounded up a bunch of men and lined them in front of the county clerk's office where the records were stored in a vault. Bob Brady, the jailer, and I were stationed in the clerk's office.

The courthouse raiders drove up the next morning. Our men were supposed to stop them, but they failed to do so. Brady and I had been sitting in the office all night and they took us by surprise. When Roberts came in, I was sitting on the back of a chair with my feet in its seat, leaning back against the vault door. Al ordered me to move away so he could open the vault door.

I told him I had been sitting there so long, I was glued to the chair. If he thought he could move me, to commence doing so. He allowed that might be easier done than said. I suggested that he try it and find out. There were lawful ways to move a county seat from one town to another, I argued, instead of trying to run a bluff such as he was doing, which might get someone hurt.

Al walked out, gathered his men, and headed his wagons back toward Carrizozo. And the War was over without a shot being fired. But Carrizozo, being a railroad town, finally became the county seat.

Several of us from both sides in the affair were called before a grand jury at Alamagordo in Otero County. I didn't know why the investigation was held there unless they thought an impartial jury couldn't be found in Lincoln County. The witnesses from both towns all showed up and found it was only a sort



John B. Formwalt, right, in front of his restaurant—the first in Hot Springs, New Mexico. Beside him is an old bronc peeler, John Hughes. Photo was taken in 1912.

of kangaroo court with nothing being accomplished.

After the hearing, all us Lincoln men went to a bar to celebrate. An old fellow whose name I can't remember was in the saloon. He was a stool pigeon for Oliver Lee. When Oliver became soused, this old fellow would bring him his grub, news, etc., and wait on him hand and foot. I knew Lee when I was a kid and he was plenty tough.

The old buzzard was about half shot and got to popping off. "If them fellers at Carrizozo wants them records," he yelled, "I'll git Oliver Lee and we'll go to Lincoln and take 'em away from the chili pickers and give 'em to the Carrizozo boys."

I blew my top and told him if he wanted to start something, this was the time and place to do it. He went for his gun and so did I. Charley Stevens, sheriff of Lincoln County, ran in between us and stopped the gun play.

I glanced behind me and told the old windbag if he would look around and see the number of guns that were backing me up, he would change his mind about the Lincoln people being chili pickers. He sneaked out and I have never seen him since.

AFTER THAT, my wife and my father had a falling out. He took his children to one of his brothers in Colorado City, Texas. Ozella and I decided to leave Lincoln for some place farther west. We sold everything anyone would buy, and gave away the rest.

We kept only our wagon, a team of horses to pull it, and my saddle horse named Baldy. We loaded our clothing and cooking equipment into the wagon and headed west—destination unknown. We reached Carrizozo, got hay and grain for the horses, and camped near the edge of town the first night.

After supper, I moseyed uptown to a bar to see what I could find out. I saw a couple of fellows who had just come from Palomas Hot Springs on the west side of the Rio Grande. They said it was a nice place to live and the hot mineral water from the springs was healthful to bathe in. I asked them about the road. They told me it was rough in places but they had come across in a wagon and had no trouble. I returned to camp and told Ozella we were going to Hot Springs (now Truth or Consequences), New Mexico.

At daylight next morning we headed southwest with our covered wagon, with Baldy, my horse following behind, carrying my saddle. Wherever he might be, if within hearing distance, I could squall for him and he'd come running.

The road we traveled was hardly more than a trail leading from one waterhole to the next, across one of the most desolate and forbidding areas of New Mexico. We crossed the *malpais* (badlands), a lava flow from an extinct volcano of black rocks, very rough on horses' hoofs. I was glad I had shod my horses before leaving Lincoln.

We camped one night in a pass between two mountains known as Mockingbird Gap where there was plenty of grass and water. We drove through the rugged San Andres Mountains then dropped down onto the *Llano Estril* (Barren Plain).

On the west side of this forsaken area we crossed the New Mexico *Camino Real* (Royal Road), an ancient Spanish trail that came from Mexico to El Paso, then north on the east side of the Rio Grande past the present town of Las Cruces, then on north to Santa Fe. Many of the early travelers died from thirst along the old trail on a ninety-mile stretch across the barren plain, and that portion of the road became known as the *Jornado del Muerto* (Journey of the Dead).

There, in spots, the sand was so deep I had to mount Baldy, with my rope tied to my saddle horn and around the end of the wagon tongue and help the team pull the wagon through. We reached the little town of Engle on the Santa Fe Railroad, bought some groceries and hay, and camped at a lake near there that night.

We expected to cross the Rio Grande on a ferry, but found a bridge had been built across the river by those who were building the Elephant Butte Dam. At last we pulled into Hot Springs and camped near the public bath house, stretched a large wall-tent we brought with us, and did our cooking outside.

I found enough rusty barbed wire to build two short strings of fence in a triangle, and with a wash for the third side, made a corral for our horses. There being no grass nearby, the horses had to be fed. For a month we did nothing but take it easy and bathe in the warm mineral water. This was good for our health, but not good for our bankroll, as nothing was coming in.

I BEGAN to worry about some way of making a living. Ozella thought if everyone who came there to take baths ate as much as we did, a small restaurant would do well. She declared that if I would build one she would operate it.

An old cowhand known only as Jim, who was taking baths for his rheumatic condition, had leveled off a spot on a hillside and built a pool hall. I moseyed over to Jim's place to ask what he thought of me building an eating house there. He thought it was a good idea. He offered to help me out by letting me build onto one side of his pool hall. And by cutting a door in the wall, each place would be a drawing card for the other.

Jim told me that a man he called Frenchy, who repaired boots and shoes in a tent nearby, wanted to open a lumber yard if he could get someone to haul his lumber from the railroad. I saw the Frenchman and made a deal with him to do his freighting, and take my pay in lumber.

Frenchy ordered his lumber shipped from El Paso to Engle. When it arrived, I hauled and stacked it near his tent, and the first lumber yard in Hot Springs went into operation.

I made a trade with a carpenter named Jim Garrett, who also was there for his health, to help me erect the restaurant shack and take my wagon for his pay. When we had used up the lumber Frenchy owed me for doing his hauling, he let me have the other lumber on time. He also let me have lumber for a counter, tables, benches and stools on credit. When everything was finished, I owed him $200.

I guess I was lucky, because an old couple came through town in a wagon with a big cook stove they wanted to sell. I got it for $10.

All we needed to start feeding customers was a supply of groceries. Pickle Johnson, who owned a little grocery store across the street, and Jody Alsup, who also operated one down the road, let us have what we needed on a charge account until we got going. So, in 1912, Ozella and I opened the first restaurant in Hot Springs, New Mexico.

A while after we opened up, I received a check in the mail from the commissioners of Lincoln County for $202.50 as my pay for repairing the old windmill at the courthouse in Lincoln. I carried it to the lumber yard and paid Frenchy the $200 I owed him, and our beanery was clear.

At that time, the community was known as Palomas Hot Springs, named for the Palomas River nearby. The small village of Palomas five miles to the south where the Palomas River empties into the Rio Grande, had a post office. The mail hack from Engle on the Santa Fe dropped the mail off for Hot Springs each day at Pickle Johnson's store then went on down to Old Palomas. Visitors coming to Hot Springs came by rail to Engle where they caught the mail hack, or came in buggies, wagons or on horseback.

The first schoolhouse at Hot Springs was a 10x12 wall tent on a place leveled off on the side of a hill. There were twelve pupils. I don't know how many people were living there when I arrived in 1912—but not many.

About the only buildings were the No. 1 and No. 2 bath houses with some arbors built over the drinking springs where people could sit on benches in the shade. Nearby were the small stores owned by Jody Alsup and Pickle Johnson; Jim's Pool Hall and my restaurant; Frenchy's shoe repair tent; the schoolhouse tent, and several small shacks scattered around. Jody Alsup's father-in-law, John Vanwinkle, built a house on top of the hill above the bath houses.

The pools inside the bath houses were ten feet square. The water boiled up in a two-inch stream from the bottom of the pools, rising to a depth of about four feet. A floodgate such as those used in irrigation ditches allowed the pools to be drained and refilled in a few minutes.

ONE DAY two young pugilists from El Paso came in on the mail hack from Engle. One was a lightweight and the other was a middleweight boxer. The lightweight's ring name was Kid Sharkey. I don't recall the other pug's name. Sharkey was down with rheumatism and couldn't walk, and the other man was looking after him. They rented a little one-room shack and ate their meals at our restaurant.

Photo Courtesy Monk Lofton

Postcard view of a somewhat later "Old Lincoln Town" still reflects the manner in which Formwalt came to town with two horses, two mules, a wagon and a buggy.

After taking baths for some time, Sharkey got to where he could walk a little, then they ran out of money and told us they would have to leave. I believed if they left and Sharkey stopped bathing in the hot mineral water, he would get back in the same old rut he was in when he arrived. I told them I would board them on credit, and some other residents agreed to stand good for their room rent. I also told them I'd help the big pug stage a benefit fight.

Jim Hartley, Bill Graham, "Chick" Vanwinkle and I found a big husky farm boy, and with the help of the healthy pug, trained the farm boy til he could put on a real good show. Then we spread the word among the cement workers, muleskinners and others who were building the Elephant Butte Dam, and residents of Engle and other communities up and down the Rio Grande, that the fight would be staged on a certain Sunday in the schoolhouse at Old Palomas.

The Elephant Butte workers were making $3.00 per day which was good money in those days. With no entertainment to be had in that vicinity, those rugged men grabbed the fight bait like a trout grabbing a June bug.

There was no law stationed at Hot Springs or Palomas at that time. The county seat of Sierra County then was Hillsboro, with Billie Kendall as high sheriff. He was just an old-time sheriff who didn't pay much attention to little things such as our parties. He knew that "boys would be boys" and believed in letting them have their fun.

We moved the seats, desks and tables out of the schoolhouse at Palomas the Saturday before the fight to try to accommodate all who came. I was doorkeeper and in order to take in as much cash as possible, I charged the fans according to what I thought they could afford to pay.

I charged the employes at the Elephant Dam, and owners of ranches and their ranch foremen, $3.00 per head. Common cow waddies, sheepherders with steady jobs, and nesters paid $2.00. I let those who were there taking baths for their health, and others whom I knew were hard up for cash, in to see the fight for $1.00.

1912 photo in front of Bath House No. 1 in Hot Springs shows, left to right: Jim Hartley, Chick Vanwinkle between the two pugilists, and Bill Graham. John Vanwinkle's home is visible at the right of bath house on the hill.

The crowd outside the schoolhouse dwindled down to twelve little Mexican boys who wanted to see the show. I asked them how much *dinero* they had. They went into a huddle frisking their pockets and came up with ten Indianhead pennies. I took it and let them in. I don't remember how much money we raised, but we gave every cent to the two pugs.

The fight was a great success which went ten rounds with a fake knockout by the local farm boy, and everyone was satisfied.

After the fight was over, we all went down to Bruce Morgan's barroom and pulled off a rough and tumble free-for-all fight. It was a real race war between *gringos* and Mexicans. I guess I hit the first blow to protect a sick friend of mine from a drunk and overbearing Mexican. When the rough-house was over, all the Mexicans had been dragged out into the street.

It was a violation of the law in New Mexico at that time to stage prizefights. Someone made a complaint and the law had to look into the affair. It was spoken of all over the country as a funny joke. Everyone who had anything to do with the boxing match was ordered to appear before the grand jury at Hillsboro. I was the last witness to be examined.

They asked me what I knew about a prizefight at Old Palomas on a certain date. I told them I didn't know anything about a prizefight. They said something was pulled off there and a complaint had been filed charging a violation of the law. I told them we staged a boxing bout there to entertain the citizens and for the benefit of a sick man, to whom all the proceeds was given.

They asked who promoted and directed the bout. I told them. They wanted to know who was the doorkeeper. I said I was. They asked what I charged for admission to the match. I answered, "From three dollars a head, down to a dime a dozen." Then they wanted to know why I didn't charge the same admission fee for all. I explained that the bout was for charity and the fans were charged according to their financial circumstances. Then I admitted that I let twelve little Mexican boys see the fight for ten cents—all the money they had.

The final question was, "What part of the receipts were given to the boxers?"

I replied, "It was a charity bout and they didn't receive one cent. Everything was given to the disabled man."

The jury closed the investigation with a no-bill. As I walked out of the jury room, the prosecuting attorney, a very nice young man, went with me. He asked me if we had a good time at the boxing match, and I didn't answer him.

He said, "It's all over now, and you can tell me anything you wish."

I told him everybody had a great time and all were satisfied with the show.

He then explained how my testimony saved us from being indicted on a serious law violation. If we had charged everyone the same admission fee to witness the bout, and the boxers had received a certain percentage of the proceeds, the jury could have returned an indictment for violation of the prizefight law. I replied that everything I did was through ignorance, and I was just glad it happened to be the right thing.

The narrator on horse in foreground with rope in hand at an early-day rodeo in Cutter, New Mexico.

WE OPERATED our restaurant for only one year, and sold it in 1913. A short time before we quit, a friend of mine named Jim Hartley got into a little trouble and had to leave Hot Springs one night. He didn't have transportation, so he borrowed my horse. I told him if he stopped within a reasonable distance from Hot Springs, I wanted my horse back. He notified me that the horse was at the Diamond Bar Ranch in the Black Range Mountains west of Hot Springs.

I needed my horse, so I saddled up and headed west to get him. It took me two days to reach the Diamond Bar Ranch, which was in the most out-of-the-way place I'd ever seen. George Ferguson was foreman at that time and wanted to know if I was hunting a job. I told him I only came for my horse.

We found my horse the next day, and George helped me shoe him. As I was fixing to leave, Ferguson told me he was short-handed and asked me to work for him about twenty days. I agreed to do so if I could get word to my wife. The foreman suggested that I write her a letter and take it to the top of the Black Range and give it to old Adolf Reed, and he'd mail it at Hermosa for me. I told my wife I was going to work for a while, and she could go to Texas and visit her sister. So that's how I happened to start work for the Diamond Bar outfit.

I told Ferguson I couldn't ride bucking horses. He assured me that all their horses were gentle, but some might buck a little when they were fresh.

I worked for the Diamond Bar a month. Ferguson told me I might get on at the Ladder Ranch which joined the Diamond Bar on the east. They paid me $5.00 a month more than Ferguson was paying. I worked for them until December, 1913, when I got a letter from Ferguson wanting me to return to the Diamond Bar and saying he had a cabin in which my wife could live.

I returned and worked for Ferguson until June, 1915. Then I went to Toyah, Texas, on a visit and hired out to Means and Evans east of Pecos City, Texas. They had leased part of the old Figure 4 range and wanted me to run it for them.

In September, 1915, I got a letter from H. L. Hodge, owner of the Diamond Bar. He said George Ferguson was leaving him, and outlined a proposition in his letter that he hoped I'd accept, and said to notify him immediately if I was interested.

Mr. Hodge had been at the ranch a few times while I was there, but I didn't think he hardly knew me. I didn't remember ever speaking more than a dozen words to him. His proposition gave me a shock, and when I recovered, I went to the depot and wired, "I'm coming."

When I arrived, Ferguson and I looked over the range. Mr. Hodge wasn't there but he drove in a few days later, and we talked things over. He had to sell 800 cows to pay Ferguson off and asked me how long I thought it would take to build the herd back to its present size. I estimated it would take five years. He said that agreed with his calculations.

He sold me one-sixth interest in the ranch and cattle, with ten years to pay for it. The price of cattle went up, and I didn't sell any she stuff except some culls and barren cows for eight years. I figured on selling enough then, to pay my way out and have some money left over.

Calamity struck us a hard blow. My wife broke down with quick tuberculosis. The doctor told me I would have to travel around and camp out in the open at all times. So I put Ray Miller in charge of the ranch and took off in a covered wagon, with a tent and camping outfit. During the next two years, Miller sold about $150,000 worth of stock off the range and had plenty left.

My wife passed away at Superior, Arizona, and left me with our two little girls and no mother to see after them. Mrs. A. L. Shepard, a friend of ours wrote me to bring the children to her, and she would help me care for them. I did so.

They had a ranch in the Black Range. Mr. Shepard's brother had an adjoining ranch and some cattle. He died and the bank at Hot Springs had a mortgage on it. I was well acquainted with Bob Martin, president of the bank, and asked him if he had anything to close out. He told me he had the Shepard ranch that he would have to close the mortgage on, because the widow had moved away and left it. He told me he would sell me the cattle, and I could lease the ranch. I did so and kept it a little over a year. A freeze came in May that killed all the brush upon which the cattle lived during the spring, so I sold the cattle, paid off the mortgage and had a little money left.

John B. Formwalt on his roping horse at the Miller Ranch, near Reserve, New Mexico in 1955

IN THE MEANTIME, I had married the widow. She had a little insurance money and was living in Las Cruces, New Mexico, so I went there to look around. We bought a little place in Hatch, New Mexico, and moved there. I bought a truck and went to trucking, and did very well until the Depression hit, and that finished me. I went back to the Diamond Bar Ranch to work as an ordinary waddie. My wife didn't like to live on a ranch, so she went to California, and I haven't seen her since that time.

I quit breaking broncs when I was sixty years old. I thought that was long enough. But I never became afraid of a horse and still ride one most every day.

I've had a lot of ups and downs in my eighty-six years on the open range. I partly retired about twelve years ago but I often ride the chuck-line from one ranch to another. There are a lot of little one-man ranches in this part of New Mexico and I know most of the old-timers who own them. Many can't afford to hire a man full time. I help them for my board and room for a while then move on to the next one, and anything I make is clear.

Recently, I cooked about a month for Clarence Tipton at his ranch near Santa Rita, New Mexico. Then took a job cooking for a rancher named Fowler on the Mimbres River, but I had to quit this job because I had to work too many hours. Guess I'm just an old powder-puff and can't take it like I used to. It's too dadgummed cold up here at Silver City for my old carcass. I'm thinking of going down around Columbus, New Mexico next fall where the weather is warmer and get a job and lay up for the winter.

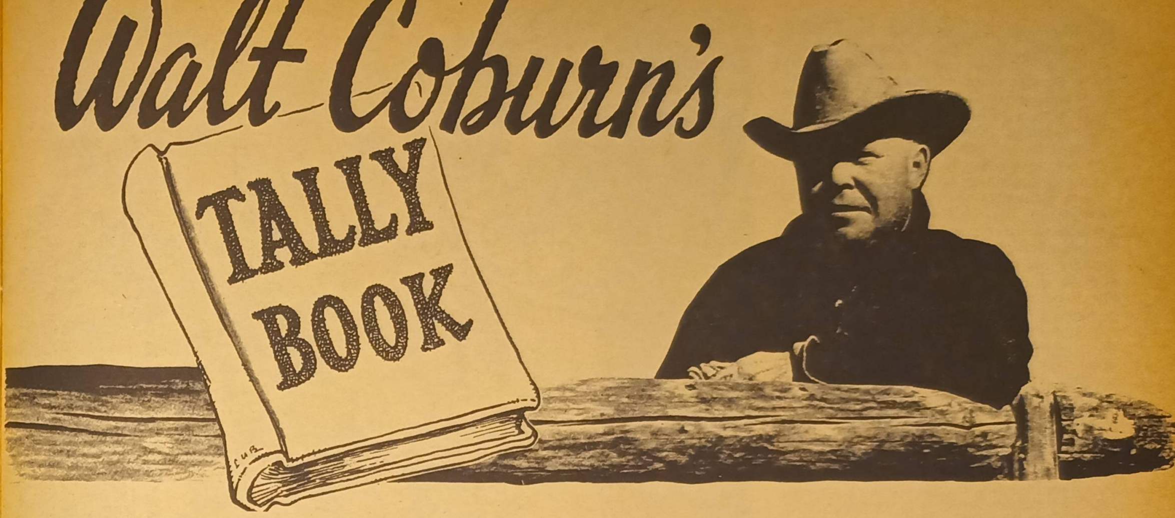
I joined the Open Range Cowboy's Club in which the members must be over sixty-five years old and must have worked on the open range somewhere. I went to their annual meeting at Cloudcroft, New Mexico last year and met several old waddies I have worked with on different spreads. There are more of the old buckaroos left than I thought. I received cards and letters from several on my 84th birthday and was glad to hear from them. If we could all get together we sure could tell some windies.

One time, I moseyed off down to Deming and took in the Old Timer's Reunion. I didn't know there were so many people in New Mexico. I believe they were all there. We had plenty to eat and drink, and danced day and night. My feet finally gave out and the joints in my old legs were creaking like rusty hinges on a gate. All us old folks got hopped up and thought we were young again and had a real hog-killing time dancing to old-time music.

I aim to sort of slow down now. My old broken bones bother me a lot and I do a lot of walking to keep my leg joints loosened up. I'll try to act my age, but I've heard some folks say, "Old cowpokes never die—they just smell that way."

Note: For those of you who are not familiar with the name, "Ol' Waddy," he is V. Whitlock, an old buckaroo who came to the Staked Plains in 1887 and who worked for the L F D outfit more than sixty years ago.

Walt Coburn's TALLY BOOK



I'VE HUNG AROUND a lot of saddle shops between the Canadian Line and the Mexican Border, because there's where the cowhands are apt to gather after they've blowed 'er in, and are waiting to hire out to some outfit. And the saddle shop is where a cowman goes to pick up men if he's short-handed.

Charlie Collins' Saddle Shop in Globe, Arizona, was such a place. And Charlie himself was more than just a saddle maker. He was an authority on the Old West and all that pertained to it. The old cattle trails, the big Texas outfits who threw cattle on the different trails to the north, the trail bosses who rode the point, and on down the swing to the younger cowboys that ate the dust the drags kicked up—Charlie would tell how it actually happened, there in the saddle shop amongst his own breed of men, talking free and easy. And he told it without ever stopping work on the saddle he was making to order for some cowhand.

It wasn't too hard to get Charlie talking. All a man had to do was mention some name like Billy the Kid, and that would set him off. He knew the real facts about a lot of old-time gunslingers and outlaws, plumb back to the Sam Bass Gang, Jesse and Frank James, the Dalton Boys, Butch Cassidy and the Wild Bunch. And for the most part it was first-hand information. Not that Charlie ever rode with them, but at some time or another most of them had ridden saddles made by him, with his name stamped on the hulls.

Charlie had a collection of old guns and every one of them had its history. He kept the collection at his house, what he didn't give away. But he could always dig one up at the shop and tell the story behind it. I have a six-shooter Charlie gave me forty years ago, when I first started writing. I'd gone to Globe to look up an old friend from Montana, a one-time partner of Kid Curry in the Little Rockies. I knew where to find him if he wasn't out at the ranch. I hadn't seen Jimmer for a good many years, and I hadn't seen Charlie Collins since the day I left my saddle with him to join the Army at the start of the First World War. There were some other cowhands there that I knew and it turned out to be quite a gatherment.

I'd known Jimmer since I was hock high to my first cow pony. He was about the best friend I ever had. It was the first time I had ever seen that big, gray-haired, soft-spoken cowman without a six-shooter shoved in his pants. And I told him so. He grinned his slow grin and said he had loaned his to a feller. The feller got into a tight and had to kill a man that needed killing. That was all he had to say about it, so I knew the killing was still hot on the law fire and let it drop.

Jimmer looked half dressed without a gun so I gave him the gun Jake Myers had given me when I left the Circle C Ranch in Montana. Jake and Jimmer were old friends so I felt all right about it. Anyhow, I didn't have any use for a gun. Fellers like us never bought a gun from a store. Somebody gave us the gun we had on or we had swapped another one for it. It was a sort of sign of good will when a man gave you a gun. You never gave one to a man you didn't like.

Jimmer and I were fixing to start out on a camping trip that was to take us into the Tonto Basin and up on the rim and from there to the Grand Canyon. Meantime, while Jimmer was getting the outfit together at his place, I hung around Globe, looking up men I had punched cows with over on the Cross Up. It was during Prohibition and we did our drinking around the blind pigs. Working on corn likker like that, a man had a hard time keeping out of trouble.

Two of Jimmer's sons, about my age, and a brush popper called Dewey and I were passing the bottle at the saddle shop, waiting for the rain to let up. I had a car and we were all driving out to look at a bunch of horses they were going to buy to go into the mountains and gather wild cattle on shares. When the rain didn't show signs of letting up, we decided to go anyhow. Dewey went out to buy a bottle to take along.

Charlie motioned me over to the bench where he was working. He said he knew where I might pick up a gun along the road to the Cross Up. He told me what bush to look under.

I had no trouble finding the Colt .45 six-shooter. There was an empty shell under the hammer.

While Jimmer and I were gone on our packing trip, we missed the trial. It simmered down to manslaughter. But nobody could prove that the cowboy on trial did the shooting. Nobody ever found the gun that did the killing. What witnesses there were had been hitting the white mule and got tangled up in their own ropes on the witness stand. The case was thrown out of court and closed on the law books by the time we got back.

Mebbyso it was Jimmer's gun, the one he gave to some feller. I never asked him and he never said. That's how it always was between us.

WHEN a cowboy came to town, the first place he went to after he had put up his horse was to the saddle shop. Charlie always kept enough cash on hand to cash the cowboy's pay check. The saddle shop was the cowboy's bank, and Charlie was always good for a loan when a man needed money. He never charged interest on a cowboy loan. But he owned a lot of real estate and was one of Globe's prominent business men, a family man and a civic leader, and like as not on the schoolboard. A shrewd businessman, except when it came to the cowboy. Charlie Collins had a soft spot in his heart for every man that sat a saddle. In his book there were no bad 'uns. Some better than average, some a little worse. But not a rank 'un in the bunch.

Charlie didn't go in for making fancy rigs, but if a man wanted a full-stamped fancy saddle, he could make it. He mostly made saddles for the working cowboy. Hand-picked trees, and when he got done rigging a saddle it would hold a bull without warping or busting. Bull-rigged saddles, and plain. Mostly made to some cowboy's order and according to his own ideas. Like as not the brush popper and Charlie argued out the idea until they got it worked to perfection.

(Continued on page 50)

The LOST LOVE of JIM YOUNGER

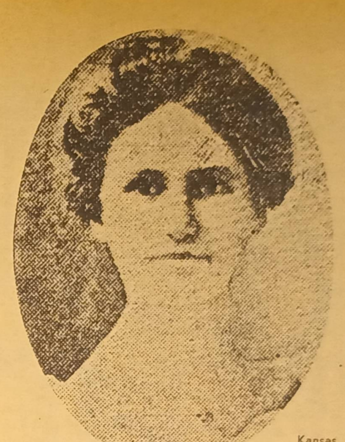
The old outlaw got out of prison, but found himself legally "dead." His signature could never seal a contract—not even that of marriage . . .

By EDWARD KNOWLES

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Courtesy Minnesota Historical Society

Hospital at Stillwater State Penitentiary (Minn.) is shown above. Inset portrait at left is Jim Younger as he appeared on the front page of the Kansas City *Journal* the day following his suicide. Miss Alice Muller, the young woman whom Jim wanted to marry, is pictured above right.



Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

EARLY on the morning of Sunday, October 19, 1902, James Younger, notorious outlaw and ex-convict, lay down on the floor of his hotel room in St. Paul, Minnesota, propped his gun hand with a pillow, and sent a revolver slug crashing through his brain.

The death of this old bank robber who had ridden stirrup to stirrup with Jesse James came as no surprise to anyone.

Cole Younger, now the only surviving brother of the outlaw trio, said in a newspaper interview, "I believe Jim was temporarily insane. He had been acting queerly for several months. Some of his actions could only be accounted for on the grounds that his mind had become weakened."

Cole went on to say that Jim had been despondent because the Minnesota parole board had refused to grant him a full pardon so that he could return to his old home in Jackson County, Missouri. There was truth in Cole's statement, as far as it went—but he did not tell it all.

The rest of the story was brought to light in a packet of letters found on a bureau in Jim's hotel room on the day he killed himself. It was a tragic revelation of a man's love for a woman young enough to be his daughter—his utter despondency at not being able to marry her, and his decision to seek death rather than endure more of the misery and desperation that had been his lot during and after almost a quarter of a century behind bars.

Her real name, as listed in the St. Paul city directory for 1901, was Alix J. Muller. Unfortunately, many facts about her before she came into Jim Younger's life are obscure.

Records at the Minnesota Historical Society reveal that she was born in 1873. We know she was a writer and newspaper woman of some reputation and had wealthy and influential relatives living in St. Paul. In 1899 she published a history of the fire and police departments of the Twin Cities, and the next year worked as a correspondent for the Salt Lake (Utah) *Herald* during a political campaign.

Perhaps fearing reprisals from Miss Muller's relatives, newspapers of the day stepped lightly in discussing her unpopular romance with the outlaw. The spelling of her name was used alternately as Mueller and Miller, sometimes in the same article.

THE FIRST LINK in the chain of circumstances that would bring Jim Younger and Miss Muller together was forged on September 7, 1876, when the citizens of Northfield, Minnesota, armed with Winchesters, ancient muskets, and sticks and stones, blew apart the James-Younger band of outlaws.

The story of this bloody abortive bank robbery is too familiar to be repeated here. It is sufficient to say that Jesse and Frank James escaped to rob and ride again, while Cole, Jim and Robert Younger, wound-sick and exhausted, were run to earth in a Minnesota swamp after two weeks at bay.

In November, 1876, the iron gates of the Minnesota State Prison at Stillwater closed behind the trio for what was decreed to be the rest of their natural lives.

Because of their notoriety, the brothers were considered to be a special danger—even behind high walls. For months, a special guard kept guns trained on them around the clock. They were assigned separate cells and allowed to converse with each other only once a month.

For Jim Younger, twenty-eight years old when he was put away, those months were a nightmare. During the Northfield fight a bullet had shattered his jaw and lodged dangerously close to his brain.

He was not able to open his mouth more than a fraction of an inch, and for his meals he was forced to sip gruel brought to him in a bucket. Finally Dr. Clarke, the prison physician, performed surgery and removed the slug, but Jim's face was permanently disfigured.

The ordeal of his flight and capture also left its scars on Jim Younger's mind. Unlike his brothers, Jim had always been a loner. Even during the carefree days of outlawry he never joined in frivolity, never laughed when the others laughed, never openly revealed himself to anyone. As one example, after his capture he was content to let authorities believe he was Cal Carter, a Texas desperado, even after Cole and Robert had been identified and insisted openly that Jim was really their brother.

Prison drove an even deeper wedge between Jim and rationality. He began reading socialistic literature and would brood for hours in his cell. He sought work in the prison library where he could be alone.

On a September night in 1889, Robert Younger died on a prison hospital cot, a victim of tuberculosis. This put more stress on Jim's already crippled mind. Cole, who had always acted like a mother hen toward his brothers, attempted to talk Jim out of his despair.

His concern is evident in a poem he composed after Robert's death. In it he speaks of the "light of home . . . through the mist of twenty years," and tells his brother:

"Nay, do not turn aside, Jim;
I do not deem you weak.
Full well I know that dauntless heart,
Tho' tears be on thy cheek."

THE YEARS slipped by and the fires of hatred which attended the bloody debacle at Northfield gradually faded from memory. Instead of living, breathing men with a debt to society, the Youngers became legends.

By 1901, the big story in Minnesota was the fight for the freedom of the two surviving Younger brothers. The leader of the fight was Warren Carter Bronaugh, whose life reputedly had been saved by Cole Younger during the Border War.

Working against incredible odds, Bronaugh rallied to his side a number of men of wealth and influence, who could put pressure where it would do the most good.

The press gave the story good play. Reporters beat a path to the prison doors. One of these reporters was Miss Muller.

At thirty, Miss Muller was a tiny, frail woman, but she was driven by a vigorous spirit—and she knew a "Big Story" when she saw one. In all his years in prison Jim Younger had refused to grant an interview; would run and hide when a reporter showed up, leaving Cole to do all the talking.

In the best Nellie Bly tradition Miss Muller set out to make Jim Younger talk. Her task was a difficult one. First there was tradition to overcome. Women of taste did not pay calls behind prison walls. Then too, there was Jim Younger. A great deal of persuasion would be needed to make this aloof old outlaw sit down for questioning.

But Miss Muller managed to overcome all obstacles. Her relatives—little dreaming of the embarrassing and highly improbable romance that would come of it all—lobbied in the right places. Warden Wolfer bowed to pressure and granted her visitation rights. Who pursuaded Jim Younger is not known. Most probably it was big brother Cole, who, no doubt, used as his argument that Jim would be facing a comely young woman rather than a fast talking reporter.

The meeting took place in the office of Warden Wolfer. It must have been an incongruous sight; Jim Younger, a beaten old man of fifty-three, the death-white prison pallor on his cheeks, self-consciously trying to hide his twisted mouth, and Miss Muller, clad in frilly lace, her pencil skipping across a pad as she brought out the story of the outlaw's life.

More meetings followed. There were frequent exchanges of letters. Whether Miss Muller ever penned that Big Story is not known. Likely she did not. For after the first meeting, a bond of affection grew between the two. Jim began to refer to her as his "lassie," and there was talk of marriage.

Miss Muller's relatives, it is said, were horrified at this turn of events, and sought every means to break up the romance. To pacify her kin, Miss Muller stopped the prison meetings, but secretly she kept up a correspondence with Jim.

ON JULY 14, 1901, the big day came. The prison gates at Stillwater swung open and the two remaining Younger brothers stepped out into a warm summer sunshine to savor the first breath of freedom they had known in almost twenty-five years.

Miss Muller was waiting for Jim in St. Paul. One can picture the joyous reunion of the old bandit and his lassie. After the nightmare of a wasted life in prison, Jim could look forward to the one bright hope in his existence—marriage to Miss Muller.

There was one technicality, however. Being an ex-convict, Jim would have to receive official sanction to marry. Here the blow fell.

Petitioning for a marriage permit, Jim learned to his anguish that matrimony was denied him. Under the Minnesota state law for paroled life termers, his name on a contract was not binding —even a marriage contract. In affect, Jim Younger was legally dead!

Miss Muller wrote an impassioned plea to Governor Samuel Van Sant. She pointed out that she was in ill health and that Jim himself had only a few years to live. Could they not spend what time was left to them together? The chief executive was touched by the woman's plea. He put the state's attorney general to poring over statutes in search of a loophole. But he could find none.

The couple's story was a natural for publicity. Beset by sensation seekers, Miss Muller fled to Boise, Idaho. This occurred in August, less than a month after Jim's release. From Idaho, she kept up her correspondence with Jim. The old outlaw tried to pull the threads of his life together. He got a job selling tombstones, but even this menial employment was soon taken away because he could not make a legal contract.

The weeks and months slipped by. A crippling carriage accident added further to Jim's misery. He finally landed a job in Elwin's Cigar Store on Washington Avenue, in South Minneapolis, spending his nights brooding in his room at the Reardon Hotel. In the fall of 1902, the cigar store was sold and Jim was again out of a job.

After this he went downhill fast. He began walking the streets at night, muttering about socialism, women's rights and William Jennings Bryan. A few days before his death he stopped an acquaintance on the street and exclaimed, "I'm only the ghost of Jim Younger!"

He wrote spiteful letters to Warden Wolfer, whom Cole Younger described as "our best friend," and to Governor Van Sant. He began avoiding Cole, apparently feeling that his brother was involved in some conspiracy against him.

On October 16, 1902, Jim sat down and wrote a pathetic letter to Miss Muller in Boise. He said he was out of work and had "given up all hope." On the 18th, he sent her a telegram containing two words, "Don't write."

THAT EVENING, alone in his hotel room, he scribbled a long rambling letter to his lost love. It began, "Last night on earth—so goodbye lassie . . ."

The fever of his tortured mind burned brightly as his pen flew over the paper. "I have done nothing wrong. But politics is all that Van Sant, Wolfer and others of their stripe care for. Let the people judge. Treat me right and fair reporters, for I am a square man.

"A socialist and decidedly for woman's rights. Bryan is the brightest man this United States has ever produced. His one mistake was in not coming out for all the people and absolute socialism . . . Come out Bryan . . . There is no such thing as a personal God . . . God is universal and I know him well and am not afraid. I have pity for the pardoning boards; they do not stop to consider their wives or to think of the man who knows how to love and appreciate a friend in truth . . . Goodbye lassie."

He tucked the note in among the enve-

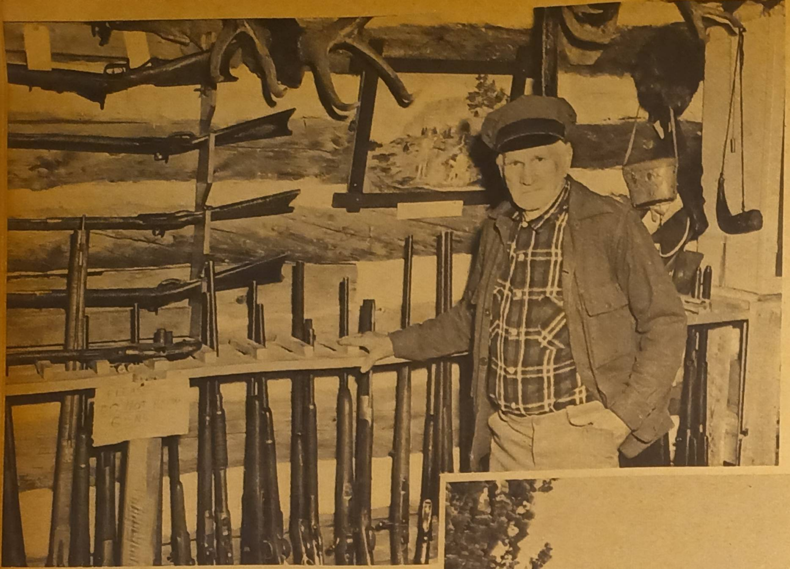
(Continued on page 36)

ROCKY MOUNTAIN IRON MAN

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

The only soft thing about Bruce Neal is his heart. They say his feet are so tough that when he walks on hard ground, his toes rattle!



Bruce Neal, 77, man of fabulous physical endurance who has become a legend in Montana. One of the weapons in his gun collection is 300 years old. At right, the cabin Neal built when 75 years old to accommodate his extensive collection of frontier and Indian relics.

SIX MEN hunkered around a glowing night fire ten miles above the present Gibson Reservoir in Montana. They were on the north fork of Sun River, the Lewis and Clark Range of the Rockies at their backs. Five engaged in desultory speculation about whether a man could walk to the nearest town, Augusta, and back in one day. The sixth and most interested listener was Bruce Neal, who considered their discussion seriously. The distance necessary to cover was thirty-four miles one way, and beset by several lingering winter conditions.

"I can do it between sunup and sundown," he decided.

One of his friends laughed loudly. "If you're going, you might as well fetch in a case of beer."

"I'll bring it," Neal agreed earnestly, "and won't set it down to rest on my way back."

After rolling into sleeping blankets, his friends argued another hour. Most of them believed the feat impossible. Divided opinion occasioned nominal bets among them. Before dawn they were awake cooking breakfast. Neal's companions resumed the good-natured raillery of the night before..

When a weak sun barely cleared the eastern horizon Neal set forth in a fast walk *barefoot.* After he "warmed up good" he lifted into a dog-trot. Thereafter he alternated speeds.

Arriving in Augusta a little before noon he bought a wooden, 24-quart case of beer. Testing its weight on his left shoulder, he decided to balance it off with a keg of whiskey under his right arm.

The return trip was started before his body cooled, and he followed the same routine as coming in. Fast walking in a better than forty-inch stride was interspaced with trotting. A little before sundown, he entered the camp, having covered a total of sixty-eight miles.

Neal's astonishing feat quickly became a Montana legend. But long before his first great endurance test he had accustomed himself to covering distances of thirty to forty miles. By this means he kept in top physical condition. Many rigid tests of his amazing endurance were to follow in subsequent years. Several of them were over greater distances. But the Augusta walk is remembered and more often retold than any other.

Several different versions surround his walk from the Lewis and Clark Range and back. A few think he made it through some ice and snow wearing shoes. Others are certain he went on skis, unable to credit otherwise that he covered so much distance between suns. Recently Neal himself told me that he walked barefoot and over some patches of ice and snow.

How many gallons were in the whiskey keg?

He pondered my question wearing a tolerant, good-natured grin. "If I told, nobody would believe it!"

It had to be a five- or ten-gallon keg; most likely it was a ten-gallon keg as that was a favored size in 1915 when he made his long walk at the age of twenty-nine.

NEAL never performed any feats of unusual strength or of foot racing. He detests show-offs and publicity seekers. All his life he has been remarkable for his fine physical condition. A Pennsylvanian, he was born at Canoe Creek, Juniata Valley, in 1886. Learning the electrician's trade he went to Chicago. After working there awhile he started west, arriving in Fort Benton on the Missouri River in 1909.

Throwing in with an old trapper he learned varmint catching during the winter months. The two trapped river bottoms and Montana badlands together. In January and February of 1910 he trapped alone up the muddy Missouri to its junction with Sun River, thence up that stream onto North Fork.

Neal stood six feet tall, weighed 185 pounds, and was gray-headed even then. Men who have known him all these years claim he hasn't changed much. Despite his eighty-one years he is still heavily built and in good physical condition, even after undergoing a recent operation. In fact, he can still out-walk young men, and few people can believe he is anywhere near his actual age.

Beautiful Sun River country with its many clear running streams, coulees, open prairies and mountain forests suited him exactly. He has never left his adopted land. In many feature write-ups he has been referred to as a "Mountain patriarch," "King of the grizzly bear hunters" and "Last of the mountain men." Certainly he loved and appreciated the Rockies and wildlife therein far more strongly than most. Great coulees of waving grass where once vast herds of buffalo roamed were a special delight to him.

His first cabin homestead lies under the waters of Gibson Reservoir lake. He sold it to a man who lived there for two years before lawmen caught up with him for an eastern bank robbery. Meanwhile Neal took over more land on which he built a second log cabin north of Sun River. The river canyon attracted him greatly. So he soon moved down into it on the south side. There he built more expansive barns, corrals and a log home. At one time he owned 3,000 acres of land along the river course on which he ran cattle and horses.

Each year during winter seasons he continued trapping. Summers he worked for the Forest Service putting in trails and the first telephone lines. In those days it was all pick and shovel labor. In 1919 he became a Government trapper. Stock-killing predators crowded in on ranchers. Then in 1921 he took over the elk patrol for Montana's Fish and Game Department. Until the present elk and wildlife preserve was set aside in the Lewis and Clark Range, the big animals roved in herds up to three thousand head. Their invasion of cattle and sheep ranges were disastrous to stockmen. Walking through wire fence-guarded haystacks, they could eat all a cowman's winter hay in one night.

For eighteen years Neal handled elk patrol, and has served his state as game warden and manager of the present elk preserve for a total of thirty-five years.

Friends say, "He lived in the wilderness with Nature and was part of it more so than any other man could possibly be. Understanding the ways of wildlife, and the surrounding natural elements, he could exist therein as wilderness animals do."

Indeed, Neal lived under open skies, always in lonely camps instead of four walls or a tent. In recent years he has made only one concession. Abandoning his desire for a sky roof alone, he lives in his old log house in Sun River Canyon. He does so in preference to the modern home with electrical conveniences and appliances where his family reside only a few yards away.

Neal studied nature carefully, erosion of land by streams, fauna and flora. Any ground track made by beast or bird, is instantly recognizable and confesses its evidence to him. There is only one animal he never liked, the carnivore grizzly bear. He has trapped or killed several hundred, the exact number no longer recalled.

"The grizzly," he says solemnly, "is a wanton destroyer of wildlife and domestic animals—more so than mountain lions (cougar) and wolves put together."

WHILE NEVER an athlete in the sense of competitive sports, he believed physical fitness for a man living in the mountains and wide open spaces was necessary for survival. Certainly iron-man Neal is one of the greatest walkers who ever lived. Most of the time he went barefoot, his feet hardened almost like that of an animal's hoof.

In frontier times barefoot walkers used formaldehyde to toughen the skin of their feet. It "killed" the skin. After several applications, this dead skin might be almost an inch thick and not sensitive. But it seems that Neal never used formaldehyde; the skin of his feet toughening naturally.

Neal never wore shoes, boots, or Indian-type moccasins of his own manufacture unless going to town, or other circumstances demanded. He walked on coals of fire without ill effect and always struck matches on the soles of his feet.

A few months ago when he was in a Billings hospital for a hip operation, an attendant tried to remove the unusually thick callouses from his feet.

"You take them off and I won't be able to walk," he protested. "And if you try, I will get up and get out of here!"

For a big man, Neal has small feet, wearing number seven and a half size shoe (when he wears shoes, that is). When walking, he leans forward with springy step on the balls of his feet like an Indian, and actually pushes himself forward the easy way.

Following the Augusta beer and whiskey walk, his next really long distance travel was seventy-one miles to Sun River City, completed in about eleven hours. On level terrain he could have done it in eight.

Starting from the same spot, he crossed coulees, prairies and wooded creeks until reaching a dirt wagon road east of Augusta. En route to Sun River City at old Sun River he passed an occasional wagon traveling in same direction. Each driver invited him to ride.

Continuing to move, Neal shook his head with, "I'm in a hurry."

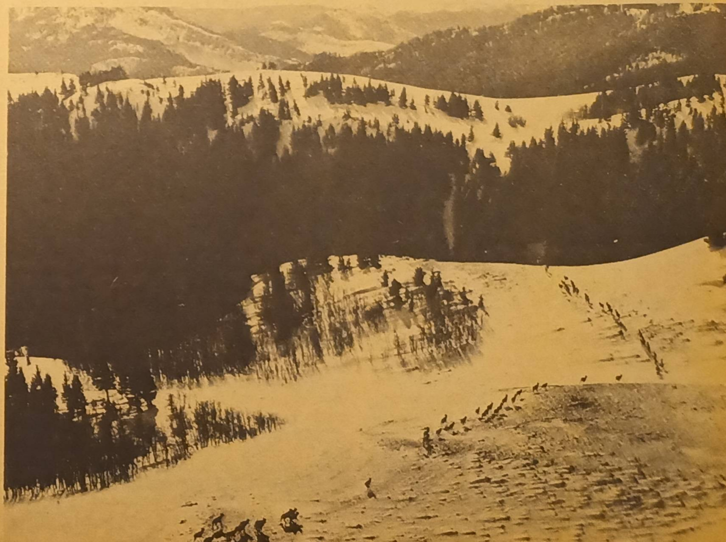
He reached his destination ahead of the passed wagons well before sundown.

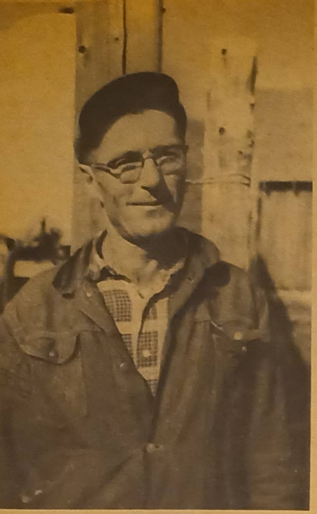
Many years later, his middle son, Dan, worked with him and a Fish and Game

Montana Fish and Game Department cabin which Neal built while a warden in the foothills of Lewis and Clark Range in the Rockies. Elk Patrol riders stationed here kept herds out of cattle ranges below.

Elk being moved from cattle ranges back into the Rockies from Sun River foothills off Ford Creek. This aerial view was made during the years Bruce Neal had charge of the Elk Patrol.

Photo by Robert F. Cooney, Montana Fish and Game Dept.





Roger (Hi) Krebs, foreman of Lazy AC Charolais cattle ranch, who worked with Neal on Elk Patrol. Neal's knowledge of wild life and his tracking ability was, Krebs says, even more amazing than his physical endurance.

crew in the mountains. Dan objected to having to walk so much on the job.

Slightly nettled, Neal asked him, "What would you say if you knew your old dad walked seventy-one miles once between sunrise and sunset without a rest stop?"

Considering that statement Dan replied incredulously, "I'd say it was a damned lie!"

Not long afterwards, to Dan's chagrin, he learned from reputable witnesses that his father *had* hiked that distance—barefoot.

This jaunt may not have been his longest walk. Neal thinks that a trap line he ran in 1919 must have been nine miles longer. It began on upper Sun River to Holmes Canyon (sometimes called Holmes Gulch) across numerous coulees and streams to Joe Ford's ranch on Ford Creek, thence over a small rounded mountain and in behind that giant landmark of history, Haystack Butte. From the south end of his line a circle of traps returned to the upper section and back to camp. If an impossible blizzard were not blowing, he could make this route in one day between suns. The round trip was a full eighty miles.

Even though the day might be overcast, glowering with storm clouds, he always ran his trap line every other day. If caught out in a storm, he simply holed up in timber or in a cave. When a storm fell on him near an abandoned trapper's cabin half way down his route, or near Joe Ford's, he might stay there a few hours beside a warming fire. But stopping at any of these places was simply a matter of preference. He easily survived in any kind of weather, and never ran personal risk by doing so.

ONLY ONCE in his long career did Neal suffer frostbite. One day he started out on a thirty-five mile hike to recover a cache of traps. Eighteen inches of snow covered the ground as he set forth barefoot. Loaded down with steel traps, he started back and met head-on the far below zero weather of a howling blizzard. Before reaching his cabin, he felt his feet growing numb. By the time he got inside both feet were frozen.

His thick heel and sole callouses cracked open when they thawed out but that didn't lay him up. Fashioning moccasins out of sheepskin, wool side in, Neal continued about his work.

On elk patrol he camped in the stark Rockies or along the range base. His idea of a camp was frugal to the extreme—a small fire, one utensil to cook in, and a blanket. On leaving camp little evidence that anyone had been there remained. Building his fire in a small round hole, he covered the pit over and smoothed the surface before departing.

At intervals he returned off patrol to his Sun River Canyon ranch for supplies. Staying out two or three months at a time, he always camped in strategic places where he *knew* elk would appear coming down from the towering Rockies. Seldom did he miss guessing accurately where the next herd of a few hundred to several thousand would invade the lower ranges.

For a period of three years he had an assistant, Roger (Hi) Krebs, born and raised at Belt. For fourteen years he has been foreman of the Lazy AC Charolais cattle ranch at the base of those same gaunt mountains which Neal knows so intimately.

Krebs says that several times their small remuda grazed far from their camps in strange places. When found strayed from the immediate vicinity Neal would tell Krebs to get breakfast while he drove in the stock. He always managed it without loss of time, whether they were five or ten miles distant.

But in one instance, at least, he didn't return when breakfast was ready. On the contrary, his first meal that day came in the late afternoon. Krebs figures that he must have walked about sixty miles altogether. The horses were found twenty miles away, and another ten was consumed before he walked down and got the remuda turned toward camp. In this case, the newly broke horses refused to let him get close enough to make a catch. All he could do was head them back to camp where they were accustomed to being bridled. This walk was made through sharp rocks and brambles.

"His feet were so hard," Krebs declares, "you could hear him coming over the rocks like a horse, and his toes *rattled* against the stones."

Once they were camped high in the Rockies after driving a head of 2,000 elk back to their regular grazing parks. Early the next morning the men heard several horses coming down from higher elevations. Six ponies and an Indian passed them on the run. The redskin was unable to catch up and was near exhaustion.

Jumping to his feet, Neal got around the lathered and winded horses along a slope. As Neal caught up, the Indian could be heard talking to them.

"Horses! Horses! Man's best friend! Whoa, you sons of ——, whoa!"

NEAR THE END of his elk patrol work, Neal wandered afoot near scenic Cutrock of the Rockies. Unexpectedly he found a herd of 1,000 elk. Not bothering to return for a horse, he gathered them afoot and started into the mountain passes. His hardest work, he said, was convincing them they must go back to the regular grazing areas. That required time but, once started, they moved along rapidly, strung out over a mile. To get those big elk far enough to keep them off lower ranges for at least a couple of weeks, he ascended to higher elevations for a distance of nearly thirty miles. Once there he turned around and made it back to the lonely camp before sundown.

Neal could move up steep slopes incredibly fast. His legs were corded with hard muscles and he seldom showed unusual weariness. The only animals he couldn't walk down were wolves. These crafty brutes, especially a big black breed from Canada, gave him plenty of trouble. They would dodge around, circle back and start trailing their tracker.

The big, brutal Rocky Mountain grizzly was easy for him to overhaul. For a period of months a bear north of Sun River preyed on a friend's livestock. It killed calves, yearlings and an occasional young colt. Since his neighbor was unable to find and shoot the bear, Neal took its sign from a recent kill, and in his customary springy step and lope "walked" it forty-odd miles, packing his favorite rifle, a .35 Remington automatic. Finally coming up close on the grizzly, it turned on him rearing upward. One single shot dispatched it.

This ferocious stock killer was a very aged male, yet only medium sized for a grizzly. Instead of being brown and silver-tipped it was largely gray. Skinning the beast, Neal tanned the hide and has it on exhibit in his personal museum today.

This frontier museum is a well constructed log cabin on a high point overlooking historic Sun River behind his canyon ranch. In it he has many bear skins, Indian relics, settlers' utensils and upwards of three dozen huge bear traps. His great pride and joy, however, is a collection of one hundred old rifles and muskets. A valued pair of Kentucky rifles are two centuries old. His oldest firearm is a sawed-off muzzleloader known as a trade or blanket gun, about 300 years old. It passed through many hands from Canadian-French traders to Indians of Montana during Colonial times. The museum is designed to preserve artifacts of Montana's regional history.

Neal was present at only one dangerous session with a grizzly. His brother, Billy, paid him a visit from Pennsylvania during the late 1930s. Wanting to go bear hunting, Neal obliged him with a trip, himself carrying only a .32 caliber pistol.

Brother Billy found a 900-pound grizzly on the sting. Already close when Billy aimed and fired his rifle, the grizzly kept coming. Before he could lever and shoot a second time the brute was on him. Billy shoved the rifle muzzle through the bear's open mouth into its throat, and pulled the trigger. That also failed to kill the monster, but for a few necessary seconds by using the rifle stuck in the bear's throat he held it off.

The cornered bear was fighting desperately, slapping forward with both forepaws, when Neal ran in from the right side, shoved his pistol into the bear's ear, and dispatched it with one shot.

ONE HUNTING SEASON during his first years as game warden he saw camp robbers converging on a point from many directions. Like magpies they can locate food at a distance. But camp robbers are meat eaters. By their actions Neal deduced they were gathering on the site of a hunter's kill. It was at such great distance he had not heard a shot, but camp robbers were hastening there to pick at offal where the game was dressed out.

(Continued on page 28)

SPOKANE'S FIGHTING MARSHAL

DEPUTY
MARSHAL

He had his own personal oath of office: Know what the law allows you to do, then do it!

By JAY J. KALEZ

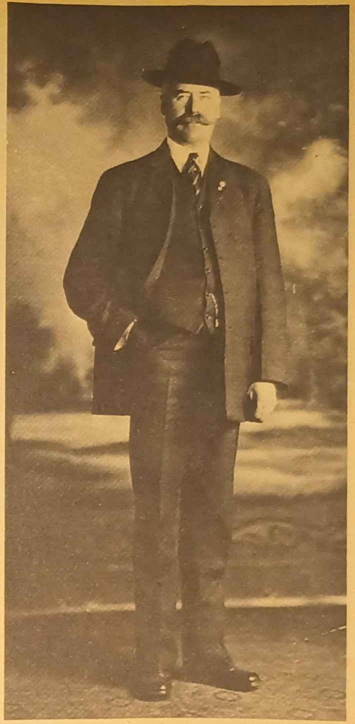


Photo Courtesy Author

Joel F. Warren as he appeared in September 1931, when he attended the Spokane Golden Jubilee as an honored guest.

IT MAY be nothing to brag about, but time was when Spokane, Washington, had the reputation of being as wild, woolly and tough as any frontier community west of Dodge City, Kansas. And its first deputy marshal, Joel F. Warren commanded respect for his fast gun on a par with Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson.

A giant of a man, six feet four inches tall, straight and solid as a bridge plank, Marshal Warren epitomized the courageous, soft-spoken peace officer who could get tough when he had to. I once witnessed him in action.

A half-breed horse trader, to conclude an argument, plunged a pitchfork into a cowhand at the feed lot behind the Fashion Livery Stable on First Avenue. Friends of the cowhand stepped in, and gunplay followed. The horse trader managed to get hold of a shotgun and, barricading himself in the stable hayloft, was ready to shoot it out.

From behind the protective stone wall which surrounded the old All Saints churchyard at First and Jefferson, I watched Marshal Warren take over. It was a hot summer afternoon and Warren arrived coatless, his gold Chief of Police badge glistening on a white shirt front. Stepping out into the street center, Warren spotted the horse trader's gun barrel poking out through the hayloft planking.

"You up there," Warren called out in a calm voice. "You can drop that gun and come walking out of there with your hands up, or I can come in after you. Make up your mind fast. It's hot down here in the street." The horse trader surrendered quietly.

Some thirty years later I was privileged to sit in on an interview with Joel Warren, when he was an honored guest at Spokane's Golden Jubilee celebration in September, 1931.

At that time I was writing for the Western pulp magazines and had just had published a series of articles on famous frontier law hands. Albion Libby, the *Spokesman Review's* ace feature writer who had been assigned to interview Mr. Warren at the Davenport Hotel, invited me to accompany him on his assignment.

Despite his more than seventy years, Spokane's first peace officer still stood straight as an arrow, the iron gray hair still heavy, his flowing mustache still retaining its distinguished flare.

With Al Libby, channeling an interview into fluent conversation was a thing of art. A few remarks about some of the old-timers in town for the Golden Jubilee, and Warren easily drifted into relating some of his early-day experiences.

"MY MOTHER and father moved out here to Washington Territory from Sullivan County, Missouri, in 1865," Warren began. "Father ran cattle in the Walla Walla country, but around 1879 he heard about the Spokane area from old Dan Drumheller. That summer the family pulled stakes and homesteaded on 160 acres about 20 miles west of Spokane Falls, as Spokane was then known.

"One day old Dan stopped overnight at our ranch and, during the evening, told of a half-breed Indian renegade who had just escaped from the county jail at Cheney. The outlaw, Bill Jackson, had murdered a Spokane, Chief Three Mountain. Arrested, he later managed to overpower his jailer and make his escape. According to Dan Drumheller, Jackson was rumored to be hiding out near Spokane, and County Sheriff Dillon had posted a reward of $50.00 for his recapture.

"That $50.00 reward sounded like a lot of money to a young buckaroo just reaching voting age. I asked Dan if I could ride his buckboard with him to Spokane. He was willing, and on the way to town, I told him I was going to try for the reward money.

"Once in town, Dan located Dillon and must have given me quite a boost, because when Dan introduced me, the sheriff seemed to have already made up his mind. Sheriff Dillon evidently carried most of his office records in his hat for before I knew it, he had pulled a Deputy Marshall badge out of his top piece and labeled me the town's peace officer.

"There was some wrangling about the $60.00 a month pay that went with the job, but when I started hedging over leaving Dad's ranch, some of the folks who had gathered around began offering personal boosts to my salary until I couldn't refuse. One of the group anteing to my salary was E. B. Hyde, a county commissioner. Another was Colonel Nash.

"I will never forget the first day I took office," Warren said with a wide grin. "It was Sunday, April 13, 1884. Sheriff Dillon handed me a stack of subpoenas and told me the 13th was a good day for catching people at home. I went to a livery stable and hired me a saddle horse. Maybe the stable hands wanted to try me out—anyway, they gave me as ornery an animal as I'd ever straddled.

"My mount began bucking his way up Howard Street. I figured it was the horse or me, so I took off my hat and began hooting and slapping the animal buckaroo fashion, heading right onto Riverside. Folks came rushing out and suddenly I remembered I was now a peace officer, not a cowpoke. Later that day Mr. Hyde cornered me and gave me the best piece of advice I ever had.

" 'Joel,' he said, 'there are two things a peace officer must always remember. First is the law he's hired to enforce, and second is the way he enforces it. Never start anything the law don't give you the right to start, and never start anything you don't finish.'

"THAT ADVICE was still in my head the next morning when I started on Bill Jackson's trail. I located old Curley Jim, a friendly Indian I knew quite well, and learned from him that Bill Jackson was hiding out with a bunch of Colville Indians camped where Gonzaga University now is. Curley Jim agreed to ride out to the camp with me,

(Continued on page 40)

TALES of TONOPAH

—where men were buried with the following words, "You lived in the heat, you died in the heat, you ought not to be too uncomfortable in hell"

By JOHN R. LEACH

Photos Courtesy Author

IN 1907 I was called to Tonopah, Nevada, by the First National Bank to save a very sick drug store they had acquired. The town's population had dropped from 9,000 to 4,500 and while I was there it lost another 1,000. The owners of its thirty-five saloons were crying their eyes out.

With two other boys, I bought a little house that once had been owned by a wealthy mine operator. We got it for fifteen percent of its original cost and nothing for it when I left three years later. By 1912 both the drug store and the bank had failed. As a grand finale the bank cashier ran away with a saloonkeeper's wife, leaving a fine wife and several lovely daughters.

Tonopah is a Paiute Indian word meaning "Near water" but the white man has never found water closer than nine miles from the town. The city now pipes its water eighteen miles from Rye Grass, a big spring on the desert. Before the pipes were laid, water was hauled by mule-team and sold house to house at one cent per gallon. It was very good water.

We boarded at the Jim Butler Club, named for the man who discovered gold in the hills in 1902 and started the gold rush. It was a cooperative eating place for unmarried young men with steady jobs. One of our group was Vail Pittman, the deputy sheriff who later became Nevada's governor. Another was Ray Stannard Baker who, under his pen name of David Grayson, became a well-known author and biographer of Woodrow Wilson.

The Jim Butler Club had a reading room. One day the *Los Angeles Times* carried a headline "Sultan of Turkey Deposed—Jailed. Property Seized. Will Be Sold."

Someone wondered, "What will become of his harem?"

Another said, "Let's buy it."

Soon this telegram was dispatched to the *Times:* "The Jim Butler Club Tonopah Nevada USA composed of 30 young (?) prosperous unmarried county officials, mine officials, foremen, paymasters, merchants, lawyers and writers of this wild and wooly desert city offers $50,000 in gold for 30 select members of Sultan's harem"—(Signed) Jim Butler Club.

Within an hour we received an answer, "Jim Butler Club—Wire particulars in detail. We want story our expense."

Well, dinner was over and most of the boys had gone but the four or five in the library sent back the following: "Price $50,000 in gold still stands for 30 choice damsels of harem. Must be young, vigorous and in good health. Shape and personal appearance to conform to Sultan's exacting standards. Quickest possible delivery laid down safely at Jim Butler Club Tonopah Nevada."

We got the write-up and many letters from friends, and that ended the whole affair, as we hoped it would.

Early mode of transportation in Tonopah

Our customers, the miners coming in from the hills, soon learned that I was a nature lover. They gathered many interesting objects and brought them to me—rattlesnakes, a kit fox and a skeleton. Also a very cute porcupine we named "Mutt." I couldn't claim him as my pet exclusively because all the boys loved him.

While I'd be sitting on the stool working on the books Mutt would climb up on my shoulder and, with his front feet on my head, look very important.

We had some apricot brandy and some of the boys offered it to him. He went for it in a big way. He would walk dizzily around the room on his hind feet and try to be sociable. But the next day he would huddle in the corner with his head against a cool bottle or a piece of coal.

He had access to the ground under the floor of the drugstore. He dug out one morning and went outside, where he had an altercation with a dog. The owner of the dog shot him. We were all greatly saddened and missed him terribly.

Riley's dancehall was the largest institution in Tonopah. It covered almost a half block and had two big bars and a dance floor downstairs, boxes with curtains in the balcony, and a girls' dormitory upstairs. Each dance cost the man fifty cents for a drink for himself and his partner; the girl was given a ticket to cash in later. The girls mostly drank colored water but when they got hold of a smelly old prospector they went for hard liquor until they had built up a tolerance to his odor.

One evening Dr. Mapes left a prescription in the drug store and said. "This must be delivered right away, for this girl has pneumonia and is in bad shape."

I found the girl in a semi-conscious stupor; her feet and legs were cold as icebergs. Dr. Mapes had ordered antiphlogestine (a patent mixture of clay and glycerine) to be heated and spread on her chest. None of the girls felt able to apply it so I had to make the application. While the water was warming I had time to visit with the girls and soon found out that most of them had dropped out of school and were from broken families. I doubted if many of them could read or write. A few had mothers in the same business.

After the patient got warmed up, she revived and talked. She had been picked up dead drunk in the gutter. Said she wanted to die because she had nothing to live for since her man died in the same gutter a few days before. She reached under her pillow and drew out a writing tablet on which she had scribbled a sort of verse about "dear Gus" and that she would soon "join him in heaven." I guess it goes to show that no matter how low people get, they still love and believe in God and think Him extremely merciful.

Another night two clothing salesmen and a hardware clerk and I were walking around town before going home to bed. We looked in on the gambling games in the saloons and finally entered the dancehall. One man, dancing with a girl, was so drunk he could hardly stand up. The girl was supporting him to keep him from falling. His face seemed familiar to some of us and we asked who he was and were told that his name was Hicks. Well, we all knew a Mrs. Hicks—a very fine lady—and assumed this man was her husband. We asked the manager if we might take him home. He protested but we pulled him through eight inches of snow for a mile and knocked on the Hicks' door.

Mrs. Hicks asked, "Who's there?"

"Mr. Hicks is sick and we brought him home," we replied.

She opened the door and we shoved her husband inside, but as we turned to leave, the man came out right on his face and she berated us for bringing a drunk stranger to her house. We ran and left the man to find his own way back uptown.

It was quite a while before Mrs. Hicks came into any of our stores. The newspaper ran a story making it clear that we were innocent, though foolish, participants in the affair, but she never became friendly after that.

Above, Volunteer Athletic Club. John R. Leach is central figure. They performed at exhibitions to pay for the gymnasium. At right, Tonopah's oddity houses built of bottles, cans and barrels.

GEORGE WINGFIELD was born in Lakeview, Oregon, about 1881 but was run out of that town about the turn of the century because he was "an incorrigible boy." Apparently he spent most of his time with a Chinese laundryman who loved to gamble. When they sat in a poker game it was "for sure" that one or the other of them would clean up on the rest of the players. They seemed to have magic in their cards. George was escorted out of town and told never to come back.

He arrived in Tonopah with the first big rush and set up his roulette wheel on the street. It's said he made thousands before investing in the mines, which also paid well for him. Then he started opening banks—five of them.

My boss, Malcolm McDonald, made his start ($80,000) in Butte, Montana, as the contractor for a water system. He came to Tonopah and ran that up to four and one half million, mostly in Greenwater, Rhyolite and Bullfrog. He sold mining stock all over the United States. He loved good Scotch whisky and his kilts, and was a fine mixer and a really good fellow. But he backed too many poor friends on slow horses and fast women.

McDonald had a big six-feet four-inch Cossack by the name of H. T. Kutzkow as a "choffer" (chauffeur). We called him "Shorty." He held many records in the East and in Europe, and was a wonderful man with a car. One day they got stuck in loose sand and Shorty, in his excitement, yelled to McDonald and Charles Schwab, the steel magnate, "You s—o—bs jump out and push this car!"

Schwab said to Mac, "That fellow talks plain, doesn't he?"

McDonald answered, "Yes, but we're in a tight spot. We must act quickly."

So they went overboard, shoved the car out, and raced after it and climbed in over the sides as Shorty barreled on across the desert.

McDonald spent so much money in the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco that they kept a suite of rooms for him on the house. I don't know how many rooms there were in the suite. He saw me on the street one day and said, "Come on up, you had just as well use a room as not. It's all paid for," and he registered me as his guest.

When Taskerel Oddie ran for governor of Nevada his opponent was a rich man from Reno. McDonald and Wingfield decided to have their candidate run as a very poor man (which Mr. Oddie actually was although he had been affluent once and owned the finest home in Tonopah). In a delipidated Thomas Flyer he stumped every town in the state making speeches and at the end of each speech he would ask if anyone could give him enough gas to get to the next town. Many times men would offer gasoline and old tires. In this way he got from town to town and was elected and, I believe, became a good governor.

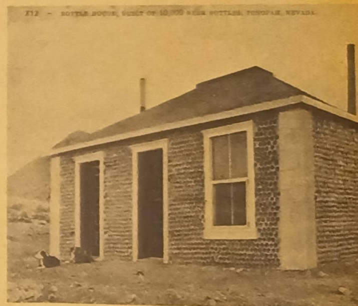
ANOTHER colorful person was Frank Harris, fittingly nicknamed "Shorty" as he was only five-feet one-inch in height. He knew the desert better than anyone and found many good ledges of gold and silver.

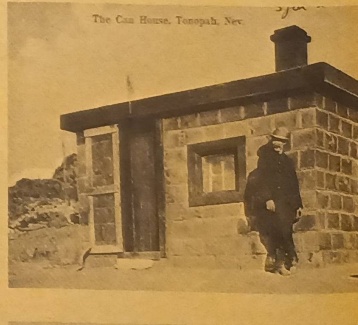
Harris, like many other prospectors, was fond of liquor. Fortunes to him were misfortunes—they gave him a short thrill and a long headache. Once he came into Tonopah with $10,000, gathered up four or five old desert rat prospectors, none of whom had ever had a bath or worn underclothes or even slept in a bed, and they started to celebrate.

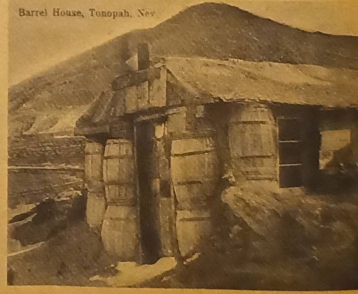
As the party became more lively they picked up two girls and held a caucus at one of the bars, where they decided the town was too small for such a big affair as they were contemplating. So they proceeded via Pullman car to San Francisco.

The girls were the only ones who knew the city, and they took charge and transported the party by taxicabs to their Alma Mater down on Barbary Coast. They took the place over and the doors were closed as long as the money lasted—about ten days. Shorty and the boys somehow made their way back to the desert and started all over again with their burros and shovels.

I was "on a run" with Shorty at Ellendale, about fifty miles northeast of Tonopah. I was a day late and Shorty told me, "There doesn't seem to be much on these outside claims." I had been grubstaked and ordered to locate some claims so I got a saddle horse from a







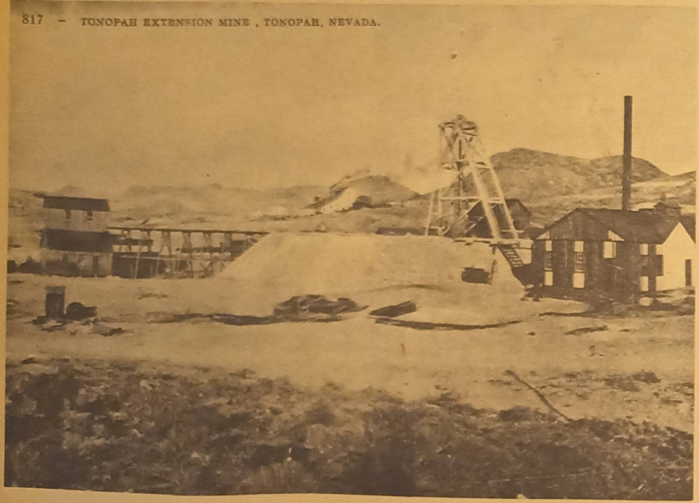
friend and decided to ride to Murphy's Camp. I inquired how to get there and was told by some prospectors that it was in "Those hills" across the desert. I asked how far they judged it to be and a man said, "Well, it's six miles to Four Mile, and three miles from Four Mile to Eight Mile. Then it's five miles from Eight Mile to Seven Mile, then on up the trail about one-and-a-half miles to old Five Mile Camp, then it's just over the hill a short way up past Twelve Mile—perhaps three or four miles—to Murphy's camp."

He told me to watch for certain markers and said that by hard riding I could reach Murphy's by nightfall. I did get there in time to eat supper with Murphy, who was a good customer at the drug store. He told us he thought he had a good claim and that he would be happy to help us locate near him. It never amounted to anything. Bert Pemberton worked it all one summer and found thin veins which pinched out about 100 feet back in the hill.

I asked Murphy to explain about all the springs, canyons, camps, etc., named Four, Eight, Seven, Five and Twelve Mile and he said, "Well, they are just names given by different people located in different places and they are in no way related one to another. Desert people many times name places for distances from their diggings." Maybe so, but it didn't make sense to me.

Harris died in 1934 and left specific instructions that he was to be buried in Death Valley. A few men drove to the lowest part of Death Valley and dug a grave. When Shorty's coffin arrived they found it was too big for the hole they'd excavated so they let him down feet first, and honest, hard-working Shorty Harris was left leaning against the wall of the grave. I visited it in 1949 and copied the following from his headstone.

Old postcards reproduced below show Tonopah's Extension Mine and Mt. Oddie and Principal Mines



Mt. Oddie and Principal Mines,
Tonopah, Nev.

"Burry me in Death Valley beside Jim Dayton in the Valley we loved, above Me Write 'Here Lies Shorty Harris, A Single Blanket Jackass Prospector' Epitaph requested by Shorty (Frank) Harris Beloved Gold Hunter 1856-1934 age 88. Here James Dayton Perished in 1898 To These trailmakers Whos Courage Matched the Dangers of the Land, This bit of earth is dedicated forever"

ANOTHER desert character was old Jack Longstreet who ran stock and worked a mine about fifty miles northeast of Tonopah. Old Jack wore his hair shoulder-length, partly because he liked it that way but also because he had two holes in his head where his ears had been cut off, perhaps by cowboys who used to mark cattle rustlers that way.

One night about 7:30 I got a long distance call from Manhattan. It was Longstreet. He said, "Leach, get George Thatcher (a good lawyer) and send him out here tonight. I'm in jail and I want out."

I asked him what had happened and he said, "I killed a man. Send George Thatcher to get me out of here." I said, "That is too bad," and he said, "No, it ain't; he ought to been killed. He was a no-good Injun. Besides he was my brother-in-law."

I called Thatcher and he got Longstreet out. There was no evidence against him. The evidence was dead.

Our 1,000-acre garbage dump was the most fascinating place in the state. The dump had been started about a mile-and-a-half from town and as each load was scattered by animals the next was dumped farther away to avoid glass, nails and sharp pieces of broken or cast-off tools. In time it covered more than a square mile and the bright Nevada sun or moon made the broken glass twinkle like a million stars. The sun also brought out the purple tint of manganese in the glass and made it a collector's item which was sold in gift shops to city dudes. Slavic miners and Indians gathered cast-off furniture, clothes, and dishes there, making the dump a beehive of life and excitement the year round.

A saloon in the same building as the drug store installed magnets around their roulette wheel so they could stop the wheel where they chose. One night someone sneaked in through the transom and changed the magnets. He came back early the next day and quickly won $600. The owners closed the game and tried to have the man arrested but he left town of his own accord as he had no further business there anyway.

One day we heard a lot of yelling over at the club across the street and a Chinese customer came in and I asked him what it was all about and he said, "Bingo." I had never heard of Bingo and asked him about the game. "Crazy game I no play it!" he said.

I still wanted to know more and he explained, "100 men buy paddles, ten cents apiece. They have numbers on them. Man rolls wheel, calls number and man puts bean on number, by and by one man gets a whole row of beans and he yells, 'Bingo,' and ninety-nine men yell, 'Hell!'"

Murphy was a bartender in a saloon on the opposite side of Main Street from the drug store. They said he had been drinking more than was good for the

(Continued on page 50)

SPECIAL!
FROM OUR OLD
Frontier Times

J. WRIGHT MOOAR and JOHN W. MOOAR

PUT A PRICE ON THE HEAD OF THE BUFFALO!

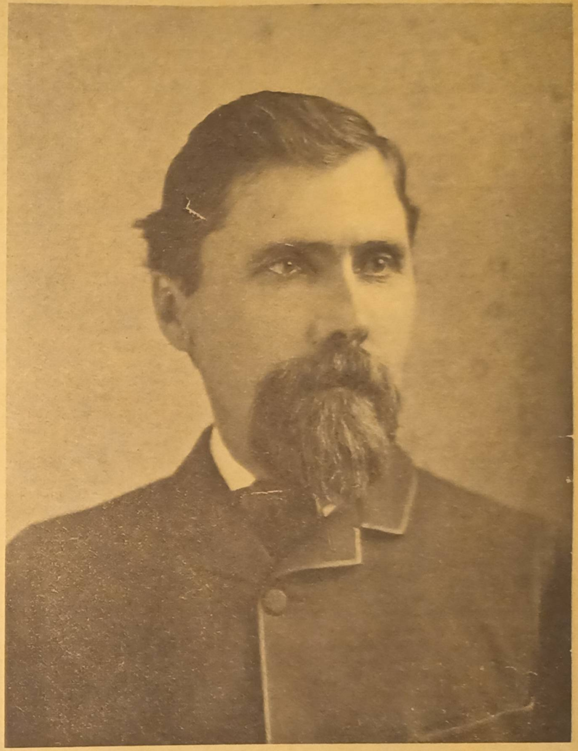

John W. Mooar

Photo Courtesy Louise L. Mooar

By J. MARVIN HUNTER, SR.

TWENTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD John Wesley Mooar stood stock-still in his New York flat and read his brother's message again. The message came out the same—J. Wright Mooar, who was at that time in Fort Hays, Kansas, and a man named Wright had just shipped John Wesley some raw buffalo hides and were depending on him to find a market for them in New York City.

Young Mooar started out on his mission, not knowing anything about such hides and doubting if he could find anyone who did. He went first to J. J. Bates & Co., the oldest hide house in the country. The senior partner was an elderly man and had been in this business all his life, but when asked what buffalo hides were worth, replied that he had never seen one and that such a thing as a flint buffalo hide had never before been on the market. Mooar informed him that the shipment would be stored at 91 Pine Street and could be seen there.

In the meantime the hides had arrived in New York and were hauled down Broadway to Pine Street, attracting a lot of attention. A tanner from Pennsylvania happened to be in New York at the time and saw the wagonload pass. He followed it all the way to the warehouse and soon afterward, accompanied by another tanner from Pennsylvania, asked to be allowed to examine the mysterious looking cargo from the West. The two Pennsylvania tanners told Mooar that there was no market for buffalo hides, but they would like to buy them for experimental purposes. They offered $3.50 per hide, or 14 cents a pound for the entire lot. Mooar accepted the $3.50 offer, and thereby gained the distinction of having made the first sale of flint buffalo hides on record.

When he next heard from the Pennsylvania tanners, they asked him to send 2,000 more hides, and Mooar at once realized what all of this would lead to—a new and large-scale avenue of trade in the frontier country.

John W. Mooar at once resigned from his New York position and left for Dodge City, Kansas, where he met his brother, J. Wright Mooar, and made plans for forming a partnership.

JOHN WESLEY MOOAR was the son of John Allen Mooar and Esther K. Mooar. He was born in Pownal, Bennington County, Vermont, June 12, 1846. As a youth he attended the Pownal Academy in winter and worked on his father's farm in summer. When he was fifteen years old he went to New York City, and got a job as errand boy for Randall H. Green & Sons, brokers, at 98 Wall Street. As time passed he was employed by J. J. and J. M. Richards, large manufacturers of jewelry. Mooar studied diligently in his spare time, and graduated with a degree of Master of Accounts from Eastman's Business College in Poughkeepsie, which, at the time and for years afterwards, was considered the best of its type in the country. The boy never required help from his family after age fifteen.

While he was in New York he perfected a baking powder; however, before he applied for a patent for it, the call to the frontier came and changed his plans for all time.

The brothers entered into an equal partnership in 1872 and their camp was located near Dodge City and Fort Dodge. They took the lead in the great buffalo hunting industry, and it is estimated that more than 500,000 buffaloes were killed each year from the time the hunting began until the buffaloes on the ranges were exterminated, a period of about eight years.

The Mooars became famous hunters. J. Wright did nothing but hunt, while John Wesley hunted, transacted the business affairs, and took charge of caravans going to and coming from Dodge City to their camps in Texas. The latter's life was in grave danger on these trips which he and his helpers made. Indians, outlaws, blizzards, heat, and other hazards were encountered day in and day out.

On one occasion, after hunting on Kiowa Creek west of Medicine Lodge, John W. was driving one team and Wright Mooar was driving another to Dodge. The Nixon freighting outfit was along with them, and at Mulberry Creek a severe blizzard caught them. Men and animals were soon blinded by the snow and the cold was so intense that death stared them in the face. The trail was entirely lost, but the men stuck together hoping they would be able to reach John Hunt's ranch, where they could find shelter for themselves and their teams.

(Continued on page 55)

Rocky Mountain Iron Man

(Continued from page 22)

Straight across, the distance was at least four miles over canyons, gulches and steep rocky slopes. But it would require considerable time over a much longer route riding around to the suspected area. Abandoning his horse, Neal struck off directly on foot.

Making it in record time he found three hunters with four deer, three dressed out. They stood around arguing what to do with the extra carcass. This occurred when hunting laws were not so strict. Then a hunter didn't have to band his deer immediately nor was he limited to one kill. Thus several hunters in a party, if one or two ran into game, could bring down enough for the entire group. Yet here the party had one more buck than the law permitted. Neal solved their problem by telling them not to let the meat spoil. They should give it to another hunter, or someone, so he wouldn't have to arrest any of them.

When Neal did make an arrest, the guilty parties rarely argued. The warden was scrupulous not to offend sportsmen, yet when he did take a case into court he had all the evidence necessary for a clean-cut conviction, and always won.

Because he understood the action of birds, fleeing from danger or flying to feeding spots, Neal managed to catch a considerable number of game poachers. He got there so fast over such long distances, the meat hunters had no time to escape. On rare occasions they were tracked down from the site of illegal kills.

Alone one morning near Sawtooth Mountain he observed several elk moving off a game trail. By their actions Neal knew they were scared, fleeing from something. Within minutes a larger bunch appeared, dashing for the coulees to hide. Leaving his horse, Neal hurried up the mountain slopes, and came upon two men with pack mules loading the skinned-out quarters of six elk.

His sudden appearance from nowhere addled them no end. At dawn they had seen him in camp, miles below in the flatland.

That month being out of hunting season, their kills were illegal, and they paid their fines with no malice toward the game warden. This is the remarkable thing about his hundreds of arrests for game violations. Evidently not one person he took into custody ever held any rancor. Today the same men will walk up and shake hands as friends.

This incident, however, produced another long walk for Neal. By the time he got his hunters off the mountainside, 1,500 elk had invaded the cowmen's range. Sending his temporary prisoners by another warden, he rounded up and drove that bunch of elk twenty-five miles back to their regular habitat.

AS with his feats of long-distance walking, Neal makes no public exhibition of his marksmanship. A modest, reserved man, he would rather not talk about himself at all.

Some years ago he owned two .25 automatics. He fastened them in his coat pockets by a buckskin string. In camp when a "baby can" of condensed milk emptied, he used it for target practice. Tossed into the air he drew one small caliber automatic, keeping the can bouncing skyward until the clip was empty. Without pause he would draw the second, continuing until it also emptied. By then the small milk can consisted mostly of holes.

During his first winter on Sun River, two men gathered a grubstake to hole up in a remote cabin until the spring thaw. They invited Neal to throw in with them.

Inquiring as to what grub he could furnish and on being told they already had plenty, he asked what and how much they had. "They told me," relates Neal, chuckling, "that they had forty-two gallons of whiskey, one hundred pounds of rice and fifty pounds of sugar!" (The rice and sugar was to make more whiskey.)

Holing up for winter in Montana in the old days was general practice, but after roads threaded the Sun River country they were usually kept open for the benefit of widely scattered ranchers. However, early in November 1952, a five-foot snow fell. Another bad storm came late that month and again in the first week of December. Dwellers in thinly populated country tried to keep track of each other for their mutual welfare. By December 20 all had been accounted for except one family living thirty-five miles west and slightly south of snowbound Augusta. Not one road remained open. No news had been had of them since late October. Friends began worrying that the family might be starving or seriously ill. No horse could possibly make it through unless a long-hoped-for Chinook wafted down over the western Rockies. To reach the family meant puny man's strength pitted against the worst climatic elements —an ancient conflict.

Neal had come in to spend Christmas with his family, who were living in town so the younger children could attend school. On learning of the snowed-in and probably desperate family, he didn't wait to be asked. He set forth packing supplies and medicine on a long walk under extremely adverse conditions.

On high places beleaguered by cold winds, frozen crusts sustained his weight. But on lower ground and in hollows, deep snowdrifts not so hard-frozen, broke through. Neal plunged down at least waist deep each time, and often completely over his head. Climbing out was not only difficult but had to be done carefully, and caused him to lose time. Not far out of Augusta on Smith Creek he was forced to take to open range and the banks of streams. Road cuts were drifted solid, varying in depth from fifteen to thirty feet. Worst of all was not the deep snow to struggle through and drifts to be wary of, however, but running creeks which were not frozen over.

Natural fords were impossible to locate under the deep blanket of blinding white. Whenever possible he tromped down a slanted trail to the creek side, not unlike a dugway on a pioneer road crossing, and on up the opposite side. Of some help was the fact that in the dead of winter the volume of water flow wasn't high. Nevertheless, each mile posed specific problems in combating Montana's worst winter in many decades.

DESPITE HAZARDS insurmountable to most men, and regardless of the short daylight hours of a northern winter, Neal made it through by sundown. The family proved to be in fair circumstances, but they were down to an unvarying diet of ranch-produced food—stringy beef and potatoes.

Making this trip, for once Neal wore heavy moccasin-pac type laced boots with two pairs of woollen socks. His boot leather had been well oiled and tallowed before starting out. When his feet were kept dry, Neal encountered no difficulty moving at rapid pace. The bane of distance walkers is damp feet, for sores, scalding, blisters, leg pains and, in winter, frostbite inevitably result. This was the main reason he preferred walking barefoot through snow and mud. Foot moisture was kept dried off by movement, or temperature too cold to permit accumulation.

On this long hike Neal had another reason for encasing his feet. Heading into an unknown situation, circumstances might well force him to spend all or part of a night in a snowbank with temperatures minus thirty degrees.

When iron-man Neal made this terrible winter walk, he was sixty-six years old. He made it through and returned without mishap. How many men of that age could possibly be found who could duplicate that physical feat of endurance? Most amazing yet, two years later he took another record-breaking jaunt.

In the dead of another harsh winter, in a snow blowing blizzard, he hiked from Augusta to the Fish and Game Department mountain quarters. From town, past J. B. Long's LF and Cobb's Lazy AC ranches, and on to the cabin, it is twenty miles. But in this case Neal could not follow a graded dirt road. It lay hidden under deep snow. Cuts through hills and draws were filled solid with frozen snow deposited by a high wind. Except for a crusted foot or less, the wind kept snow blown off high places.

Once out of Augusta, he quit the county road altogether, following ridges, coulee rims and hill routes. Only between stretches of high ground was he compelled to negotiate deep snow drifts. This route took him over twice the direct distance to the game cabin. Reaching it a couple of hours after dark, he remained overnight.

As the next day dawned, sullen and lead-gray, he procured records which were needed at state headquarters and had been forgotten when the cabin was closed at onset of winter. Neal returned to town, packing them in a sack.

As before, his age hampered him not at all—an amazing test of strength for a man sixty-eight years old. He covered eighty miles in a thirty-six hour period.

Personally, he considers none of his long walks spectacular or remarkably unusual. He has kept fit and trained himself all his life to walk far and fast. His hikes of twenty to forty miles regularly indulged in were merely to keep in trim, maintaining his capacity for greater trials when necessary. There is certainly no man in Montana who has come near equaling his iron-man constitution for fast long-distance walking. There are probably very few anywhere else who can equal or top his record.

His friends do not consider his lesser walks, those taken every week of his life until recent years, worth mentioning. They remember their own and other witnesses' accounts of his standout hikes of sixty-eight, seventy-one and eighty miles.

Years have not cut Neal down, but after his serious operation, he had to use crutches. Yet each day he took a walk with them to recover more quickly and keep up his strength, he says. Still in unusually fine physical condition he told me recently, "I threw the crutches away because I can walk as well as I ever did!"

When that day arrives that comes to us all, iron-man Neal isn't going to be carried to St. Peter's Pearly Gates. He's going to walk and dog-trot there.

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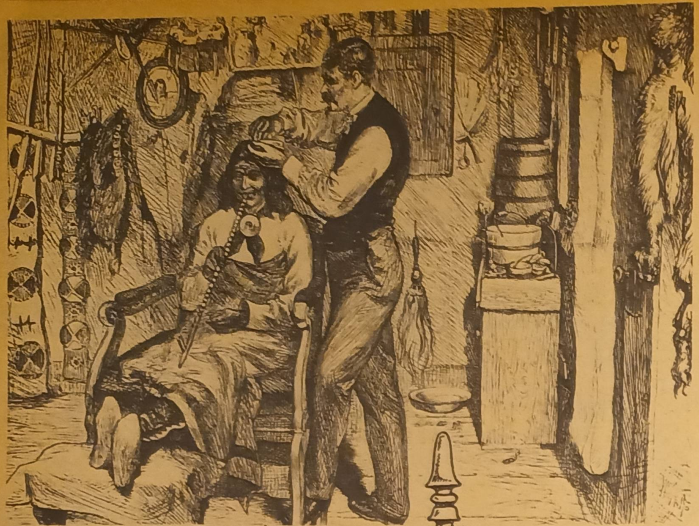


Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas

William A. Rogers made this sketch of the barber shop at Standing Rock, Dakota Territory, which appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, March 15, 1879.

RED WAS FOR BLOODLETTING
WHITE WAS FOR BANDAGES
BLUE WAS FOR VEINS

—AND IF LAID SIDEWAYS, THE COWBOY'S NECK WOULDN'T HAVE LOOKED MUCH DIFFERENT. ABOVE THE DARK RED SUNBURN WAS A STRIP OF WHITE SKIN WHERE THE HAIR HAD BEEN, AND ABOVE THAT WHATEVER COLOR THE MOP HAD TURNED AFTER ITS TREATMENT OF POMADE!

"YOU sure had to watch those old barbers," says R. M. Thompson, Jr., a spry eighty-eight-year-old retired rancher, now living in Austin, Texas. "They'd have shampoo on you before you could tell them you didn't want any." He remembers one in particular whose persuasive tactics consisted of two methods.

"What kinda shampoo do ya like?"

If this met with no sale, No. 1 tactic was used. He would rub a towel over the customer's head, then dust the bottom of his own shoe and exclaim, "You shore ought to have one, lookee here how dirty yore hair is." Should this fail, No. 2 was set in motion automatically.

Sniffing the air noisily behind his victim, the scheming barber would continue rubbing the hair muttering, "Shore needs it; smells kinda rank too." Passing a foul smelling hand under the patron's nose, he would say, "Here, smell it." Tactic No. 2 almost always worked.

After the shampoo, another sales pitch was cranked out by the barber-bandit. "Which kinda tonic ya want, Pinaud or Lucky Tiger?" Ed Pinaud is a rose-colored quinine tonic imported from France. Barbers bought it for about seventy-five cents and dispensed a few drops for twenty-five cents. Lucky Tiger was purchased for fifty cents a quart and its application cost fifteen cents.

If the choice between Pinaud or Lucky Tiger was declined, the barber immediately asked, "Well, how about Pinaud or Fitch?" Whatever was declined, the next choice was "Pinaud or. . . . .?"

In spite of the built-in hazards, however, a weatherbeaten red, white and blue-striped barber pole was a mighty welcome sight to the weary, dusty traveler of the American West. It signified the luxury of a hot bath, a shave, a bug-killing head massage, and an ear-exposing haircut. It might even be topped off with a lavender-perfumed pomatum, lilac cologne, and store-bought duds from head to toe.

"Besides that," Shine Philips in *Big Spring* relates, "the boy who would have been out of circulation a long time caught up on all the national and international news and local gossip in the barbershop, so when he got out he would know who was laying for who, who wasn't talking to who, who had been shot or shot at since his last visit and whose girls he better not try to date. When he got out of the barbershop he had all the required information for handling his social contacts.

"The barber saw all, heard all, knew all, and told all to everybody. He was the town crier, armed with a strop and a razor, and a good pair of lungs. His wind never gave out."

BARBERSHOPS were generally located next door to saloons, and early-day barbers in San Antonio, Texas, had a corner on the cockpits, which did a lively business. They started impromptu cockfights on Main Plaza, in front of the cathedral, much to the distress of the padres whose *paternosters* were violently punctuated with Spanish oaths and the shrieking of quick-moving, fast-scrapping roosters dripping with blood.

The main arena was often a miniature ampitheatre of wooden benches, filled with the smell of whiskey and the smoke from cigars and the corn-shuck cigarettes the Mexicans favored. Patrons were as cosmopolitan as could be, Americans and Mexicans and Chinamen, tourists mingling with dungareed cowboys and flashy city sports—all excellent prospects for barbershops and saloons which were invariably nearby.

In "Last Chance Gulch," Montana (Helena), the first barbershop was an "open air" emporium consisting of a cheese box, a barrel resting on its side to accommodate the patron's legs, and a head-rest of boxes stacked higher than the cheese box. If being shaved, the patron reclined with his head on the taller boxes and his legs resting over the barrel. Barber implements consisted of a razor, a shaving mug and lather brush, shears, and a set of painful hair-pulling hand clippers. The customer placed his hat and coat on the ground alongside the barber's implements and beneath a sign reading "Dry Shave 50 Cents, Hair Kut 75 Cents."

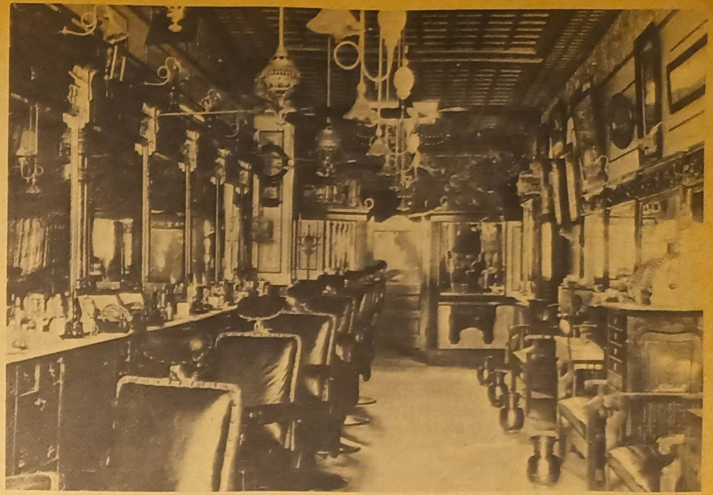
In the Black Hills of Dakota at an Army post known as Standing Rock in about 1850, a post barber had an establishment complete with a wood floor and the latest thing in Koch's Patent Barber Chairs, an upright upholstered chair with a separate footstool to rest the feet. The walls were adorned with Indian relics such as bows, arrows, shields, and crude art objects. A bear's pelt hung handy to supply bear grease, highly esteemed at the time as a pomatum. This barber was sophisticated enough to have a washstand and pail, a utensil for steam towels, and a neck duster.

Barbershops located in clapboard buildings varied, but their basic equipment included upholstered chairs for shaving; mirrors; kerosene reflector lanterns suspended from the ceiling; plank waiting benches; wood-peg coat-and hatracks; once-clean, often-missed brass spittoons; a backbar for the barber's tools, tonic, water pail, and steam towel utensil; and the back portion of the shop was partitioned for bathing facilities. This type shop existed along the cattle trails after the Civil War.

LARGER CITIES, found usually at the beginning and the end of trail drives, on trails to mining deposits, and those with railroad yards, had elaborate hotels. Such establishments were frequented by wealthy businessmen and ranchers, drummers, politicians, and Army officers. The elegant furnishings of these hotels required the hotel barbershops of the 1880s and 1890s to be outfitted in a similar manner.

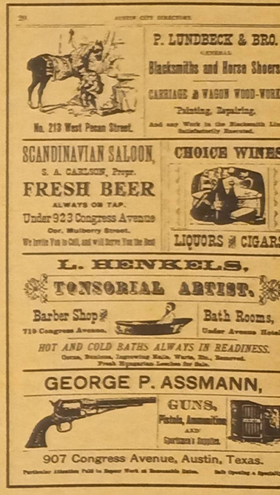
Walls were of dark, rich-grained woods or marble or granite slabs. Beneath the ornate mirrors were rows of sparkling amber, red, green, and lavender cut-glass decanter tonic and oil bottles. Under the white marble shelf on which they reposed, were carved cabinets. These cabinets contained linens and barber implements. A metal container, about the size of a small coffee urn, was heated by wood, coal, or (later) kerosene, to keep the steam towels scalding-hot for patrons desiring shaves and facials. Rows of gleaming mugs, embellished with names or pictures of steers' heads, horses, symbols of professions, and ranch brands filled the mahogany pigeonhole racks. Portraits of Presidents, pictures of trail drives or battles, and ornate calendars advertising hair tonics, adorned the walls. Other shop accessories included brass cuspidors, umbrella and cane stands, hatracks, shine stands, manicurist tables, a cash register resting on a marble top table with a pipe stand, and a china matchholder. A series of parallel suspensions along the ceiling waved back and forth, propelled by a rope which disappeared through a hole in the rear wall. Sometimes a small colored boy had the job of "propelling" the devices to cool the shop.

DRUMMERS took a back seat to old-time barbers when it came to salesmanship. An excerpt from Mark Twain's *Sketches*, "About Barbers" describes a persistent barber, who after shaving Twain, set him upright and "began to plow my hair thoughtfully with his hands. Then he suggested a shampoo, and said my hair needed it badly, very badly. I observed that I shampooed it myself very thoroughly in the bath yesterday. He next recommended some of 'Smith's Hair Glorifier,' and offered to sell me a bottle. I declined. He praised the new perfume, 'Jones' Delight of the Toilet,' and proposed to sell me some of that. I declined again. He tendered me a tooth-wash atrocity of his own invention, and when I declined offered to trade knives with me."



Austin Public Library, Austin, Travis County Collection

George S. and Horace A. Burnham operated this elaborate tonsorial parlor in Austin, Texas, during the 1890s. At right, a page from the Austin City Directory (1885-86), which advertises, among other things, the tonsorial artistry of L. Henkels.



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Barbers used books such as *Dr. Chase's Recipes*, or *Information for Everybody* to make their own hair dye, hair restoratives and invigorators, shampooing mixtures, colognes, hair oil, and razor strop paste.

Dr. Chase's section on Barbers' and Toilet Department read: "Renovating Mixtures—For 5c A Quart—For Grease Spots, Shampooing, and Killing Bedbugs.—Aqua ammonia 2 ozs.; soft water 1 qt; saltpetre 1 tea-spoon; variegated shaving soap 1 oz., or one 4-cent cake, finely shaved or scraped; mix all, shake well, and it will be a little better to stand a few hours or days before using which gives the soap a chance to dissolve.

"This preparation will shampoo like a charm, raising the lather in proportion to the amount of grease and dandruff in the hair. It will remove paint, even from a board, I care not how long it has been applied if oil was used in the paint—and yet it does not injure the finest textures, for the simple reason that its affinity is for grease or oil, changing them to soap, and thus loosening any substance with which they may be combined. A barber will make at least five dollars out of this five cents worth of material."

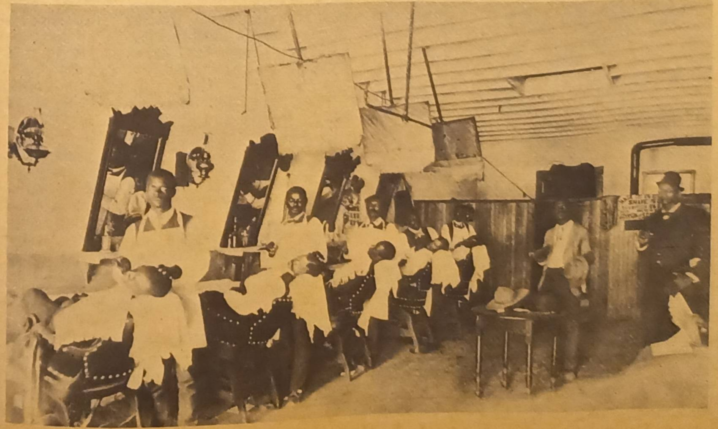
His recipes for colognes and hair pomades were exotic concoctions of alcohol, cinnamon, lavender, rose water, and various other nose-twitching ingredients.

One note of advice was mentioned in using Dr. Chase's cologne. "Colognes need only be used in very small quantities; the same is true of highly flavored oils or pomades; as too much, even of a good thing, soon disgusts those whom they were intended to please."

Dr. Chase suggested "Balm of a

The shop of Johnson and Scott, 310 East 6th Street (now Pecan), Austin, Texas, during the latter 1880s

Austin Public Library, Austin, Travis County Collection



Thousand Flowers," as a general perfume; but "it is more particularly valuable to put a little of it into warm water, with which to cleanse the teeth."

Dr. Chase comments on his own shampoo recipe cure-all that "makes as good a shampoo mixture as I wish; for it kills so many birds at one throw that I do not wish to throw any other."

Attempting to shave close with a dull razor was credited by A. E. Youman, M. D., as being the cause of "Barbers Itch." In his 1874 publication, *A Dictionary of Every Day Wants*, Dr. Youman described Barbers Itch as "little conical elevations, which maturate at the top, and have the shaft of a hair passing through them."

Chase's *Recipes*, under the heading of "Teeter, Ringworm, and Barber's Itch," had a cure for this dermatological disorder. "To Cure—Take the best Cuba Cigars, smoke one a sufficient length of time to accumulate ¼ or ½ inch of ashes upon the end of the cigar; now wet the whole surface of the sore with the saliva from the mouth, then rub the ashes from the end of the cigar thoroughly into, and all over the sore; do this three times a day, and inside of a week all will be smooth and well. I speak from extensive experience; half of one cigar cured myself when a barber would not undertake to shave me."

CAPITOL
RESTAURANT.
FRONT STREET
RAWLINS, WYO.

Courtesy Elmer Wilson

Front Street, Rawlins, Wyoming. Town barbershop is at extreme left.

IN the old days an "Injun" haircut was the only one the Westerner was shy of. This called for a certain amount of hide, and nobody wanted to see his hair hanging from an Injun's belt.

On the range if a cowpoke's hair got so long it bothered him, the cook on the trail drive or his buddy in the bunkhouse would obligingly whack it off. Farmers displaying the most skill at tree-stump backyard hair cutting often accommodated their neighbors.

Many barbers worked at other occupations until Saturday. Since folks gathered in town that day to buy supplies, barbers were in great demand to trim the locks and scrape the beards from men's faces. The only method of learning the art was an apprenticeship program within the barbershop itself.

This haphazard system of training barbers and the employment of part-time barbers gave rise to numerous unsanitary practices. Re-using steam towels spread infectious skin diseases; and barbers having colds, or any communicable disease, spread them around as they continued working.

To protect his face from the sun and wind, the cowboy, miner, pioneer, trapper, and buffalo hunter let his whiskers grow, but when he came to town he wanted a keen-edged straight razor, lather, lotion and powder. These weapons were a complete arsenal compared to the cowboy's latigo strap, and lather made from lye soap and gyp water.

The cowboy almost always had a six-months' growth of brush covering a layer of grime. A clipping preceded his shave.

E. C. Harsch, an Austin barber since 1910, said, "Before the sanitary laws were enacted, barbers used a steam towel until it was too bloody to re-use. It was thrown back into the steam basin after each application. On Saturday, if the porters ran out of bath towels, they would take the cleaner ones from that morning, fold them, and place a brick on top to put the creases back."

The steam towel was essential to soften the beard for shaving. A lump of alum lay on the backbar with the other barber tools. While shaving a woolly face, the barber would moisten his fingertips and touch them on the lump of alum. This process allowed him to get a better grip on the slack skin and stretch it tight, and thus assist shaving.

An Englishman, after attempting and bloodily failing to shave himself, sought out a barbershop in the island city of Galveston in 1839. "Walking down a muddy quagmire of rutted street, I noted two well-groomed and pleased gentlemen coming out of an establishment marked by the Pole (barber pole). I entered the establishment seeking a pleasurable shave only to be confronted by an offensive sign stating: 'Gentlemen That Washes In This Shop and Does Not Get Barbered At The Time Must Pay 12½ Cents To The Shop.'"

A barber supplemented his income by trimming and dyeing beards and mustaches. Styles were dictated by the growth pattern and thickness of the beard. Young bucks wanted the upper-lip fuzz trimmed and darkened; old bucks wanted theirs trimmed and the gray toned down. Old-time barbers, playing on the vanity of both, used a sharp razor, a thimble of hair dye, and perfumed mustache wax to extract gold from patrons' pockets.

Barbers advertised their primary trade. An example of this is an advertisement in the Daily *Austin Republican*, April 8, 1869: "New Shaving Salon by J. V. Cardenas, Congress Avenue, next door to Hancock's Corner. He proposes to give entire satisfaction in all branches of his profession, particularly that of shaving and hair dressing. Prices: Shaving 10 cents, Hair Cutting 25 cents, Shampooing 35 cents, Hair Frizzed 50 cents, Beard and Hair Dyeing 50 cents and Ladies curled 50 cents."

Smart people went to the barbershop early on weekends before the barber's hand tired from using the dull, hair-pulling clipper. "I don't see how they kept going," R. M. Thompson, Jr. relates. "They worked until way after midnight cutting hair and shaving under the light of those kerosene ceiling lamps. Instead of a coffee break as we know it now, the barber would walk down the street to a saloon."

The Menger Hotel in San Antonio had its own artesian well, and its tonsorial artists offered patrons Turkish, shower, and plunge baths, and all barbering work done with "neatness and dispatch."

Baths could be enjoyed at all hours during the week and between 6:00 A.M. and midnight on Sunday.

Bath tickets, entitling the holder to a long luxurious soaking, were purchased from the barber. Thick towels and scented soap with hot water was Utopia compared to the cold red-clay tanks and streams in which the cowboy bathed 75 per cent of the time.

The San Antonio *Express* in 1857 advertised two public bathing house services. "Rev. Nace Duval respectfully announces that he has fitted up an excellent suite of rooms and a large and commodious bath-house opposite Moa's Jewelry Store, where he is prepared to shave, shear and wash gents in the most fashionable style. He keeps on hand Batchelor's celebrated magic hair dye."

A second notice solicited trade for A. I. Bowsky's "bathing house and barbershop at Number 11 Soledad Street, first shop north of Main Plaza, with hot or cold shower and river baths at all hours. Five first class, practical tonsorial artists in constant attendance. Cupping, leeching and teeth-extracting a specialty."

THE latter were additional services barbers of the Old West offered the public. As substitute physicians and dentists, they removed skin growths such as corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, warts, and moles. Some practiced teeth pulling, using rusty iron pliers, and rotgut whiskey for an anesthetic. Leeches were used to remove poisonous blood from infected wounds, and coagulated blood from black eyes and bruises.

The reasons for barbers' acting as doctors are numerous. In the American West, doctors were not in great abundance, and many barbers possessed knowledge of the human anatomy. A combination of these two factors made it frequently necessary for the town barber to dress and treat wounds.

Inquire Within For Anything You Want To Know was one publication barbers used for medical reference and treatment. Printed in 1857, the following recommendations were made in using leeches:

"The leech used for medical purposes is called the *hirudo medicinatis*. It varies from two to four inches in length, and is of a blackish brown colour, marked on the back with six yellow spots, and edged with a yellow line on each side. When leeches are applied to a part, it should be thoroughly freed from down or hair by shaving, and all liniments, &c, carefully and effectually cleansed away by washing. If the leech is hungry, it will soon bite, but sometimes great difficulty is experienced in getting them to fasten on. When this is the case, roll the leech into a little porter, or moisten the surface with a little blood, or milk, or sugar and water. Leeches may be applied by holding them over the part with a piece of linen cloth or by means of an inverted glass, under which they must be placed.

"When applied to the gums, care should be taken to use a leech glass, as they are apt to creep down the patient's throat; a large swan's quill will answer the purpose of a leech glass. When leeches are gorged they will drop off themselves; never tear them off from a person, but just dip the point of a moistened finger into some salt and touch them with it. Leeches are supposed to abstract about two drachms of blood, or six leeches draw about an ounce; but this is independent of the bleeding after they have come off, and more blood generally flows then than during the time they are sucking.

"After leeches come away, encourage the bleeding by flannels dipped in hot water and wrung out dry, and then apply a warm 'spongio-piline' poultice. If the bleeding is not to be encouraged, cover the bites with a rag dipped in olive oil, or spread with spermaceti ointment, having previously sponged the parts clean. When bleeding continues from leech bites, and it is desirable to stop it, apply pressure with the fingers over the part, or dip a rag in a strong solution of alum and lay over them, or use the tincture of sesquichloride of iron. or apply a leaf of matico to them, placing the under surface of the leaf next to the skin so as to include the bite, and twist a piece of thread round it. Be sure never to allow anyone to go to sleep with leech bites bleeding, without watching them carefully; and never apply too many to children.

"After leeches have been used, they should be placed in water containing sixteen per cent of salt, which facilitates the removal of the blood they contain; and they should afterwards be placed one by one in warm water, and the blood forced out by gentle pressure. The leeches should then be thrown into fresh water, which is to be renewed every twenty-four hours; and they may then be re-applied after an interval of eight or ten days. . . ."

BARBERSHOPS were involved in horseplay, shoot-outs, and just about anything else that happened when several people got together.,

In 1893 Sherm Sanders had a shop on Main Street in Ingalls, Oklahoma. Bill Doolin and Bill Dalton headed a gang of bank and train robbers that made regular visits and traded in the Ingalls community. Sanders had ridden herd with several of the Doolin Gang on the Halsell Ranch in earlier days, as a cowhand, and had remained on friendly terms with them. Members of the gang had all of their barber work done in Sanders' shop and paid well for it.

Just after lunch on September 1, 1893, a shoot-out started behind the buildings on the east side of Ingalls' Main Street between several U. S. marshals and the outlaws. Three of the five marshals were killed and two of Doolin's men were wounded. Bat Masterson's brother was one of the surviving marshals.

Sherm Sanders viewed the brief battle from the door of his barbershop. He later was picked up for questioning when a woman told the marshals that the shot which killed Marshal Speed was fired from Sanders' Barber Shop. Sherm was released for lack of proof, however, even after it was discovered that Doolin and Dalton rode out to his ranch after the Ingalls encounter.

Elmer Wilson, of Eureka, California, says that one time when he was homesteading in Wyoming, he had gone into Rawlings, which was the nearest town of any size, and was in the barbershop. The subject came up about Big Nose George. One old barber said he saw George hanged. They used the telephone pole on the south side of the tracks as there was not a tree within thirty miles at that time.

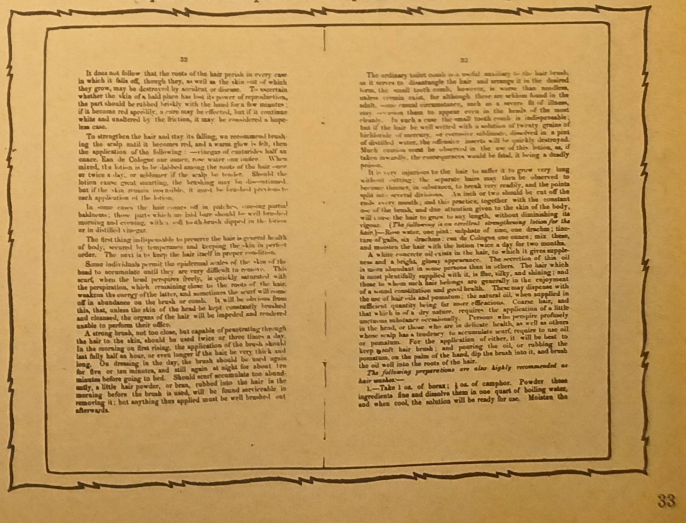
The barber said that a friend of his carved off a portion of Big Nose George's most delicate skin and made a natural drawstring money sack out of it.

Not all barbershops were scenes of shenanigans, but practical jokers often made them a shambles after pulling off their latest gag.

Old-timers speculate that men drifting in from the saloons feeling melodious would harmonize with the other waiting patrons to create what are known now as the "barbershop ballads."

The barbershop of the West was an American institution. It was an oasis of relaxation, a depository of fascinating, often delightfully useless information, and a democratic forum of discussion where such nuisances as Indians, outlaws, claim jumpers, women, and the like yielded magically to the American declaration, "There oughta be a law."

On the pages reproduced below from *Practical Receipts* published in 1870, author Wrigley had much to say about hair. An aptitude for chemistry seems to have been a requisite for the professional practice of barbering.



Photos Courtesy Author

I SAW Jim French DIE

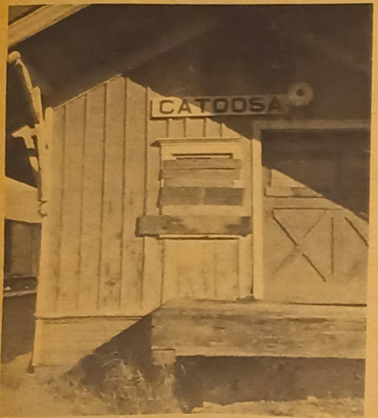
—and there weren't any bands playing. He'd holed up like a badger in a cabin on Spunky Creek but the dogs of law and order had already roughed him good and plenty

Author's Note: When I interviewed Mr. Foutz in 1963 he was, to the best of his knowledge, the only living person who had witnessed this fearsome sight from beginning to end.

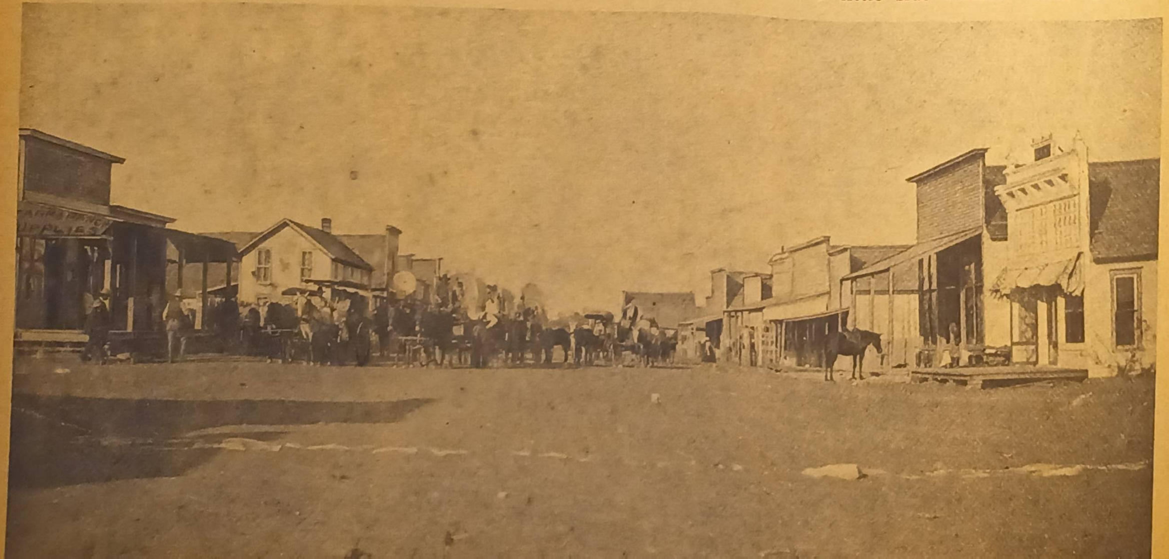
Mr. Foutz' memory was so clear and vivid that no detail had been forgotten, not even the names of the people involved although seventy years had gone by and Mr. Foutz was almost ninety years old.

He and his wife were living on a lovely 300 acres that once grazed the Texas longhorns he helped to drive up the long trail from Texas to fatten on the Creek Pastures lush bluestem some fifteen miles east of Tulsa.

The Territory was wild and lawless. Mr. Foutz, in his colorful language, took me back to ride the trails and to see Jim French die, as vividly as though I had witnessed the fight myself. Within the year, he too, was gone.



Above, the bullet-pocked end wall and loading platform of old Catoosa Depot. Catoosa, Indian Territory, about 1895 is shown below. Reynolds Hotel, the two-story white structure on left side of street is where the outlaws rented a room. At extreme right is the store where the fight occurred.



IT WAS COLD—God, but it was cold the day Jim French died. Supposedly a lover of Belle Starr, French was just one of the many outlaws who hid out with her in Robbers Cave. He was said to have been with Belle's husband, Jim Reed, when Reed was killed in Texas by Jim Morris, in 1874, for the reward on his head.

After Reed's death, French went back to Younger's Bend, Belle Starr's hideaway in Indian Territory, near Muskogee; and in 1889 when Belle was shot to death there, Jim French was still hanging around.

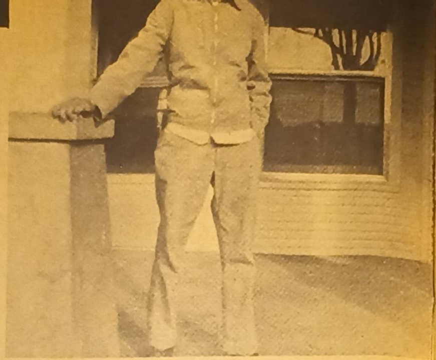
French was destined to hook up with the infamous Cook Gang and Cherokee Bill who were known, for the short time they were running loose, to be the very worst of the Territory outlaws.

He was with them when the little store at Lenapah, Indian Territory, was robbed, and Cherokee Bill shot down an innocent bystander, Ernest Melton, whose only offense was that he happened to be in Lenapah.

I was just a stripling of a lad at that time, punching cattle on the Creek Pastures, a part of the old Daughtery ranch. I had come into Catoosa to get some Bull Durham and some matches. When I tied my pony, I saw a bunch of fellows talking and when I went over they said that Jim French and a kid named Jess Cochran (although somebody later claimed his name was Sanders) had just ridden into town and tried to get into the Reynolds store. But Colonel Irvin, who ran the store, had seen them ride up and had locked everything tighter 'n a jug.

Jimmie Tancel, a young fellow who worked for the Colonel, was in the store with Irvin. (At least, I heard him called Tancel, though now folks seem to think his name was Wilkens.) French pounded on the door demanding that they open up so he could buy some grub but they sat tight and pretty soon French and the kid went across the street to a little hotel and rented a room.

A little girl about six years old slipped into the hotel and was playing in the rooms that were for rent. When the little girl heard French coming, she was scared the landlady would scold her and make her go home so she crawled under the bed and hid.



Jim Foutz in 1963

After French and his sidekick had locked the door they started cleaning their .45s and cussing Colonel Irvin, saying they were going to shoot his brains out when he opened up. The little kid got scareder and scareder and pretty soon, she started sniffling and they heard her. By the time they got her out from under the bed she was bawling like a bay steer and the other guests in the hotel came running to see what was the matter.

As soon as they had all crowded into the little room, French threw down on them and told them, "No one leaves!" But they couldn't stop that kid from bawling and at last French said to take her out before she roused the whole town. He put her into the hall, telling her to run straight home or he would shoot her.

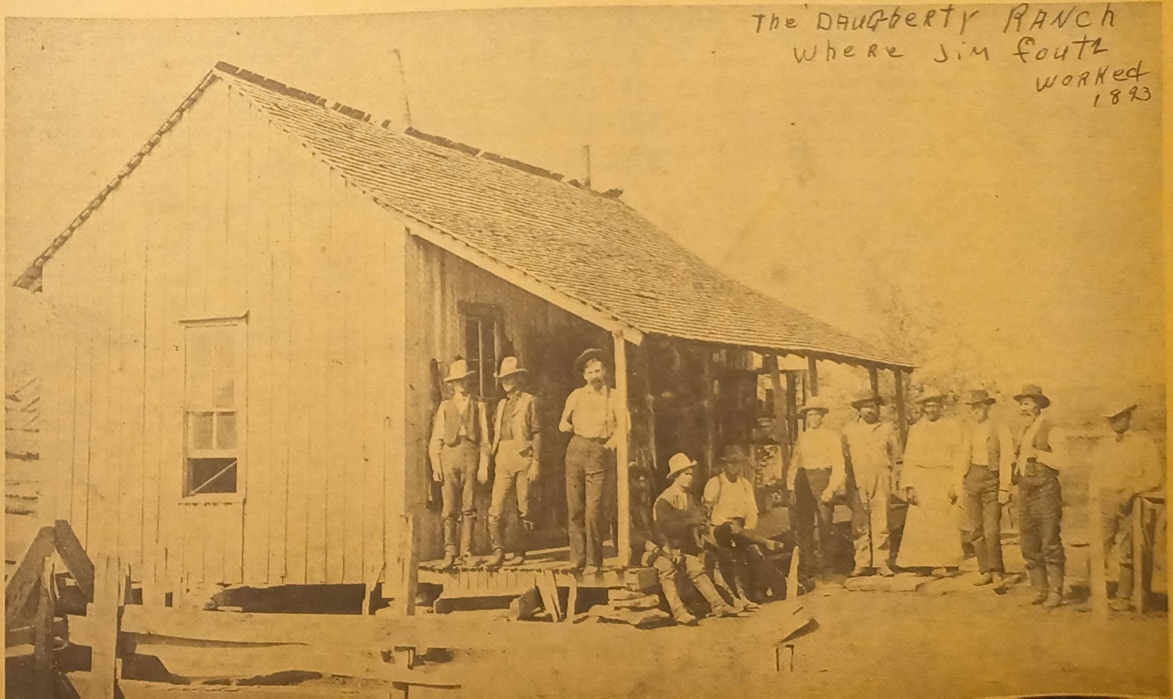
IN THE ROOM was a Jewish peddler, a man by the name of Shoulders, and a blacksmith, a full-blood Scotchman who stayed at the hotel all the time. French and Cochran marched all three of them to the store. Jim French kept the peddler in front of him and went to a little side window while Cochran took the others to the front door. French made the peddler raise the side window—there were no screens in those days—and he threw down on Colonel Irvin with his Winchester. Just as he was set to pull the trigger, he caught sight of the double-barreled shotgun Tommie Tancel thrust back at him. Just then Cochran fired a shot through the front door, barely grazing Tancel.

As Cochran fired, Colonel Irving sprang over to the thick oak door and yanked it open, leaping behind it as he did so. As the Colonel jerked the door back, Tommie cut loose and got Cochran right in the forehead. The young outlaw collapsed in the doorway, the whole top of his head blown clear off. Lord, what a mess! You'd never believe a fellow had that much blood in him unless you saw it!

When Cochran fell, French opened up from the window and Tommie whirled and fired a whole load of buckshot into the window frame by French's head. Jim ducked out of sight, unhurt but plenty rattled. His shot had gone right through the door and pierced Colonel Irvin through the middle. The Colonel tumbled to the floor a little to the left of Cochran

(Continued on page 40)

Stock pens at Catoosa, I.T. about 1899. This was the largest shipping point in the Territory at that time. Below, the old Daugherty Ranch in the Creek Pastures where Mr. Foutz was working when Jim French was killed.



The DAUGherty RANch
where Jim foutz
worked
1893

An Indian Fight in Jackson Hole

(Continued from page 7)

(Wyoming), Lemhi (Idaho), and Uintah and Ouray (Utah) agencies asking to have absent Indians returned at once.

Captain R. H. Wilson, U.S.A., Acting Indian Agent at the Shoshone Agency said that the scene of the disturbance was so inaccessible that it was difficult to obtain reliable reports. He told the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, on July 20, that he was "inclined to believe that the whole matter has been greatly exaggerated. I have been trying to instruct my Indians in the provisions of the game laws, of which they have been entirely ignorant. They have hitherto considered that the provisions of their treaty gave them the right to hunt on unoccupied lands whenever they please."

As official communications continued to circulate, considerable sympathy was stirred up on behalf of the Indians. In a report, dated July 20, to the Adjutant General, Captain J. T. Van Orsdale, U.S.A., late acting Indian agent, Fort Hall Agency, Idaho, said in part, "I believe there is no 'wanton' slaughter of game by these Indians, while it is a notorious fact that hundreds of animals are killed by white men for nothing more than heads and horns. There are men in that country who make it a business to pilot hunting parties from the East and the Old Country which not only slaughter elk but capture and ship them out of the country. The killing of game by Indians interferes with their business. Another fact about the Jackson Hole Basin, it is inaccessible in winter on account of deep snow on the mountains, and game can only be got at by outsiders during the summer or early autumn."

Agent Teter reported on July 24, 1895, after his visit to the Hole, "I ascertained that settlers last year stated that if Indians returned for big game this season they would organize and wipe them out, the settlers looking upon big game as their exclusive property and considering every elk killed by an Indian a source of so much revenue lost to them. . . . There are a few good citizens ranching in the Jackson Hole country, the majority of the citizens being men 'who have left their country for their country's good,' the Jackson Hole country being recognized in this country as the place of refuge for outlaws of every description from Wyoming, Idaho, and adjacent States. . . .

"I consider the Jackson Hole affair a preconcerted scheme, on the part of a certain element among the settlers, to adopt measures to induce the Department to prevent Indians from revisiting Jackson Hole country; settlers having informed me, while I was in Marysvale, that Indians visiting Jackson Hole country kept out parties of tourists, which resulted in a loss to them of many dollars. . . ."

Teter recommended that the settlers who were as he said, "engaged in the killing of the 15th instant," be investigated by the Department of Justice with a view to the prosecution of the guilty parties. He said the Indians were sullen and if nothing were done to punish the white men he feared more trouble. Signal fires had been burning on the highest points of the reservation for several nights.

Photo Courtesy Charles Guild

Chief Washakie of the Shoshones who signed the 1868 Treaty

BY AUGUST 30, the United States Attorney for the District of Wyoming reported that he had been unable to learn that any Indians were then under confinement for allegedly violating Wyoming game laws and that the Bannock Indians who had been arrested, had been allowed to escape by the authorities of Marysvale township.

Constable Manning and several of the men who participated in the capture of the Indians at Hoback Basin were arrested by the U.S. Marshal and taken before the Grand Jury in Cheyenne in connection with the murder of Se-we-agat. The Grand Jury, however, refused to indict them.

The situation continued tense. Brigadier General Coppinger, after being in Jackson Hole, reported to the Secretary of War in September as follows, "These Bannocks have an undoubted right to seek their property illegally held by white men in Jackson Hole. If the Bannocks go there without proper guard they run risk of being again shot at, or again arrested under cover of warrant, by the rustlers. The commanding officer of the troops now at Fort Hall can furnish the necessary men for guard or escort. If these Bannocks go to Jackson Hole they should be placed in charge of a discreet and experienced employee of the Indian Bureau; one accustomed to deal with both Indians and rustlers; this in order to guard against further bloodshed and consequent complications.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS was fully cognizant of the fact that he had assured Justice of the Peace Frank H. Rhodes and Constable Manning that he would protect them in the event of trouble with United States authorities over the arrest of Bannock Indians, and that he had directed Rhodes to enforce the laws of Wyoming and to put the Indians out of Jackson Hole and to keep them out.

After conferring with his Attorney General, Benjamin Fowler, the Governor decided to make a test case in court in order to settle for all time the wild game question.

Chief Race Horse of the Bannocks was to represent the Indians in this test case. Charges were pending against Race Horse for having killed seven elk in Uinta County. A trial was held in the Circuit Court at Cheyenne, Wyoming in November, and Race Horse was discharged under rights extended in the Fort Bridger Treaty.

Governor Richards, however, urged an appeal. On May 25, 1896, the United States Supreme Court reversed the decision, deciding in favor of the State of Wyoming.

In delivering the opinion, Justice White said: "The power of a State to control and regulate the taking of game cannot be questioned. . . . When in 1868 the treaty was framed the progress of the white settlements westward had hardly, except in a very scattered way, reached the confines of the place selected for the Indian reservation. . . . According to the Act admitting Wyoming on July 10, 1890, 'Wyoming is hereby declared to be a State of the United States of America and is hereby declared to be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever. . . .' The act which admitted Wyoming made no reservation whatever in favor of the Indians."

And what of Race Horse? The Supreme Court ordered that he be returned to the custody of the Sheriff of Uinta County. He was not held, however, since this, as was previously agreed, was a "test" case. Some time later the Government paid the Bannocks for the loss of their hunting rights by treaty.

(One of the members of Constable Manning's posse, Stephen N. Leek, deserves great credit for the work he later did to preserve Wyoming's wild game. Through his pictures of elk herds trying to find food in winter or perishing, he was responsible for securing Federal and State appropriations to feed the largest herd of elk in the world—the one now in Jackson Hole, Wyoming.)

The Lost Love of Jim Younger

(Continued from page 19)

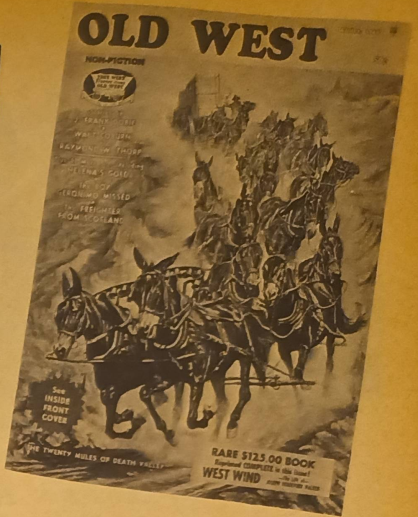
lopes containing letters from Miss Muller. On the outside of the envelope he scribbled, "To all that is good and true I love and bid farewell—Jim Younger." On the outside, he wrote, "Oh lassie . . . goodbye . . . All relatives just stay away from me . . . No crocodile tears wanted!"

At dawn the next morning Jim Younger killed himself.

Late that afternoon, when Younger failed to appear, the door to his hotel room was broken down and the grim discovery made. Jim's body went home on October 21. As his coffin was being taken from the train at Kansas City, relic hunters slipped up and knifed shavings from the box. On October 23, he was buried beside his brother, Robert, in Lees Summit Cemetery.

In Boise, an embittered Miss Muller wrote an open letter to the press. "He was driven to his act by his persecution. I am his wife, understand, spiritually. No scandal has ever attached itself to my name, but before God he is mine and mine alone. My life will be to place him right before the world."

This last act of devotion was to be denied to Miss Muller. She quickly faded into oblivion. It is said she died not long after the suicide of the old outlaw she loved.



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Mr. Trigg watching Charley Russell cooking over an open campfire

FATHER THOUGHT THE WORLD of CHARLEY RUSSELL

It's too bad every kid doesn't have a man like Charley in his life—but there have never been enough to go around . . .

By CARTER V. RUBOTTOM

Photos Courtesy Author

CHARLES M. RUSSELL drifted into Great Falls, Montana about the time my father set up shop there in 1889, and they became great friends. Charley bought the materials for his paintings from Father's store, The Como Company, which sold such things as paints, wallpaper, window glass and pictures.

Picture framing was done in the back room and this room was the hangout for artists of the town and surrounding area. Uncle George Gilchrist made up Charley's canvases until his death in 1907, and succeeding picture framers continued to do the same. All the pictures Charley shipped were crated at our place, being first displayed in our show windows. I have seen as many as eleven of his wonderful oil paintings in our windows at one time, ready for shipment to an art exhibit or buyer.

Around 1898, Father planned a trip to Medicine Springs in Sun River Canyon about eighty-five miles west of Great Falls, with Reverend Moore and his son Stewart. They could travel part way by wagon but the last ten miles was a packhorse job. People troubled with rheumatism made the trip in hope of receiving benefit from bathing in the hot springs and drinking the water. At that time the only improvement at the spring was a small log building called the Dutchman's Cabin.

It required much planning and preparation on Father's part to get the outfit together, since he had no knowledge of packing. Charley came to our house several evenings and taught Father how to tie the diamond hitch on a pack. Mother had a clothes-drying rack in the attic on which the pack was fastened, and Charley tied the diamond on that. I suppose Father finally caught on, since he made the trip to the springs and back.

One day I was looking through a drawer in the work bench at the store where a number of unsold pictures had found a resting place. Among the varied collection of prints of old masters and other more mediocre works of art, I discovered a water color by Russell. It portrays an evening in the badlands, the moon coming up through the lifeless willows. In the center, on a large flat rock, lies the bleeding body of a mule deer buck, while a grizzly bear and a mountain lion are fighting over the kill. Around this central group, five gray wolves are waiting to eat what might be left. I asked Father if I could have the picture. He said he would ask Charley about it.

Hardly a day passed, when Charley was in town, that he did not drop in to swap stories with the boys in the back room. So it wasn't long until the opportunity presented itself. I happened to be in the store when Charley came in. Father showed him the painting. I almost held my breath as I watched Charley. He looked the picture over, grunted in his Indian fashion and said, "I never finished this thing. Give it to the kid."

I promptly accepted that gift and hurried into the back room to frame it. This picture is my most prized possession, and it hangs at the present time in the museum at Helena. It does not appear to be unfinished to those who view it.

THE FIRST calendar carrying a Russell picture was produced by Father's store. Charley portrayed an Indian standing on the back of his horse, painting figures on the face of a cliff with red paint. The Ridgely Printing Company made up the calendars and also printed some business cards using the same picture. Unfortunately I do not have a copy of the calendar, but do have one of the cards. The original painting disappeared and, to my knowledge, has never been found.

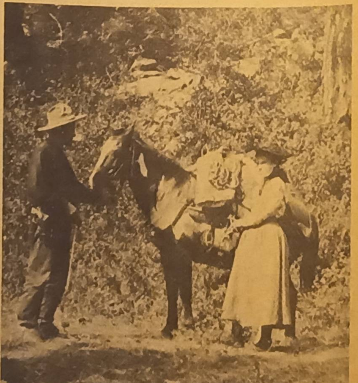
Charley enjoyed making window displays during the holidays for a few of his storekeeper friends. I recall a wonderful window he dressed for Frank Webster's grocery on the corner of Third Street and Central Avenue. Charley painted a background for the display, which filled the back of the window space. He did this in the back room of our store and I watched him. It was a winter scene in the mountains. In the show space of the window he built up his action. He made a park, with snow-covered ground sloping downward from the left foreground. This park was surrounded by tiny evergreen trees.

A real log cabin, about six inches wide by ten inches long, stood on the high ground to the left. In front of the cabin he placed appropriate items, including a log with an axe stuck in one end. At the foot of the slope on the right-hand side, two white-tail deer in perfect miniatures of wax, had seemingly just emerged from the trees. The cabin door was open. The wax figure of a man stood in the doorway while another man just outside was throwing a cartridge into his .30-.30 Winchester, as they looked down the slope at the two deer, a buck and a doe. One could see that this action meant venison for Christmas.

I recall another fine window display that Russell prepared for Ward's Cigar Store. This window was standard width, but only about two or three feet deep. Charley painted another background showing winter in the far north. Snow covered the foreground, and at the extreme left stood a buckskin-covered tepee about a foot high. A few inches in front of this tepee stood the life-like figure of a young Indian woman, dressed in moccasins and blanket, who was holding her baby on its cradle board, up beside her head. They were looking toward the right side of the park, where the husband was coming into sight on his snowshoes, with a rifle in one hand and a fine buck deer hung around his shoulders. Another camp was having venison for Christmas.

Charley never would drive a car, although he owned one, and he kept a saddle horse. He rode it down town nearly every day when he was at home. He would come down the alley back of our store and tie the horse to a power pole with the lariat rope he carried on his saddle. When he stopped at Billy Rance's saloon, the Silver Dollar, his horse was tied behind that meeting place. Rance was a close friend to Charley, and so was Sid Willis, who owned the Mint, across the street. These two men developed wonderful collections of Russell's work, both paintings and models. When Billy Rance died, his collection was added to the one in the Mint, and this combined collection has been viewed by thousands of admirers.

Charley and Nancy with Paint



IN THE late 1890s, shortly after Charley's marriage to Nancy Cooper, a few of his closest friends planned a camping trip to the Middle Fork of the Dearbourne River, about seventy-five miles southwest of Great Falls, on the east slope of the Rockies. Two separate camps were planned, as the party was too large to be handled in one. Mr. and Mrs. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Trigg and daughter Josephine, Judge and Mrs. Hawkins, Almon LeFevre and a fat colored cook made up one group. Our party consisted of my father, E. V. Rubottom; my mother Juliette; Miss Coy, Mother's friend; Sister Anna and myself.

The Russell party left home a short time ahead of us, going by way of Cascade and Sullivan Valley, to visit Mrs. Russell's home. Our party went up Sun River to the old crossing on the Fort Benton-Helena road, following this road south over Bird Trail Divide and meeting the other group at the Dearbourne Crossing, on the second night out.

After meeting the Russell party, we proceeded up the Middle Fork into the mountains. Charley would not ride in a wagon. He rode his chestnut saddle horse and led old Paint, his packhorse, with his personal belongings lashed to a sawbuck saddle with a neat diamond hitch. Paint was a present from White Quiver, a chief of the Blackfeet Tribe and Charley thought a lot of the pinto.

Before we came to the mountains, we passed a small ranch and a grain field, out of sight of the house. A few turkeys were catching grasshoppers not far from the road. Charley reached for his .45 which hung at his belt, and said that we needed meat for supper. His wife promptly vetoed this, and with a great show of reluctance, he holstered his gun and rode on. Of course he was only teasing her.

Several times during that day he rode up beside our wagon, reached over and picked my sister up in one arm and placed her before him on his horse, where she rode happily, her yellow hair shining in the sun. Charley loved children, and it later years, they adopted a boy, since they never had a child of their own.

We pitched our tents on a cozy little flat beside the clear mountain stream. Our two camps were within hailing distance of each other, and everyone had a wonderful time. During the day, each one followed whatever pastimes suited him. The younger people might climb hills or fish for trout. The men lounged around or fished some. The older women were usually occupied with domestic duties or visiting.

Charley stayed in camp. He did not fish, and never walked where he couldn't ride a horse. Each day a great pile of dead wood was collected near the center of the park for the evening bonfire. As soon as supper was eaten and the camp chores done, the pile was set on fire. Everyone gathered around it, reclining on blankets spread on the grass, or sitting on logs placed around for seats. Then songs and stories were in order.

Father often popped corn. He would get the big dishpan, the wire popper with a long handle, and the sack of popcorn. Then he raked a bed of glowing coals from the fire and popped the corn over this, shading his face from the heat with his Stetson hat. Mother would douse the popped corn with melted butter and then we all tied into it. It sure was good.

One night Russell cut the bottom out of an empty fruit can, took some writing paper, and picking a piece of charcoal from the edge of the fire, drew silhouettes of animals on the paper. Then he placed these pictures over one end of the tin can and held them toward the fire, so the light would shine through. The black silhouettes showed up in fine shape, and we kids had a wonderful time guessing the name of each animal. When bedtime came and the party broke up, Mother tried to find some of these pictures, but someone else had been ahead of her, and we never saw them again.

Nancy Russell, left, and Josephine Trigg

We reached the point where some wood was needed for the cook stoves, and the men felled a dry tree close to our camp and cut it into logs. They planned to drag some of it to Russell's camp with one of the teams. But Charley wanted to have a little fun out of the chore and suggested that he try to drag a log in with old Paint, the pack horse. So here he came leading Paint with a harness on. Several of us gathered around, including the cook. Paint's traces were hooked to a singletree and a chain passed around the log.

Then Charley tried to start old Paint, but Paint had other ideas about dragging logs. He flatly refused to tighten the tugs, and after some urging, gave up and lay flat on his side in the grass. The men sat down on the log to see what the old horse would do about it. Old Paint would raise his head, see the men sitting there on the log, and then lay his head back in the grass. The cook nearly split his sides laughing.

Finally Charley unhitched Paint from the log. He promptly got to his feet and started to camp where Charley removed the harness and substituted a saddle and bridle. Back they came with Charley on top, taking down his rope. Someone passed the loop around the end of the log, Charley took a dally around the saddle horn, and Paint jerked that log into camp in jig-time. He wanted all to know that he was a saddle horse, not a harness drudge.

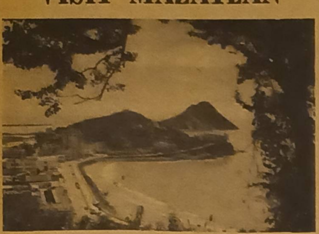
NEAR the end of our stay, a couple of young fellows from Helena pulled in. They were a welcome addition to our nightly gathering around the big fire, as they played the guitar and sang such lively songs. We all sang when they started a familiar ballad, but they knew some comical songs we had never heard and they taught them to us. I can still hear them singing about "O'Grady's Goat." It went, "With rocks and guns and knives, mad husbands and their wives, would give up half their lives to find and kill O'Grady's goat."

On our return trip, we passed a ranch a short time after leaving camp. A team and wagon were just leaving the place accompanied by a small pack of greyhounds. Most stockmen of that day kept dogs to chase coyotes and wolves. Along with these aristocrats of dogdom were two small sheepdogs.

We stopped a few minutes at the ranch house, and when we drove out on the open range an interesting sight met our eyes. A band of broomtails (range horses) was grazing there. Evidently the rancher did not want them in the area and the little sheepdogs knew it. They lit out after the horses and were soon out of sight. But what of the lordly greyhounds? Off to one side of the road a small knoll rose above the surrounding prairie. Upon this vantage point sat the hounds with heads up and ears cocked, watching the race. They were trained for different game and knew it. As our ponies trotted over the prairie road, we kept watch for the little dogs, and met them returning with tongues hanging. As they passed us, they looked up as if to say, "See how we handled that situation?"

About the time I entered high school,

(Continued on page 46)



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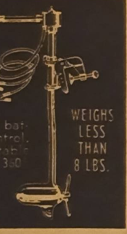

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I Saw Jim French Die

(Continued from page 35)

and in a second their blood was mixing all over the place.

Tommie jumped behind a heavy oak dresser in the northwest corner of the room but French had scurried to the door and had thrown down on him. "You have just killed a damned good man," French said in the quietest voice you ever heard, "and you're gonna die for it mighty quick!"

French made Tommie, who was unarmed now that both barrels of his shotgun were empty, drag Cochran into the room and stretch him out nice and straight on the gory floor. Then they put Colonel Irvin on a bed in the corner of the room.

Tommie was pretty sick by now, but French was as calm as the prairie after a sheet lightning storm on a summer day. He just stood there looking at Cochran and said to Tommie, "Now I'm going to kill you—right through the middle."

French stood his Winchester by his side and pulled his old blue-barreled .45 from its holster. He lined up square with Tommie's stomach and stood waiting to see if Tommie would crawl. Then after what seemed like a thousand years, he slowly earred back the hammer, enjoying his sport so thoroughly he forgot about Colonel Irvin lying on the bed.

Under the pillow was a loaded .45 that the Colonel always kept there. Silently Irvin went for that .45. Just as he thought French was about to pull the trigger, he lined her up and fired. He got French through the neck, just below the ears, then fired again and got him just below the first shot. But French didn't fall. He staggered out and managed to get on his horse and was still waving that .45 as he rode away. He looked like a dying man to me but he rode off at a pretty good clip toward Spunky Creek.

NO ONE wanted to go after Jim French—most of us were just plain cowpunchers and never made trouble with anybody. Besides it was getting dark and was cold enough to freeze the horns off a longhorn. A pretty good drift of snow was on the ground and more falling all the time.

Well, we all kept hanging around, hashing the whole thing over, when all of a sudden a man by the name of John Duck came running up and said a full-blood who lived in a log shanty down on Spunky Creek had just told him that French was at his (the full-blood's) cabin.

Apparently French had stopped about a mile or so from Catoosa and forced the Indian and his little boy to bind up the bullet holes as best they could to stop the bleeding. French had told the Indian not to try to leave the cabin or. "I'll blow a hole through your little kid."

After a while the little boy had pleaded to be allowed to be excused. French had told his father, "You take him right outside the door and if you make a move, I'll get you."

The Indian said he had taken the boy to the door and thrown the little shaver as far as he could, then had dived after him. French was so weak he couldn't get up to shoot so they got away safely and hightailed it to John Duck's house and spread the news.

As soon as they found out where French was, Tommie Tancel and a man named Jeff Garroutte started for the cabin, me and a few other cowpunchers following a safe distance behind.

The Indian had left the door open and French was in plain sight on the floor. But we were so afraid of his Winchester we let Tommie sneak up close and let go with both barrels of his shotgun before we would enter. Well, French didn't move but we were still afraid to go in there.

Tommie and the other men went back to town to notify the U. S. Marshals while five or six of us boys remained. Pretty soon we got to daring each other to go closer to the cabin.

Finally Joe Collins and John Ross and myself ventured close enough to see inside. The outlaw was dead. He had thrashed about while he was dying and in pulling off his boots had got his right foot into the fire. The toes on that foot were burned clear off. I tell you, I saw some gruesome things that cold, unforgettable day that Jim French died—things he had done to others and things they had done to him.

Spokane's Fighting Marshal

(Continued from page 23)

but when we got there he refused to ride to Jackson's tepee, admitting he was afraid of the halfbreed outlaw.

"Quite a few Indians were in the camp and the lumber for new buildings at Gonzaga was arriving by the teamload. A white man was sorting the lumber and from him I learned that Bill Jackson was passing himself off as one of the camp Indians. The lumber-sorter knew which was Jackson's tepee, and told me that Jackson had gone upriver that morning but was supposed to return before sundown.

"I hitched my horse and began helping the white man stack lumber. About two hours later I saw an Indian pull his horse up in front of Jackson's tepee. I waited until he was swinging off his mount, then covered him with my .44, shouting that he was under arrest.

"Jackson began yelling for help in Indian language but the marshal badge on my shirt seemed to persuade the camp Indians it was best to keep hands off. Seeing this, Jackson started taunting me to go ahead and shoot him and see what happened.

"I finally managed to get a pair of handcuffs on him and herded him back into town, but I took a lot of cussing in doing it. I sat up with Jackson all that night in a saloon, and the next morning rode with him into Cheney and turned him over to the sheriff.

"Jackson stood trial and was sentenced to thirteen months in the territory prison at Seatko. There, he tried to escape and a prison guard shot his thumb off. Jackson thought he was going to bleed to death and surrendered. Later, after he was released from prison, I met him on the street in Spokane. He came up to me peaceful-like and said, 'Aren't you going to buy me a cigar? You made $50 off of capturing me.' I bought the cigar.

"That night I had to arrest him for being drunk and he nearly chewed my ear off in the fight he gave me getting him to jail. A few days later, one of my deputies, Bill Gillespie, killed Jackson in a gunfight.

"IT WAS a tough town, Spokane," Warren went on after a moment's pause. "Even in the late '90s it was tough. I remember while I was chief of police in the summer of 1897, a well-known writer named Hamblin Garland came to town to get Western color for the stories he was working on. He introduced himself and wanted to know where he should look for some Wild West action. I told him to just watch the street in front of his hotel on Howard and Main for a few nights and he'd probably see plenty. But I didn't realize the kind of action I was predicting.

"That Saturday night, a Texan, George Thomas, ran amuck on Howard and Main and started to shoot up the town. I heard the shooting from a few blocks away, but by the time I reached the corner where the Grand Hotel stood, Thomas had gunned down two elderly men standing in the street and was 'high treeing' the whole area.

"When Thomas saw me he started shooting my way and a bullet clipped a button off my uniform before I could draw my gun. I tried to wing him and shoot him in the shoulder or leg, but he kept on firing so I drew down on his middle.

"He dropped in the center of the street. I got to him as he was just gasping his last. I asked him what the devil he thought he was doing? I could see he hadn't been drinking. 'I just felt ornery,' he breathed back at me and died grinning.

"When they were carrying off Thomas' body, I saw Garland come out of the Grand Hotel with a suitcase in his hand. 'Well, did you see the action you were looking for?' I asked him.

"'See it? I damn near felt it!' Garland answered back. 'Those bullets were bouncing all over the hotel lobby.' Garland left town that night."

About then Libby interrupted to ask if Garland ever wrote up the affair. Libby mentioned Wyatt Earp as having had a similar experience with a writer in Dodge City.

"Wyatt Earp was through Spokane about that time." Warren said. "He was on his way to Wallace, Idaho, as I remember. The miner's strike was on in Wallace and he was headed that way, as a Federal Marshal. As I recall, he returned to Spokane a few days later. Said he was going back down South. He made the remark that corraling a bunch of drunken Dodge City cowhands was one thing, but riding herd on a bunch of hardrock miners with sawed pick handles up their sleeves, was another."

IT WAS in the early 1900s that Warren succumbed to the lure of the Alaska gold rush and headed for Nome. He received a ready welcome there and was almost immediately named Nome's Chief of Police, a job he held for five years. After the rush, Warren was named Special Federal Agent to the United States Government and served as a secret service agent for a number of years.

It was during World War I that Warren entered into one of the most trying tasks of his peace-officer career. The drafting of army personnel was in full swing. To thousands of soldiers and sailors, Seattle was the "liberty town." By late 1917, conditions in Seattle had worsened until Major General Greene, commander of the huge Fort Lewis military training base, gave Seattle's Mayor Gill an ultimatum. Unless the vice in Seattle was cleaned up, he would declare the town out of bounds to his troops.

Joel Warren was the man Mayor Gill called upon to pull Seattle out of its difficulty. That Warren did a good job and did it fast is evidenced by the records. Major General Greene's ultimatum was never put into effect.

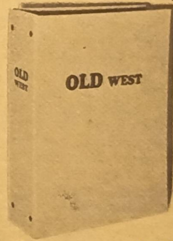
"Washington had one of the best and broadest vagrancy laws in the country," Warren answered in reply to Libby's query about how he went about cleaning up conditions in Seattle. At the same time Warren reached into his open traveling bag on the luggage rack. He brought out a gold Chief of Police badge with a huge diamond set in its center.

"When Gill appointed me Chief in 1917, he gave me a free hand," Warren explained. "I immediately issued a twenty-four hour warning, that in accord with the State's vagrancy laws, anyone found without visible means of support would be jailed. For the next twenty-four hours the Seattle depots were crowded.

"A year or so later when the Mayor and the Seattle Elks Lodge presented me with this diamond-studded badge, the Mayor asked me how I happened to be so well acquainted with the state's vagrancy laws.

"I told him the first day an officer's badge was pinned on me, an old-timer named E. J. Hyde had given me the best piece of advice a police officer could have. 'Know what the law allows you to do, then do it.'"

Joel Warren later served as a deputy sheriff in King County. He was still wearing a King County deputy sheriff badge when he died. It was not a bullet that cut him down, but an infection that necessitated the amputation of a leg. Warren died March 12, 1934, in a Seattle hospital.



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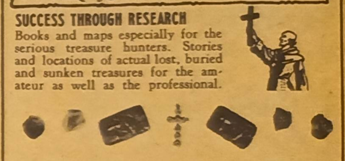

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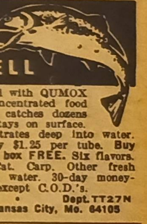

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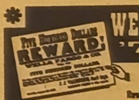

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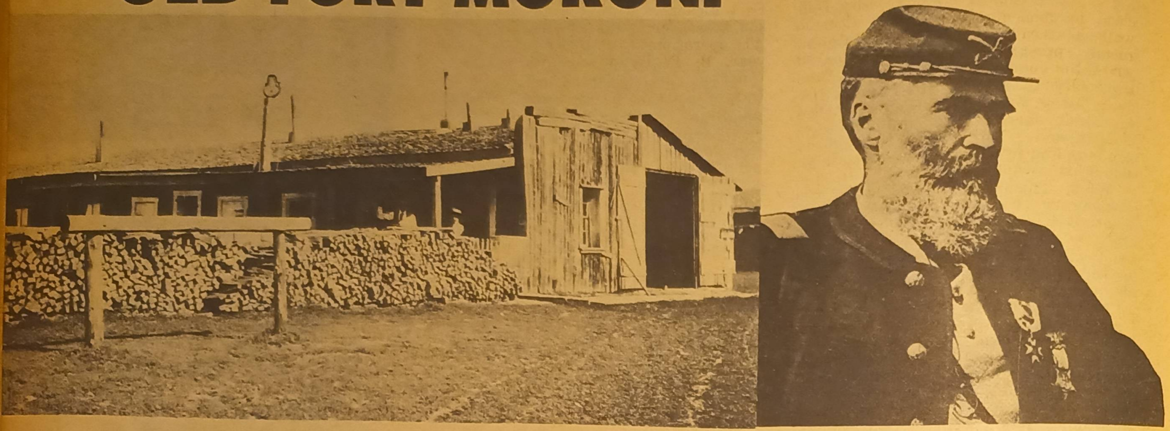
Brigham Young sent word to his favorite son to take cover—the Apaches were on the warpath. A stockade of railroad ties hastily assembled became

OLD FORT MORONI

By ROGER E. KELLY

Photos Courtesy Museum of Northern Arizona, Flagstaff



U.S. Signal Corps Photo

Above, east end of log cabin of fort. Men are standing in front of kitchen. Stockade is visible behind stacked cordwood. At right, Colonel Eugene A. Carr, Sixth Cavalry.

NORTHERN ARIZONA in the early 1880s was a frontier land of Indians, small Anglo settlements, and vast unpopulated areas. Mormon and non-Mormon settlers had established farms, ranches, and the small towns of Joseph City, Snowflake, and Tuba City and others. Construction crews pushing the railhead of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company westward were building work camps which later grew into the present towns of Holbrook, Winslow, and Flagstaff. At this time, the hamlet of Flagstaff comprised about 200 inhabitants, 20 frame buildings, and as many canvas tents. One episode of Flagstaff's early history, concerning Fort Moroni, illustrates the interplay of railroad construction, the threat of Indian attacks, and the growth of cattle ranching in the historical development of this area.

Among the early arrivals in the Flagstaff region were John W. Young and his crew of Mormon workers. Young, a son of Brigham Young, and Ammon M. Tenney had been awarded a contract for grade and roadbed construction and for 50,000 ties by the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company. In the spring of 1881, Young and his party established two work camps in the area, one near the present business district of Flagstaff and a second camp in Leroux Prairie, now called Fort Valley after Young's Fort Moroni. In the middle of the valley, about sixty tie-cutters and graders of Young's group pitched their tents near cabins of other railroad workers. Pine forests on the hills surrounding the valley provided material for thousands of ties and the well-known Leroux Springs nearby furnished stock and domestic water.

But northern Arizona was not peaceful at this time. In the summer of 1881, Indians of the Fort Apache area became restless from a nativistic revival movement begun by a shaman, Nocadelklinny (or Nock-ay-del-klinne). He was a well-known medicine man, had been a member of an Apache delegation sent to Washington, and later attended mission school in Santa Fe. Nocadelklinny's movement began in the early summer of 1881 with religious meetings and dances which may have been similar to the Ghost Dance prevalent a few years later among Plains tribes. Claiming to have communicated with dead Apache leaders in a vision, Nocadelklinny's dreams were interpreted by most Apaches as a command to restore tribal lands by driving out all enemy peoples, and thus the movement attracted a large following and surveillance by the Army. By August, 1881, conditions were so unsettled that General E. A. Carr, commander of Fort Apache, was ordered to arrest Nocadelklinny. Carr mounted a force of 85 troopers and 23 Indian Scouts to meet the Apache leader at Cibicue Creek, but the August 29 parley became a battle in which Nocadelklinny and several soldiers were killed. Carr's command returned to Fort Apache and repulsed an attack two days later. At the same time, another Apache leader, Nantiatish, and his warriors raided the Pleasant Valley-Cherry Creek areas, bringing a war scare to northern Arizona. Four settlers, possibly Mormon, were killed in these raids.

To meet an expected attack, Young and his men built a stockade fort of double-length ties in the middle of Leroux Prairie. The fort was named after Moroni, the angel who gave inscribed tablets to Joseph Smith as told in the Book of Mormon. Double ties, set on end in a shallow ditch, formed a stockade wall about 12 feet high and about 100 feet long on each of three sides. A firing parapet, loopholes, and gates on the east and west sides completed the structure. Within the stockade, Young's men made brush and canvas shelters, and settlers in the valley congregated near the fort. A garrison was organized from construction crews with two "companies" acting as guards day and night. In addition to personal side arms and rifles of the guard companies, Young was said to have armed the fort with an English elephant gun which fired a one-inch ball. But by late fall of 1881, the Apaches had lost Nocadelklinny and with the failure to capture Fort Apache, the uprising faded. Fort Moroni was not attacked.

AFTER the railroad reached Flagstaff on August 1, 1882 and Young's contract had been fulfilled, his workers homesteaded in the area and he formed the Moroni Cattle Company with the fort as headquarters. At about this time, a log cabin 100 feet long was built to enclose the open north side of the stockade wall. The cabin was divided into six rooms, presumably for Young's six wives. Six doors and eight windows faced the enclosed stockade yard and a gabled split shingle roof covered the building. A powder magazine, in the west end of the cabin, had vertical log siding and a hip roof slightly higher than the rest of the roof line. Other walls of the cabin were of horizontal squared and fitted logs except the east end which was of tall horizontal square timbers. Floor joists probably rested on large stones as no foundation appears in photographs. Young's Moroni Cattle Company was probably ". . . the real beginning of the cattle business in Northern Arizona."

Reprinted from Spring, 1964 issue of PLATEAU, the quarterly publication of the Northern Arizona Society of Science and Art, Inc., Flagstaff

In 1883, John Young and several eastern businessmen organized the Arizona Cattle Company from the Moroni outfit. During its peak, the Arizona Cattle Company (also called the A One from the A1 brand), had approximately 16,000 head of cattle grazing on a land-holding 35 miles long by 25 miles wide northwest of Flagstaff. In the late 1880s, the Arizona Cattle Company, and the famous Hashknife Ranch of the Aztec Land and Cattle Company, controlled much of northern Arizona. A visitor at about this time described the fort as follows:

"The settlement consists of a fort, a couple of dozen log houses, wood-choppers' shanties, commissary, etc . . . . Mr. Young's apartments are built along one side of the stockade, inside. He has them pretty well fitted up, the floors carpeted, nice furniture, piano, and the walls hung with paintings and portraits of Brigham Young, and the Mormon saints. Fencing foils and all kinds of guns lying around, among them an inch-bore elephant gun . . . . There was a pretty good sized library in Mr. Young's rooms, and the latest papers and magazines."

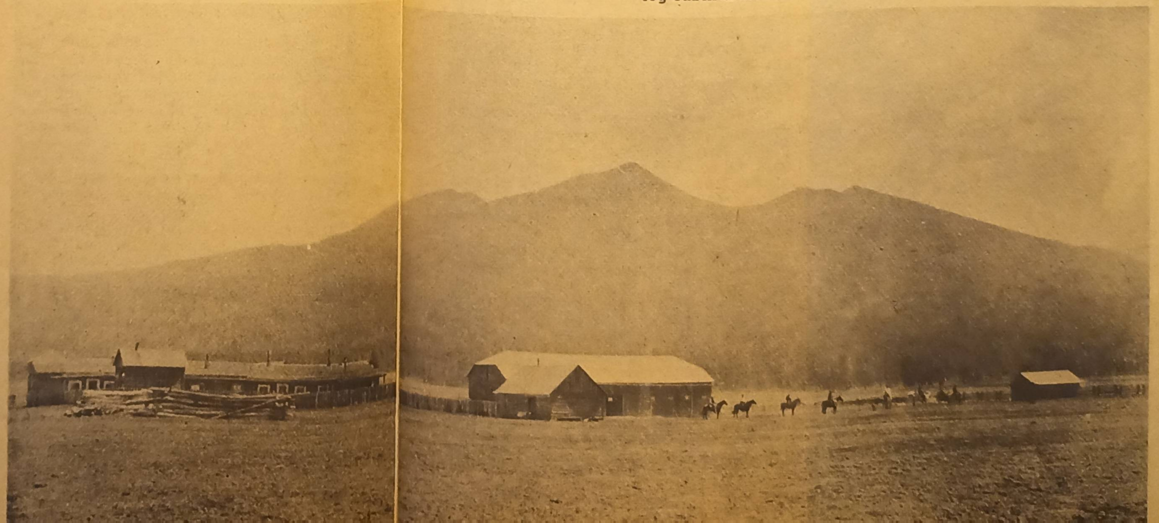
After John Young left Arizona Territory in 1885 because of a warrant charging polygamy, Fort Moroni was renamed Fort Rickerson after Charles L. Rickerson, treasurer and later president of the A1 operations. In December of that year, B. B. Bullwinkle, one-time Fire Chief of Chicago, replaced Young as manager of the A1 ranch. Bullwinkle, a colorful and energetic man, rounded up strayed cattle, improved cattle tanks, and fenced tracts of grazing land. He also had the stockade wall cut to fence height and a large barn built. Several small outbuildings, a well, and a telephone line from Flagstaff to the fort were added during the early years of the A1's operations. A long shed with double doors on one end was built against the rear wall of the log cabin. The ranch and fort was described by the *Arizona Champion* of Flagstaff as follows:

"The old stockade fence surrounding the fort has been cut down to a respectable height, and the enclosure, with windmill in one corner and house on the side, has a neat, homelike appearance; more so than before when it looked grim and forbidding with its high stockade fence."

The log cabin was used for sleeping rooms, a kitchen, and offices. A flag must have given the ranch headquarters an unusually official appearance. After Bullwinkle was killed in a riding accident in 1887, Frank Livermore became manager and served until 1899.

IN the early 1890s, the Arizona cattle bubble burst due to overgrazing, prolonged drought, and an economic panic in 1893. In 1899, the Babbitt brothers of Flagstaff bought out the A1 operations and from 1899 to 1904. Fort Rickerson became headquarters for the Babbitt C O Bar Ranch. The remaining posts of the stockade were removed by 1904. After that year, the Babbitt headquarters were moved to Hart Prairie and the old fort was used only occasionally during round-ups.

General view of Arizona Cattle Company ranch buildings, facing north. Stockade and log cabin of fort at left, large barn at right.



The fort structure around the turn of the century after abandonment of full-time use

The log cabin of the fort was completely razed in 1920 by orders from a foreman of a stock tank construction crew but without authorization from William Babbitt, manager of the C O Bar. The Babbitt brothers had wanted to retain that old fort as a historic building. No remains of the log cabin may be seen today. A few old ties and ruins of the large barn, collapsed by heavy snowfalls, mark the site of Fort Moroni.

I WAS THERE WHEN THE OLD FORT WAS BUILT

By Ralph Murphy
Annotated by Roger E. Kelly

The following account of Fort Moroni by Ralph Murphy of Phoenix is a re-creation of communication between settlers in Fort Valley during the summer of 1881 and an account of the construction of the fort. A typed manuscript now in the Museum of Northern Arizona Library was received in 1955 from Madison R. Loring of Los Angeles who obtained it from Mr. Murphy. Ralph Murphy was about five years old when Fort Moroni was built by John Young and his group. The Murphy family probably homesteaded in Fort Valley during the summer months while Mr. Murphy's father, W. J. Murphy, was a contractor for the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company. Punctuation has been corrected but usage has been retained.

ONE DAY in 1881, I, a boy of five, was playing Indian fight in front of the homestead log cabin of my father, W. J. Murphy, in the edge of the timber on the north side of Leroux Prairie now called Fort Valley, an open park in the forest that clothes the southern slope of the San Francisco Mountains. I was General Crook after Apache chief, Victorio **(Crook was Commander of the Department of Arizona during the years 1871-75 and 1882-86. Victorio was an Apache raider operating in 1878-80).** All his band had taken refuge behind pine trees. I had charged them and was about to shoot them all down, when I noticed a man on a gray horse coming across the prairie. The horse's gait was the running walk of a well-trained cowman's saddle horse.

The man was W. G. Young **(William Goodall Young)**, brother of John W. Young, Brigham Young's favorite son.

(Continued on page 46)

"X" MARKS MY ROOM

—the favorite postcard message of vacationing Americans must have started about this time. Here's a look at the Jet Set of stagecoach days as seen by a boy who was at their beck and call

By GUS A. WURDINGER

Photos Courtesy National Park Service, Yosemite

I WAS eighteen—kind of brash and ornery, but willing to work—and I'd just been hired by the Sentinel Hotel as a porter, a combination bellhop and roustabout. Now, that's the kind of job that will get you "educated" in a hurry, whether it's 1902 or 1967, especially on the "swing shift" (afternoon and evenings).

This was a summer job in one of the world's most beautiful spots—Yosemite National Park. But way back then, Yosemite was wild and primitive.

Just getting there was an experience that almost overwhelmed most dudes. Raymond, California, was the terminus of a branch line that brought tourists to the entrance of the Park. Breakfast at Ma Leidig's or one of several other eating places preceded the two-day stage ride up a spectacular winding trail. Lunch was served at the Ahwanee Hotel, some thirty miles out. Then the road wound through the Wawona Grove of Big Trees—a detour, actually—and finally reached the Wawona Hotel, where passengers were ready for a night's rest. The following morning, the stage arrived at the summit. Then came Inspiration Point, Artists' Point, and the descent into a scenic valley.

I remember some of the occurrences during my first trip. Passing another vehicle was a harrowing event. The roads scraped along the mountainside and the drivers had to be on the lookout for a team coming in the other direction. Loaded teams going uphill had the right of way; unloaded vehicles had to go around on the outside. It's a wonder more of them didn't tumble off the edge. Often the stagedrivers had their passengers get out and walk around an oncoming freight, then board again when the vehicle had teetered past.

At regular intervals the drivers, understanding nature, would pull off the road and suggest to the lady passengers, "There are pretty wild flowers just beyond that little knoll." After the women were out of sight, he would suggest casually that the men walk down the road, just around the bend, and see if the stretch ahead was clear of oncoming traffic. Only at the hotels, and at the intersection with the road to Glacier Point, were there real rest stops.

After reaching the floor of the valley, the dust was four to eight inches deep and, unless there was a good breeze blowing, a cloud of it several feet deep hung over the road for hours after a vehicle had passed.

About noon, the stages began pulling into the Hotel. Passengers were always so covered with dust they looked like owls from rubbing their eyes, and they staggered into their rooms for a sponge bath and few hours of relaxation. Every evening the porters would go around from room to room, lighting the oil lamps and—if necessary—the little Perfection Oil heaters which the management furnished, on demand. In the washrooms by the toilets at the end of the porch a faucet provided several kinds of water—warm, tepid, or cool—depending upon the amount of sunshine on the tank outside the building.

It was a great way to live. Sometimes fancy shindigs were put on for the tourists' benefit—like the fire fall, which is done regularly now and is a spectacular sight. Also the bomb salute. An anvil would be set up in a deserted clearing, a piece of dynamite placed on it with fuse attached, then another anvil, face down, set on top of the explosive. When it blew, the reverberations from the explosion echoed between the high valley walls fifteen or more times.

And sometimes a few of the old-timers would roll empty five-gallon oil cans down the Telephone trail and bet on how long it would take to get to the bottom. Echoes of the can bouncing along could still be heard four or five minutes after the can had completed its trip downhill.

I WAS soon wise to all the tricks and jokes the porters pulled on tourists. We were always being asked, I remember, what the name of this peak or that stream was—questions we didn't know a thing about. So we replied with an Indian phrase which, translated, meant, "Yellow Dog's rear end." Then, if the tourists asked us to spell that impressive phrase, we'd shrug and reply, "Heck, I'm a country boy. I ain't never had any schoolin'." Boy! the many laughs we had using that one!

And the schemes! I mean, they were all legitimate, and the tourists got their money's worth. There was always a man or two hanging around the hotel while his wife went out for a carriage ride. We'd sort of accidentally mosey up and start pointing out the big trout popping out of the water in the Merced River. Right away he'd want to know where he could rent some fishing tackle.

Well—naturally—we had half-a-dozen rods and reels ($18.00 a dozen, complete, F.O.B. San Francisco), so we'd tell the gent we could get him an outfit for 75c, all day, and a dozen worms for a quarter. Of course, the office didn't know about this little sideline of ours, but show me where they lost anything.

Another gimmick was drinks for poker parties. If the customers signed tabs, we naturally turned these in to the office. But occasionally some guy would prefer to pay cash and we'd go to the clubhouse, buy drinks for half-price, carry them up and charge the guy in full.

The tourists gave us lots of laughs. Although the side-saddle was practically mandatory for women's use elsewhere, someone in authority had decreed that women ride a-straddle in the Park or not ride at all. Oh boy! I still can hear the women crying, "I won't wear those immoral things!" when handed divided skirts. Most of them hadn't been on a horse since childhood—if then—and had to be helped up (the guide usually did this). But when they got back, it took more than one guide to *lift* the rider out of the saddle. Tourists who'd been out trail-riding were easy to recognize—they walked stiff-legged or had noticeable limps.

Stagecoaches on the Wawona Road, Yosemite

Stoneman House, erected by State 1887; burned 1896

Guest rooms were usually left unlocked during the day. While working, we porters were always in a hurry, and since almost all the guests were out riding or sightseeing, we rushed in and out, always knocking first but seldom waiting for a reply. Once I had a honeymooning couple—members of San Francisco's upper crust—and each day after the man came in from his ride, I escorted him to a bathing cubicle, then took his soiled clothing back to his room and picked up the change of clothes he'd laid out on a chair. Once, knocking and popping into the room without pausing, I interrupted his wife. She was in the middle of the room, nude. She rushed behind the door I had opened and whispered frantically, "Gus, just back out without turning around and I'll give you ten dollars."

"Just let me take a few more steps, pick up your husband's clothes, and I'll do like you ask—but forget the tip."

She agreed and the incident was closed. I mean, after all, she was in her mid-twenties at least—a middle-aged woman as far as I was concerned. Later that evening the husband said to me, "I understand you caught my wife in an embarrassing situation today?" I denied it and pretended I hadn't the faintest idea what he was talking about.

As they were leaving, they gave me a gold piece, and a few weeks later I received by registered mail a wonderful stickpin for my tie. It was in the shape of a question mark and had pearls around the loop and a chip diamond in the period. Silence, after all, is golden!

THE highlight of the hotel season was the Board of Commissioners meeting in mid-June, when the Park was at its greenest and the falls at their fullest. This was one of the big events for the socially elite of San Francisco and the famous Bohemian Club, and many of its members were in attendance, bringing with them a very good quartet.

A Mr. Emerson, who was the originator, or at least the exploiter, of "Emerson's Bromo Seltzer," was one of these patricians. One evening, one of the ladies in Emerson's party asked me to pass along a request to the quartet. I tried to get to them but couldn't make myself heard through all their conversation and returned to the group to report, "Sorry, I didn't get to ask them. They were busy chewin' the rag."

The expression, common in my social stratum, evidentally wasn't so in theirs. For the remainder of their stay—at least ten days—whenever I was within hearing distance, one of them would stop the conversation and say, "I was chewin' the rag with so-and-so. . . ." or some other variation of my phrase. They wouldn't let me live it down.

Another guest of the hotel, an Englishman, was accustomed to his daily "bawth" and, disliking our crude arrangements, got the idea to take a shower in Yosemite Falls. He crawled onto a shelf of rock and, in the spray, enjoyed himself thoroughly. Then the breeze changed and suddenly tons of water crashed down on him, knocking him unconscious.

Luckily, in a matter of seconds, the breeze switched back again and his friends rushed to his rescue. He was taken by carriage to the hotel. There was no resident physician then, but fortunately there was a doctor among the guests. He examined the Englishman and reported, "No bones are broken and, if no internal injuries develop after liberal applications of iodine, witch hazel and other lotions, he should be able to leave within a week."

I had helped carry him to his room and noticed that no skin had been broken, except where he'd scraped himself on the rocks while falling, but his body was one mass of blue, black, and yellow bruises. He looked like he'd been tattooed. I remember his departing remark to me was, "Never again will I ever shower where I can't reach up and turn the water off."

Many times we took tourists to Eagle Peak, where they could look down on the Falls. This was considered quite an achievement, since the latter part of the trip had to be made through snow. Upon reaching the peak, each visitor planted a small American flag on which his name was inscribed. Little snow-flowers were in abundance—a wonderful sight. With a good view of them and the valley, we opened the box lunches we'd carried along. (I wish I had pleasant memories of them, too, but those dried-out sandwiches, overly hard-cooked eggs and other indigestible concoctions were too unappetizing for words.)

Another place to visit was the Mariposa grove of Big Trees. One huge Sequoia had cut into its base a hole large enough for a stage to pass through. Another, the "Fallen Giant," was so large a whole company of cavalry—close to a hundred officers and men—mounted it and posed

(Continued on page 50)

Wawona Hotel and Fountain

WAWONA HOTEL

Old Fort Moroni

(Continued from page 43)

John W. had a contract to cut ties for the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, the present line of the Santa Fe, just then being built across the territory of Arizona through Flagstaff. He rode up to the cabin, dismounted and threw the bridle reins over the horse's head. The ends of the reins rested on the ground and the horse stood there as though tied.

In answer to the man's knock, my mother opened the door. "Good morning, Mr. Young," she said.

"Good morning," was the response, "I don't want to alarm you, Mrs. Murphy, but the Mormon Bishop has sent word that the Apaches are out on the warpath again and are heading this way for their fall hunting in these mountains. John W. has instructed us to build a stockade in the prairie for our protection. The word is that the Indians have robbed the arsenal at Fort Apache and got away with a lot of long-range rifles so we are going to build the stockade in the center of the prairie to get as far away from the trees as possible. Wouldn't you folks like to come down and share the stockade?" **(No rifles were taken from Fort Apache during the attack on the fort, but the Apaches did find a mule heavily loaded with ammunition.)**

"But we haven't any way to move," she said, "the only thing we have is a yoke of oxen and a sled we use to haul water from the spring."

"I'll send up a couple of teams and wagons and move you down, if you would like to come."

"If you would, we would appreciate it very much," Mother said. "Which way are the Indians coming, from the east or the west?"

"From the east," Young said.

"I'm interested in both directions," Mother said. "Mr. Murphy has gone west to Beal Spring beyond Hackberry to look at some work. He is considering taking a contract to grade ten miles of railroad roadbed the company has offered him out there. Before he left, he sent his outfit of mules and wagons to haul wood from Pine, Arizona, to the end of the track at Albuquerque, New Mexico. There are twelve men with the outfit. They could put up a pretty strong fight against the Indians, but Mr. Murphy has only one man with him. That would make quite a prize for the Apaches to capture."

"The Apaches would sure like to get those mules," was Young's comment, "but I don't know what they would do with the wool. I guess they could trade it to the Navajos to make blankets. The Apaches have been trying to get the Navajos to go out on the warpath with them. A bunch of the young bucks have joined the Apaches. . . ."

"My, that's a wild town, Flagstaff. We stayed there a week. Seven of the eight big buildings in the town have saloons in them. There were seven men shot in saloon fights while we were there. When Mr. Murphy found he had to make this trip to Beal Springs, not wanting to leave us in town, he came out here and took up this homestead claim."

"I'll send up the teams right after dinner," Young said and mounted his horse and rode away.

Soon after noon two 3½-inch thimble skein wagons, each drawn by two mules, pulled up in front of the cabin. These wagons were probably pieces of earth moving equipment used in railroad grade construction. Everything in the cabin was loaded into the wagons and two 16 x 18 wall tents, which stood at the side of the house, were taken down and also loaded in.

The Murphy camp was pitched about 100 yards northeast of the site of the stockade, and the Young camp about the same distance northwest of the stockade site. There was great activity at the camp, everybody was working as though his life depended on it, and it looked as though it did. There was much discussion as to how long it would take the Indians to get there. All estimates were that it would only take them a few days, some thought fewer than others.

About half the crew of thirty workers were put to digging a large square trench. The rest were sent to cut ties and haul them in. The method they had followed was to cut the ties double length in the woods, then haul them to the right-of-way and cut them in two there. The wagon boxes had been set off and the wagon reaches lengthened out and the double length ties were loaded on the bolsters of the running gears. The teamsters were instructed to bring their loads of ties into camp, where they were stood up in the trench, close together to make solid walls. Log cabins were built against the wall on the inside. In a few days all was in readiness to move in, when the Indians would show up.

Two companies of guards were organized; one to stand guard in the daytime, the other at night. Mr. W. M. Grier, Mrs. Murphy's cousin, was chosen captain of one of the companies; Mr. Grier and Mrs. Murphy's brother, W. D. Fulwiler, were staying at the Murphy camp. The guard companies drilled regularly and were all ready for the attack, when it would come, but the Indians never came, although the people at Fort Moroni, as the stockade was named, spent many anxious days and nights watching for Apaches. The soldiers got out from Fort Whipple and turned the belligerents back into the White Mountains.

The guards at the fort did have a scare one night, however. Mr. Grier's company was on guard. Just before dawn one of his men came running. "Captain," he called, "the Indians are coming, I hear hoofbeats off there to the east and they are coming this way. I better give the alarm, hadn't I?"

"Hold on," said the captain. "Let's get a look at them first," and he ran out toward the sound and got down on the ground so he could skyline the invaders. The Mormon boys had a flock of sheep and also a bunch of burros, and what the captain saw was the burros chasing the sheep into camp.

Father Thought the World of Charley Russell

(Continued from page 39)

Mrs. Russell's half sister, Ella, came to live with Charley and his wife. The young lady was jolly and full of fun and was soon a popular addition to the bunch I ran with. We enjoyed parties at the various homes and attended dances, which in those days were not public but were sponsored by our families, or by the churches. Of course the Russells entertained in turn, and we always enjoyed the evenings at their fascinating home.

Charley had his studio in a one-room log cabin and spent most of his time there when he was at home. It was an interesting room. A large fireplace filled most of the east wall. A skylight in the north slope of the roof afforded light for his painting. Easy chairs and a divan invited one to rest. Around the walls in profusion hung every item a cowboy could use—guns, ropes, hats, spurs, anything needed as a model for his pictures, except horses and Indians. There were photographs of friends and a few small pictures Charley had painted. Here we young folks sometimes danced to the music of a phonograph, and about midnight we repaired to the "Big House" for supper.

In the parlor was a large collection of Charley's clay figures. His modeling was as wonderful to me as his paintings. Around this room about four feet from the floor, was a moulding popular at that time and called a "plate rail." On this rail was displayed a collection of figures ranging from wild turkeys to elephants, from a knight in armor on an armored horse to a lifelike figure of Charley himself on his bay horse. I never tired of looking at these wonderful models. On the dinner table would be a centerpiece. One I recall was a winter scene in the mountains.

Shortly after Father's trip to the Medicine Springs on Sun River, he lent our Chub horse to Charley for a trip. There were several men in the party, among them Olaf Seltzer, another Great Falls artist. Father had told Charley that Chub would buck if spurred in the flanks, so Charley was looking for a chance to have some fun. Each member of the party took his turn wrangling the horses, so when it came Olaf's turn, he put on chaps and spurs, and climbed on old Chub to go after the horses. Chub took his time, as usual, in getting started.

Charley told Olaf to stick the spurs into him. Olaf followed instructions, and Chub piled him into the brush. Charley never missed a chance to tell this story when he found Olaf among a bunch who hadn't heard the yarn. In after years, when I was riding Chub, Charley often asked, "How's the old hoss?" when he met me.

About the last time I saw the Russells was in Lincoln, Montana, in 1918. Father and Mother were living there then. Father had sold the Como Company in Great Falls and bought the general store in Lincoln. My wife and I were running a small ranch nearby.

Father had told Charley much about the Lincoln country, and Charley wanted to visit the folks there. So along in August the Russells, with their adopted son, pulled into Lincoln. It was a cloudy afternoon and there had been some rain. Mrs. Russell always drove the car, and they had come from their summer home on Lake McDonald in Glacier Park through Kalispell, Missoula and up the Blackfoot River. The road up the Blackfoot was one of the toughest in the State. Charley was in his usual hearty mood, although tired, but Mrs. Russell was really worn out. She said that she never would travel that canyon again.

We had a good visit that evening, and the next day we all gathered at our ranch and enjoyed a fine dinner. Charley and Dad enjoyed looking over the place and recalling old times. The Russells left for Great Falls the following morning. I do not recall seeing Charley again.

Father died in 1925 and I was in Great Falls very little after that time. Russell passed away in 1926, mourned by many friends, and Montana and the world lost a great Western artist.

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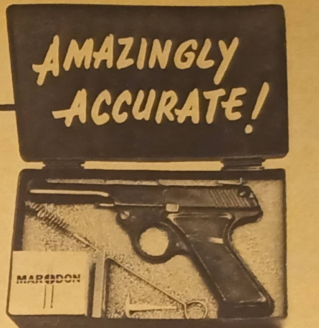

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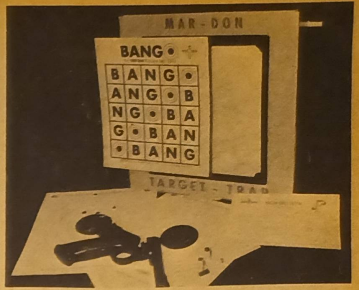

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"DENVER HAS ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD SHOW TOWN"

It has that reputation now—just as it did a hundred years ago when the Wakely Sisters took it by storm . . .

By A. L. CLARK

Photos Courtesy Author

The Wakely Sisters—Rose, Louise and Flora—were the "First Ladies" of the professional theater to appear on the Denver stage. When Rose, known professionally as Mlle. Maydee, disappeared suddenly in the fall of 1860, simultaneously with the disappearance of a gambler named Thomas Evans, the cry of "Abduction" resounded throughout the swarming young mining town on the banks of Cherry Creek. Evans was branded a fugitive and his trial was scheduled under a big cottonwood tree—providing Sheriff Ned Wynkoop, who set out in pursuit, could overtake the pair.

THE false-fronted wooden buildings along Denver's Larimer Street made long shadows on the dusty, wheel-rutted thoroughfare on an afternoon in late September, 1859. A team of oxen, pulling a heavily laden emigrant wagon, pulled up in front of Harry Gunnell's Billiard Saloon—a spanking new two-story frame building gleaming in a freshly applied coat of white paint.

Holding the reins was a lean young man whose dark curly hair showed beneath the brim of a dusty sombrero. Beside him on the driver's seat was an older man who was flanked by a second young man, fairer of complexion than the driver but no less handsome. If any of the idlers on Larimer Street that Indian summer afternoon took the trio to be father and sons, they would have been right.

The father was Charles R. Thorne, Sr., a seasoned actor-manager who a decade earlier had managed New York's Chatham Theatre; the sons were Tom and Will. Their mother, who had been a member of an English theatrical clan, the Mestayers, before her marriage, had remained behind at Thorne Hill, near Leavenworth, Kansas. An older brother, Charles R., Jr., was back East carving a name for himself as a "matinee idol"—except that the custom of holding matinees had not yet been inaugurated to plague hapless players in the American theater.

"Now, Tom," the elder Thorne said to the driver of the ox team, "just move your team up a little for easier unloading."

Several weeks before this little scene was enacted in the street in front of the billiard saloon, an English photographer named George Wakely had crossed the Plains from Leavenworth, accompanied by his wife and three stepdaughters—Rose, Louise and Flora Brown—better known on the stages of Missouri Valley towns as the Wakely Sisters.

Thorne knew before he and his two sons set out from Leavenworth to blaze a trail of theatrical activity in the Rocky Mountains that the Wakely Sisters had preceded him, so he took no actresses on the arduous, if not perilous, trek across the Plains. He also knew that several young men with some theatrical experience were already in the Denver area.

WITH these young men and the Wakely Sisters, Thorne's Star Company presented, on Monday night, October 3, 1859, the first dramatic performance ever staged in the Rocky Mountain region.

The play was "The Cross of Gold," or "The Maid of Croissey." Between acts, Rose (listed on the playbill as "Mlle. Haydee") danced "La Zingarella," and Flora Wakely sang a popular song, *Maggie's By My Side.* Following the drama, the troupe enacted the farce of "The Two Gregories." (Double bills were the rule on the legitimate stage at that period, as they became in motion picture theaters seventy-five years later.)

When the performance was over, Thorne announced to the audience that he was gratified by the capacity turnout, so much so that he planned to remain in Denver all winter and would build a "commodious" and "elegant" theater in the spring. But it didn't work out that way.

Sheriff E. W. (Ned) Wynkoop as he appeared in 1860, when he returned "Miss Millie" and gambler Thomas Evans to Denver from Julesburg

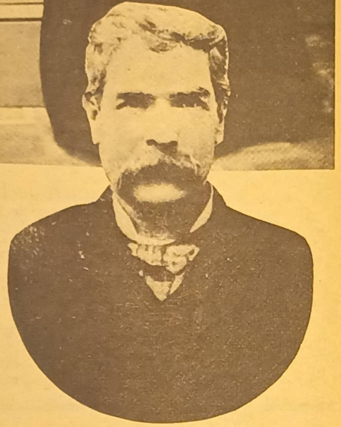


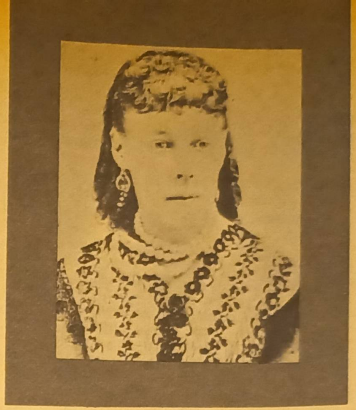
Photo Mrs. Katie Caven Ellis

During the first week of October, 1859, Thorne's Star Company presented six more plays in the hall above the billiard saloon—christened Apollo Hall, either by Thorne or by Libeus Barney, Vermonter who was chiefly responsible for its construction. Then Thorne "took a benefit" —a theatrical custom of those days when stars and manager, near the close of an engagement, would receive all or a stipulated portion of the receipts of a single performance so advertised in advance. Frequently this would provide the actors or manager with sufficient funds to tide them over until they could reach another town and another engagement.

For Thorne's benefit the troupe performed Sheridan Knowles' drama of "William Tell." Then Thorne and son Will vanished from Denver, leaving Tom and the Wakely Sisters to "carry the torch" of histrionic art deeper into the mountains.

Rose Wakely, by now known to the gold-seekers as "Miss Millie," took over the management of the troupe and three performances a week were given at Apollo Hall, weather permitting.

Miss Millie took the troupe to Golden City in January, 1860. She was slightly injured when thrown from a horse at Golden, but had recovered sufficiently by January 20 to accompany the troupe to Mountain City, where John H. Gregory had uncovered a rich quartz lode the previous summer.



Rose Brown Wakely, above left, was billed as "Mlle. Haydee." Her sister Louise, above, later became the bride of Sheriff Wynkoop. Flora, youngest of the sisters, is shown above right. She married violinist J. B. ("Buzz") Caven, inset at left.

On its first visit to Gregory Gulch, Haydee's Star Company gave five performances in a log building, then returned to Denver's Apollo Hall. Admission to Apollo Hall was payable in greenbacks, coin or gold dust. A pair of gold scales was a necessary piece of box office equipment. Barney, the hall's "landlord," wrote to his hometown newspaper, the Bennington *Banner*, this account of the method he used to obtain funds for the purchase of a new beaver hat:

"Providing myself with a pan, a whisk broom and a turkey's wing, I rushed, not for the mines but for the box-office of Apollo Hall, and there commenced 'prospecting.' On the floor were scattered bits of paper, ticket-stubs, cigar stumps, tobacco cuds, dust and dirt. With the turkey wing I swept up these contrarieties. I tunneled the cracks in the floor with the whiskbroom and in the pan I placed the compound."

When he had sifted the heavier gold dust from the trash, Barney added, he had $13.56 in fine gold, enough to pay for a splendid beaver hat.

THE WAKELY SISTERS and other members of the troupe were absent from the Apollo's stage for a time during the late winter, to promote a series of "select" balls at $3 per ticket, including supper. At one of these balls Miss Millie slapped Tom Thorne's face and the incident was duly recorded in the columns of the *Rocky Mountain News.*

But a much greater sensation stirred Denver citizens that fall when Miss Millie vanished from her boarding place simultaneously with the sudden departure of a gambler named Thomas Evans. Evans was known to have been an ardent admirer of Miss Millie, but so were dozens of other swains.

"Miss Millie has been abducted"—so went the rumor—which spread quickly throughout the mining camps to the west and along the Overland Trail to the East. There was talk of forming a posse to find Evans and return him to Denver for a trial under a big cottonwood tree on the bank of Cherry Creek.

The the *News* reported: "The pair has been overtaken on the road to the States and will be brought back." Evans and his supposed "hostage" were overtaken at Julesburg and returned to Denver by Sheriff E. W. (Ned) Wynkoop, who was a close personal friend of the Wakely Sisters, their mother and stepfather. Mr. and Mrs. Wakely and the other girls had been away, in one of the mountain camps, at the time of Rose's reported abduction.

When the fugitive pair was returned to Denver, Miss Millie was easily able to convince the aroused citizenry that she had accompanied Evans with no more persuasion on his part than is customarily permitted an ardent lover.

A week later on an inside page of the *Rocky Mountain News*, in the smallest possible type, appeared this notice: "Married—on the 24th inst., by H. C. Harrison, Esq., Thomas Evans, to Rose M. Brown, all of this city. The beautiful and fascinating danseuse now makes her debut in the matrimonial field and we wish her a brilliant and prosperous engagement."

Mr. and Mrs. Evans remained in Denver only a few months after their marriage, then boarded a mail coach for St. Joseph, Missouri, where they could entrain for Evans' old hometown of Indianapolis.

Sheriff Wynkoop, who had returned the elopers to Denver from Julesburg, had little difficulty in persuading Louise, Miss Millie's younger sister, to become his bride.

Flora was courted by J. B. (Buzz) Caven, a member of the Cibola Minstrels, a semi-professional group who had entertained Pikes Peakers before the arrival of Thorne's Star Company in the fall of '59. Buzz and Flora were united in marriage by a Denver clergyman at the summit of Pikes Peak—probably the first major "press agent stunt" in the Rocky Mountain region.

WHEN a major gold strike was reported on Grasshopper Creek in the Northern Rockies in the summer of 1862, Buzz and Flora Caven joined the exodus from Colorado and they were among the few hundred settlers in Bannack, then in Idaho Territory but subsequently the first capital of Montana Territory.

During that first winter, the Cavens were extremely popular since Buzz was a first-rate fiddler and Flora had a pleasing voice and knew all of the currently popular ballads.

The Cavens were "in on the ground floor" when one of the biggest gold strikes in Western history was made the following spring in Alder Gulch, about seventy-five miles east of Bannack, but they failed to strike it rich themselves.

During the stampede from Bannack, Buzz Caven was chosen to be "miners' sheriff" at the site of the new bonanza, but he never served in that capacity. Instead, a fugitive killer from California named Henry Plummer somehow got himself installed as sheriff of Alder Gulch.

The Cavens were the parents of the first boy born in Alder Gulch, but after the birth of four other children, the couple separated—Buzz to wander off to eastern Nevada, where he is buried, and Flora to remarry. Flora is buried at Helena, Montana.

Old troupers will tell you "Denver has always been a good show town." Down through the years most of the great stars of the American theater, as well as luminaries from abroad, have appeared in the "Mile-High" city. The Tabor Grand Opera House, built at great cost by Horace Austin Warner Tabor in the early 1880s, was once the finest playhouse in the West, and the equal of any in the larger cities of the Atlantic States. A number of performers of star caliber got their start in one or another of Denver's good stock companies.

But no "stars over the Rockies" ever shone with more brilliance—or, at least with more popular acclaim—than did the Wakely Sisters, back in 1859 and the early '60s. There should be some sort of a monument to their memory in or near Denver—and what could be more appropriate than to erect it on the bank of Cherry Creek, under a spreading cottonwood?

Thomas Evans. His trial for the "abduction" of Miss Millie was scheduled to be held under a big cottonwood tree on the bank of Cherry Creek. Fortunately for Tom, Miss Millie knew how to sway an audience.

Tally Book

(Continued from page 17)

Charlie Collins was the first man I met in Globe. I took my three-quarter-rigged Garcia saddle into his shop, the one I had brought with me from Montana. I needed a double-rigged saddle here in the Southwest. Charlie pointed to a pile of saddles that needed repairing. It would be a few months before he could get to mine. He hadn't a new saddle in the shop. I tried the seat of one that he'd rebuilt. It was a rough-looking job compared to my full-stamped three-quarter-rig Garcia.

"Use that till I get around to fixin' yourn," he told me. And I did. It was the third cover Charlie had put on that same tree. I left it with him when I joined the Army. It had gathered a lot of dust when I picked it up when I took Jimmer on the pack trip.

Lyin' Frank, who had come down from our Montana outfit to work for the Cross Up at Globe, had sold my Garcia saddle to some cowboy going back to the single-rig country. I didn't know it until Charlie handed me the money. Lyin' Frank had given the cowhand an order for the saddle and signed my name to it. It was too late then to do anything about it, and anyhow I got what the Garcia was worth out of the deal. The only drawback was I didn't collect but half what the cowboy paid for the saddle. Lyin' Frank beat me to town and borrowed the rest of it. Charlie said he would pay me for what Lyin' Frank had drawn out, but I left it as it was for jug money.

More broncs have been ridden, more wild cattle caught, more banks robbed, more trains held up in Charlie Collins' Saddle Shop, than any place else on earth. Every range war was fought, from the Fence Cutter's war in Texas to the Tonto Basin sheep and cattle war near Globe, and the Wyoming and New Mexico wars in between. Everlasting arguments took place concerning the merits of a center-fire or three-quarter-rig saddle against the double rig, the men who dallied their ropes instead of tying hard and fast.

There is something about a saddle shop and the smell of leather that brings the talk out. The tobacco smoke, the whiff of what's in a bottle when the cork is pulled, the hunk of boxwood to whittle on as you sit around a pot-bellied stove on a stormy day. It's a nostalgic odor that conjures up strange tales. And the wealthy cattleman is on the same level with the forty-a-month cowhand who has just blown in his pay.

Those men, all of the same breed, gathered in the saddle shop and smoked Bull Durham from the same sack and drank from the same bottle as it made the rounds. The big cowman never made the mistake of buying the next. Every man chipped in his share, and Charlie Collins, who never touched it, would drop his two bits in the hat and maybe two bits for the broke cowboy. And more than likely it was the wealthy cowman who went out for the bottle, because the bootlegger would give him the best he had in stock.

If a man got in a tight or got thrown in jail, Charlie bailed him out or went his bond.

I like to remember Charlie sitting straddle of his seat, working on a new saddle, with a side of steer hide soaking in a big tub. A big ball of beeswax to run the thread through stood next to him, while he held a needle in each hand, never missing a stitch while he spun his tales about the wild old days.

I like to remember old Jimmer and the others that gathered there, examining a gun that Charlie had dug up somewhere, or just augering. No big-city club ever had a more select membership. Money never counted, but you had to be a cowhand or you didn't belong. The would-bes weeded themselves out and seldom came back. They backed out under the pall of silence that fell across the shop when they opened the door. When the door closed, the augering was picked up where they'd left off. Not that they had anything against the dude. But he cramped their style. They couldn't talk freely in front of strangers.

There's no price tag on the gun that Charlie Collins gave me. If I have time I'll pass it on to some friend who savvies. But they are getting mighty few and far between. That breed of men is vanishing.

Tales of Tonopah

(Continued from page 26)

business. (It seems that the saloon business is somewhat like the drug business, in that it's all right for the customers to get sick but if the druggist gets sick the business goes to pot.)

The boss called Murphy aside and said, "Murph, the livery stable is sending a team out to Twelve Mile with a couple of prospectors, and they want someone to go along and drive the rig back. I figure that it will be good for you to go out and stay a few days with these men, stir around the hills, eat plain food and get this whiskey out of your system." Murphy agreed and went to the livery stable and made the arrangements.

They started early the next morning and got to Twelve Mile, a distance of about forty miles, just at sundown. Murphy was more than anxious to return home. He didn't like the food. He didn't like the sand that blew into it. He didn't like his bed on the ground. He didn't like the howl of the coyotes at night or the sage ticks. He didn't like the blazing sun or the desolate surroundings. He didn't like the cute lizards that flitted about or the fat little horned toads which lumbered through the sand catching flies. Nor did he like small yellow scorpions in his shoes at night. He didn't like the water. He just didn't like anything that far from his warm saloon.

Three days after Murphy left, I got a long distance telephone call at the drug store saying that a livery team was at Coyote Spring (a mud hole about twenty miles from Tonopah). The man calling described the team and said they were not attended by anyone; he had found them tangled in their harness but still hitched to the buckboard.

I went to the livery stable and delivered the message and was told that Murphy should be with the team. They asked me to get a car and driver to leave at once (I was—among other things—an agent for autos for hire). I advised them to take a physician but they were not able to find one so asked me to go as a first-aid man.

We took grain for the horses, food for ourselves, and a jug of water. We arrived at the spring in a little over an hour over the poor road. While the men were caring for the horses, the driver and I searched for signs of Murphy but found none.

So we all got back in the car. Two men scanned the landscape on each side and I lay on the front fender to watch for marks in the road.

We drove all the way to Twelve Mile that way and were told that Murphy had left there three days before. We back-tracked, watching the sage more carefully. Where the terrain had low or hidden spots we stopped to examine it. A few miles of this and we came upon Murphy's hat a few yards from the road. His tracks in the soft dirt told us that he had jumped from the moving vehicle, landing about six feet away. It was plain that he had run for a short distance and that he hadn't changed his pace in the least when his hat fell off. He did slow to a walk as he started to ascend a hill a quarter-of-a-mile from the road and had used his hands a few times. Then he had come to a bank and clambered along on his hands and knees. He must have been almost totally exhausted.

His body lay about seventy-five feet from the top of the bank, in a circle about ten feet wide that he had made by scratching the earth with his hands as he milled around and around, wearing the skin and flesh from his fingers.

The coroner wrote on the death certificate, "Crazy with the heat," a term which everyone who knows the desert understands.

"X" Marks My Room

(Continued from page 45)

for a photograph that has since become well known. The Washburn family, who controlled the Yosemite Stage and Turnpike Company, along with the Hotel, got into the act and put a full six-horse team, hitched to a stage complete with passengers, on the same trunk. How they did it is beyond me.

VARIOUS stage drivers became quite famous for their spiels—descriptions of the Park, Indian stories (most of which they made up), jokes and other lies—and were sought after by name. Sometimes their partisans would get into fights with the fans of another driver. I heard many tourists settle an argument with an emphatic, "I *know* I'm right because my driver told me so!"

Although horses were sometimes abused, a good driver seldom used his whip except to stir the air above a lazy horse. Usually he just talked to the animals (tourists usually used the term "cussed") and a jerk of the reins was all that was needed to make them respond perfectly. Seems like the drivers and horses understood each other.

Though seldom used, these whips were a sort of badge of the trade. Each driver carried his with him all of the time. The whip stocks were often inlaid with mother of pearl and varicolored woods, like some billiard cues are today. Tourists who really wanted to show their generosity presented their favorite driver with a fancy whip stock. One driver-friend of mine confided that, at season's end when he returned to San Francisco, he often had twenty to thirty—sometimes even more—whip stocks to carry back with him. He sold them to a dealer in the city.

While I was working in the Park, the Washburn family decided to add to their accommodations and start an all-tent camp across the river. They were going to charge 50c a night, plus 50c for each meal. (The Hotel charged $4.00 a day, room and meals—in 1902 this was exceptionally high, being over twice as much as the average daily wage.)

A team brought equipment in for the new tent city and the hotel manager asked me if I would mind sleeping in a tent to guard the mattresses, chamber pots and other stuff they'd just acquired. "You know how those Indians around here are," he told me. "They'll help themselves to anything they can get."

So I said sure. What was there to be afraid of? I took my lantern and other necessities and soon was asleep. But around midnight the most unearthly moans, groans and growls I'd ever heard awakened me. My city boy "raising" told me bears or a herd of wildcats or mountain lions were seething around me, getting ready to attack. I lit the lantern, tied the tent entrance and piled loose furniture against the flaps, and grabbed a steel tent stake. Thus poised, I spent the night—one of the longest in my life.

Imagine my embarrassment the next morning when I was told that Old Aunt Sallie, one of the Indian squaws, had passed away during the night. The fierce noises I'd heard were the lamentations of Indians in mourning!

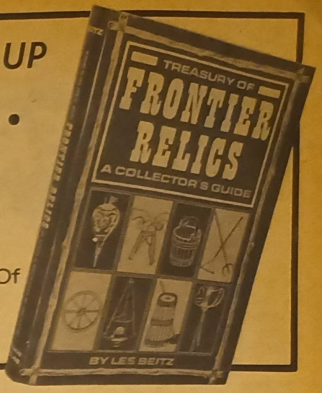
AT the season's close, the hotel photographer asked me to go on a camera trip with him. Our first stop was at Glacier Point. (There weren't any railings on the overhanging rock then.) He asked me to stand on the rock while he shot a few plates and I said okay, knowing a college lad had been photographed doing a handstand there and Kitty Thatch, head waitress at the Sentinel, had done the "skirt-dance" on the rock the year before.

He climbed down to "Photographers' Rock" and aimed his camera upwards and I walked out on the point and posed. But he raised his arm, pointing for me to go out farther. I did. Again he pointed. Again I moved. And again, but I was so near the edge by then I slid only a fraction of an inch farther. What did he want me to do? Take a three-mile fall just for his benefit?

Later, when I told him that I wouldn't have moved an inch if he'd gestured again, he laughed and answered, "I was trying to get you to hold out your arm and *point* across the valley. You were too near the edge to suit me already!"

I was on the postcards the next year, but no one who saw that photo of me realized what I'd sweated through while the photographer was in action.

Memories—yes, that's about all that's left. Nearly all the old-timers have gone to their rewards. One exception, though, is Miss Mary Ellen Degnan, the younger sister of red-haired Daisy Degnan, my particular choice at the dances that summer. Her folks operated the Wawona Hotel. I hardly remember Mary from those days but we have a lot to share and are friends now. She still runs an eating place—"Degnan's Cafe"—in Yosemite Village and has a wonderful sense of humor. I talked to her when I was in the Valley last year and took down her name and address so I could send her a card once in a while. After all, you don't want to lose track of somebody who can remember the "Connonball," Happy Camp and Salter Brothers' grocery store. Doggone, Mary Ellen was probably waving goodbye when I got my "pink slip" at the end of the season—and I looked on her as only a kid. That's the way it is when you're in your teens—they're either too young or too old!



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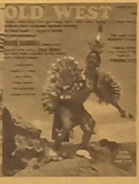

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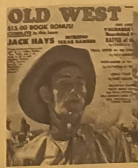

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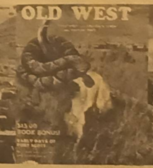

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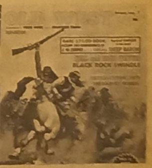

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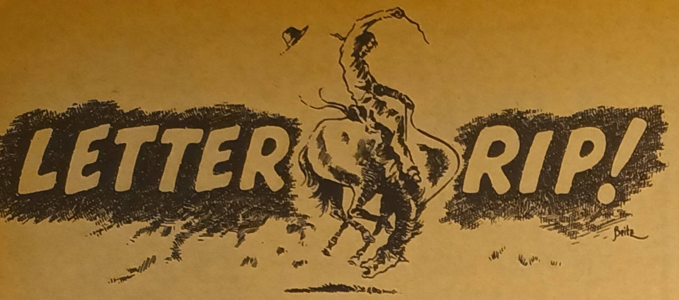


LETTER RIP!

Dear Sirs:

In the Spring Issue, 1966, of OLD WEST Magazine, you reprinted the book, *Three Months With Wild Indians*, written by my grandfather, Ole T. Nystel. I was thrilled and delighted to read the old story again, as my copy was lost years ago, and I had been unable to find another.

Many of the adventures were left out of the little book written in 1888, as Grandpa was still having difficulty with the English language; he spoke Norwegian and was more at home in that language.

When I was a little girl, my greatest delight was for Grandpa to come for a visit. He was a tall, fine looking man with thick, snow-white hair, a big white mustache, and a ready laugh. We delighted in making Grandpa pull up his britches leg and show us where the Indians shot him with an arrow. I can remember demanding all the details, and some of the stories were hair-raising. They may have "improved some with time," but knowing the Norwegian trait of sticking strictly to facts I am sure the stories were pretty close to the actual happenings.

As the years passed and I grew older, I realized more and more that he was the sort of man who builded this fine land. He was honest, hard working, faithful to his family, and deeply religious. Terror and death did not daunt him; he kept on in spite of hardships, and there must have been many in those early days. The reserve of courage he managed to hang onto during that time of captivity, as prisoner of the Comanches, seemed to stay with him through life. Having known the worst that a new, primitive land could do to him, he seemed to no longer fear ordinary problems.

Grandpa trained his sons to have a code of honor to live by and they passed it on to their children. Even though, in our present generation, it is considered old-fashioned, I am glad I am a descendant of people like him.—Mrs. V. C. Phillips, Box 533, Grandfalls, Texas.

Mrs. Phillips very kindly enclosed some family snapshots which we are happy to reproduce so that those of you who are keeping the book reprints in OLD WEST will have them to go with the story. We tried up to the moment of deadline to get a lead on family members or anyone else who might have had pictures to illustrate the story. No luck. But as always happens, when the magazine hits the stands, somebody—somewhere—will get in touch with us. We are very grateful to Mrs. Phillips for her letter.

Editor:

I knew Ben Cravens. The picture of him in the last issue of the OLD WEST was in our family for years. When I was just a small child, he came to our house several times. His girl friend lived near us. We children all loved him. I have sat on his lap and listened to him tell Indian stories. He was a good friend to my father and warned him about a neighbor who our family thought was a friend, but who was really a friend of the "Sooner" that was on our claim.

I never heard that he shot Bert Welty, but it is true he left Welty badly wounded. I remember quite well the night Welty came to our door. Mother took him in and dressed his wounds and called a doctor. I also remember when the posse came to get him. They all drew their guns when he came out the door. Father said, "You cowardly s—o—bs, can't you see he is wounded and unarmed?" Some posse members were as bad as the men they hunted. I know Ben Cravens was an outlaw, but lots of the crimes he was accused of he did not do.—Mrs. Sarah Edwards, 1021 Soscol Avenue, #202, Napa, California 94553.

Dear Joe:

While reading OLD WEST, my attention was attracted to the article concerning Old Cornucupia, written by Charles Kendall. I must say that his write-up is correct in every detail of that very memorable old place. I was the one who owned the saloon there when the mine closed down.

I also rented the old postoffice building, in the front of which was a one-chair barber shop. The barber and I batched in the rear, and we used the second story as a bedroom. I remember it as being a very fine camp at the end of the road, and wish that I could live it over. We were just like one big family, however somewhat isolated up in the hills.

We had our share of excitement at times, when the cowboys and miners got to celebrating. And when the mine closed down, most everyone went to Baker, Oregon, and celebrated for a week. Then they took off in every direction, and that was the end of Cornucopia Mine. —David Tingle, 2617 Northeast 130th Street, Seattle, Washington 98125.

Dear Sir:

This letter is in regard to your article, "Slick Clements—Dead Shot," which appeared in your Summer, 1966 issue. We thought you might be interested in knowing some of Clements' background. The following is part of an obituary for Eliza Clements, Slick's sister, who died in 1944 at the age of seventy-eight. I believe that this article appeared in a Brownwood (Texas) paper.

"She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Israel Clements and was born in Brown County February 24, 1866, and had lived in this county all of her life. She had lived at the present home in the Salt Creek community since she was a year old.

"Israel Clements and his family moved to Brown County in July, 1856, just one day after the arrival of Welcome William Chandler and his family, who were the first white settlers in the county.

"The Clements family established a home on Pecan Bayou, four miles north of the present site of Brownwood. In 1859 the family moved to a place on Jim Ned Creek, but in 1862 moved back to their original home on the Bayou. Then, in 1867, the family moved to the present Clements place on Salt Creek.

This photo of Mr. and Mrs. Ole T. Nystel was taken at their home in May, 1930. Mr. Nystel died in November of that year.

"It was here that one of the early-day tragedies of the county occurred. One night, Indians came to the Clements home and started away with two mules and six horses. Mr. Clements asked his hired hand, George Isaacs, to help him recover the animals; but Isaacs refused. Mr. Clements and his eldest son then took up the trail of the Indians and recovered the mules, but could not get the horses.

"The next morning, October 24, 1869, after Isaacs had been called a coward for not helping recover the animals, he attacked Mr. Clements with a knife and stabbed him eight times. Mr. Clements then overpowered his assailant and took the knife and slashed him. Isaacs died within a few minutes and Mr. Clements died thirty minutes later.

"Mrs. Clements and her six children continued to make their home on the Salt Creek farm until Mrs. Clements' death on July 24, 1891, and some of the children have continued to live there since. The only surviving member of the family now is Jim C. Clements, eighty-four, brother of Miss Eliza Clements. She was preceded in death by two brothers and two sisters. . . ."

On November 15, 1885, in Kimble County, Texas, Slick married Amanda E. Clements (no kin). They had four children, three of whom are living: Joe H. Clements, a retired rancher who now resides in El Paso, Texas; George Clements, a rancher near Picacho, New Mexico; Sallie Clements Treat (Mrs. A. R. Treat) residing in Roswell, New Mexico. Slick's widow, now Mrs. Carl Adamson, also resides in Roswell, and is now in her nineties.

I hope that you find this of interest. We enjoy all of your publications.—E. J. Treat, 601 South Heights, Roswell, New Mexico 88201.

Dear Sir:

I am a country and western song writer and singer, born in Rector, Green County, Arkansas, and raised in Detroit.

I enjoy your stories very much, especially the "Cry of the Death Bird." My dad told me of such a bird. It is not as dramatic as your story, but it is a strange story.

My Grandma Riddle and her first husband, Joe Gaskill, had a farm in Liberty hills, a few miles southwest of Marmaduke, Arkansas.

Mr. Gaskill was dying of a head affliction, probably tumor of the brain. He was a good man, and many times when Grandma carried water to him in the field, she would find him on his knees praying for relief. She would stand and wait until he got to his feet, then give the water to him.

When they got up in the morning to build a fire in the cookstove, they could hear this strange bird crying. Grandma asked Mr. Gaskill to go out and see what kind of bird it was, but he told her not to worry. He probably knew what it was.

They heard the "death bird" all summer. Finally, when Mr. Gaskill took to his bed, the bird came closer to the house, out in the garden. They said its cry was the most lonesome sound they ever heard. There was a fireplace just off the foot of Mr. Gaskill's bed, and the bird came closer. The last cry came from the corner just outside the fireplace. Mr. Gaskill died that evening, the last of November, 1892.

Grandma was a widow for three years when she and Grandpa got married. She bore him three sons, Robert A. born 1896, my dad, Enoch M. born 1898, and E. Clois born 1900, all living.

Grandma died in 1918, age fifty-eight. Grandpa Riddle died in 1923, age seventy-four. To our knowledge, no one in our family has ever heard the death bird again.—A. D. Riddle, 932 Harry Street, Tempe, Arizona.

Dear Editor:

In 1916 Mexican bandits were raiding across the Rio Grande, and in the Big Bend county of South Texas. The Government sent the U. S. Cavalry down there, among which were Troup G and A. Troup G and A were responsible for killing outright thirty-three bandits, scattering many more, and returning some beef herds.

When the trouble was over, Troup G was quartered at Utica, N. Y. A part airedale named "Trouper," which they brought to Utica with them from Mexico, was their mascot.

My mother, Mrs. Mildred Irene Young, now of Wisdom, Montana, lived right next door to the stables. When some months later Troup G was mustered out and transferred, or disbanded, my mother was given Trouper. Mother was nine years old at the time, she was sixteen when the dog died of old age. She vividly recalls the soldiers buying Trouper hot beef sandwiches at Fulmer's Bar on Columbia Street in Utica.

The grave of Ole T. Nystel and the little church in a private cemetery in Bosque County, Texas is shown below. At right is Mrs. Nystel with her first great-granddaughter. Photo was taken in 1930.

We would like to know if there are any of the Troup G soldiers alive today, and if they'd recall either my mother or the dog. If so, would they please write her, General Delivery, Wisdom, Montana. Also I am wondering how long Troup G was in Utica. Any information would be greatly appreciated.—Russell J. Young, 2900 Ockeechobee Road, West Palm Beach, Florida 33401.

Dear Joe:

I would like to express my appreciation to you and all of the staff for the great job you are doing to preserve the memory of the Old West. I also appreciate the effort that is being made to preserve the ghost towns of the West.

Being a taxidermist and a sportsman I see the need of conservation. I am trying to add to my western collection of mounted birds and animals. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who could help me obtain anything from a gopher to an elk.—Odis W. Kelly, Route 1, Box 2, Adamsville, Alabama.

Dear Sir:

Your magazines have carried features on most of the well-known, and many of the unjustly forgotten lawmen of the Old West, and for several years I've been waiting to see an article on one or another of three peace officers who seem to have had fine records in the Southwest during the 1890s without getting much recognition these days: Fred Higgins, Cicero Stewart, and Ben Clark. A number of the West's more interesting lives have been brought out of the shadows through the publication of letters from readers, and if you can squeeze this request into one of your magazines, I'd be delighted. Surely some of your readers must be in a position to know something of the lives of these three lawmen, and I should be very grateful to anyone who might take the trouble to write to me direct. —Jeffrey Burton, 5 Vicarge Gate, Kensington; London West 8th; England.

Dear Sir:

I would like to ask for information from your readers about the Bismark to Deadwood trail. This stage and freight trail was opened in 1877 and was closed down in 1880 or so, after the railroad reached Pierre, South Dakota which made a closer route to the Black Hills for the stage lines.

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who had kinfolks who were connected with this stage line in any way. Also would like to hear from pioneer families of North and South Dakota who knew of this trail and its stations of Dog Tooth, North Branch, Cedar Creek, Grand River, Belle Fourche, Grasshopper Peak and Deadwood.

The ruts of the trail are plainly visible in many places in the native sod as well as scars in side hills that maybe were dugouts for the stage stations along the way of this short-lived trail.—G. W. Patterson, Carpio, North Dakota 58725.

Indian Gallery

(Continued from back cover)

her own nation, which was distant about 400 miles, and left her to her fate and her reflections. She lost no time in obeying such salutary counsel, and had the good fortune the next day to fall in with a war party of her own people, by whom she was safely carried home.

The tidings of this deed accompanied Petalesharro to Washington. The ladies, especially, hastened to do him honor. A medal was prepared. A time was appointed for conferring upon him this merited gift, and an assembly had collected to witness the ceremony. He was told, in substance, that the medal was given in token of the opinion which was entertained because of his rescue of the Itean maid. He was asked by the ladies who presented it, to accept and wear it for their sake; and told, when he had another occasion to save a captive woman from the stake, to look upon the medal, and save her as he had saved the Itean girl.

We saw the medal put on his neck, and saw him take it in his hand, and look at it. Holding it before him, he continued, "This brings rest to my heart. I feel like the leaf after a storm, and when the wind is still. I listen to you. I am glad. I love the palefaces more than I ever did, and will open my ears wider when they speak. I am glad you heard of what I did. I did not know the act was so good. It came from my heart. I was ignorant of its value. I now know how good it was. You make me know this by giving me this medal."

THE RESCUE of the Itean girl might, if a solitary act, be looked upon as the result of impulse, and not as proceeding from a generous nature. It happens, however, not to stand alone, as the only incident of the sort in the life of Petalesharro. One of his brother warriors had brought in a captive boy, a Spaniard. The captor resolved to offer him in sacrifice to the Great Star.

The chief, Letalashaw, had been for some time opposed to these barbarous rites. He sent for the warrior, and told him he did not wish him to make the sacrifice. The warrior claimed his right, under the immemorial customs of the tribe. They parted. Letalashaw sent for his son, and asked what was to be done to divert the captor from his purpose.

Petalesharro promptly replied, "I will take the boy, like a brave, by force."

The father thought, no doubt, that danger would attend upon the act, and resolved on a more pacific mode. It was to buy the boy. He accordingly gave out his intention, and those who had goods of any kind brought them to his lodge and laid them down as an offering on the pile which the chief had supplied from his own stores. The collection having been made, the captor was again sent for and, in the authoritative tone of a chief, thus addressed: "Take these goods, and give me the boy."

He refused, and the chief seized his war-club and flourished it over the head of the captor. At that moment, Petalesharro sprang forward and said, "Strike! Let the wrath of his friends fall on me."

The captor, making a merit of necessity, agreed, if a few more articles were added, to give up the boy to the chief. Thus the captive was saved. The merchandise was sacrificed instead of the boy. The cloth was cut into shreds and suspended upon poles at the spot upon which the blood of the victim had been proposed to be shed, and the remainder of the articles burned. No subsequent attempt to immolate a victim was made.

Petalesharro succeeded his father in the chieftainship of his tribe, and became highly destinguished in that nation.

Canadian Gold on a California Reef

(Continued from page 9)

AL CHARTERED a fishing boat from Ned Green's cousin, Harry Von Pelt, of Requa, California. Using an eight-foot steel rod to probe in the sand, Al found a number of wrecks, but no wooden ones. Winter was approaching, and Al decided the crew should call it quits and resume operations the following year.

The next spring, Al chartered the *Golden West*, a sixty-foot motor vessel from Eureka, California. Diving from this boat, they continued their search. Al's persistence in probing in the sand with his rod, finally paid off. He found his first wooden wreck. The crew was in high spirits.

The charter for the *Golden West* was soon up, so the crew marked the wooden ship's location with buoys, and returned to Crescent City to build a barge. While his men were busy at this task, Al decided he would check on his buoys and see if they were still intact.

When he arrived at the Point, he was amazed to see another salvage vessel anchored close to his buoys. Turning his car around, he raced for home.

His crew armed themselves with rifles and returned to Point St. George. A round of rifle fire over the salvage boat to warn them they were poaching on Al's find, brought quick results. The captain of the boat pulled up his anchor and headed for sea. Suspecting that one of his own men had done too much talking, Al made a vow that when he found his next wreck, he would keep the location to himself.

Diving from his barge, Al resumed his probing in the sand. The first wreck turned out to be an old wooden schooner, but another was resting not far away. It took the sand pumps four days to uncover a portion of the deck. A number of iron rails were found.

So much time had been lost in finding other wrecks and proving them out, that this time Al chose to experiment. The *Brother Jonathan's* oak deck had been twelve inches thick; he would bore a hole through this deck, and compare his findings. Two hours were spent boring this hole, but the results were good. The deck was twelve inches thick, and the wood was oak!

Salvage operations at this point came to a halt because of an approaching storm. The crew anchored the barge with extra care and left for home.

After a week of stormy weather, the wind subsided, and the crew returned to Point St. George, only to find their barge broken up and their equipment gone. Al tried to get additional funds to make another try, but the Depression was on, and no one had any money.

EARLY one morning as Al was preparing to go to work, he told his brother, Walter, who was home on a furlough from the Navy, to get Ned Green and check the buoys over the wreck to see if they were still there.

When Al returned home at noon he was informed by his wife that the Coast Guard had called to report that some of Al's crew were out at sea on an overturned dory. Fastening his trailer, which contained his small boat, to the car, Al rushed to Point St. George.

There, with the help of Radio Operator, D. W. Stewart, U.S.C.G., Al succeeded in launching the boat over the rocky cliff, and working it out through the breakers. After much difficulty and at a great peril to their own lives, Al and Stewart rescued the men from their hazardous position and rowed them through the rock-strewn sea to safety.

Quite a number of people witnessed this act of bravery. Al carried both crew members up the cliff to the Coast Guard Station, where medical aid was given them. Ned Green was paralyzed and was an invalid for a year. Walter recovered soon afterward, and returned to duty only to be killed by an explosion on an airplane carrier.

With Ned Green out of action, his half-brother dead, and his wife extremely ill due to the damp climate, Al moved back to Cave Junction, Oregon. This ended his last try for the *Brother Jonathan.*

I myself have made a number of dives at Point St. George Reef. This reef is extremely dangerous. It would be my advice to dive when the tide starts to even itself out. I asked Al Thayer why it had taken him so many years to find his last wreck and he replied, "If I had scuba gear like you have, I would have been a wealthy man now. Also, I had a family to support, which curtailed my diving time."

Johnny White could only point in the general direction where the ship went down (forty-three years had elapsed since he had witnessed this tragedy). Shifting sands and currents probably moved the wreck quite a distance from where it occurred.

I asked Al if he were sure the last wreck he was on was the *Brother Jonathan*, and he replied, "Yes it was, but I had no concrete proof."

Charley Johnson, a ninety-seven-year-old Indian said he and a friend used to fish at Point St. George. One day they pulled up some rigging with the name *Brother Jonathan* on it. He still has the pieces.

At present I have a three-year salvage lease from the State of California. That doesn't give me much time, but I'm going to try to prove that Al Thayer is right.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS, OCTOBER 23, 1962, SECTION 4369, TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMNT AND CIRCULATION OF OLD WEST, published quarterly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher, Joe Austell Small, 2405 Briargrove, Austin, Texas 78704. Editor: Pat Wagner, 706 Rio Grande, Austin, Texas 78701. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704; Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder. Average number of copies printed during last twelve months: 186,666; total copies printed last single issue: 192,365. Average number of sales during last twelve months through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 109,643; sales for last single issue through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 118,867. Average paid circulation during last twelve months, mail subscriptions: 5,820; paid circulation, mail subscriptions last single issue: 5,667. Average total paid circulation during last twelve months: 115,463; total paid circulation last single issue: 124,534. Average free distribution during last twelve months: 500; free distribution last single issue: 500. Average total distribution during last twelve months: 115,963; total distribution last single issue: 125,034. Average number during last twelve months unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 70,703; total number last single issue unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 67,331. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 21, 1966.

J. Wright Mooar

(Continued from page 27)

The man who was driving the lead team stopped suddenly and called to the others to halt. One of his mules had frozen to death. John W. Mooar saw that the man was totally blind from the ice on his eyelashes. John cupped his hands, blew his breath on his hands, and held them over the fellow's eyes, thus thawing them out to where he could see again.

When the men were ready to move on, no one in the outfit could urge the lead mules to start. They absolutely refused to move out of their tracks. One man was pushing against a mule, when he lost his balance and fell against a wall completely covered with ice and snow. This wall proved to be John Hunt's ranch house, and they were saved. Bat Masterson was driving one of the teams on that frightful trip, which was in January, 1873.

The Mooars returned to their camp on Kiowa Creek. The spring promised to be full of adventure, for there was plenty of big game. But the Mooars had to pass it all up. John suddenly became ill and developed double pneumonia. He was placed in his wagon and taken to Dodge City to the hospital, where he had the best care that could be given, but he had a hard fight to overcome the insidious illness. When he had fully recovered, the outfit left for the Cimarron River country, where they camped for the summer. The Mooars were joined by other outfits for protection.

In 1873 and 1874 the Indians were so troublesome in Kansas it was decided to change their base from Dodge City to Texas, and thus was established the first buffalo camp in Texas on the Canadian River in what is now Haskell County.

When the hunters reached Indian Territory they found the tribes very hostile. Conditions were so bad that John Wesley Mooar rode ahead to Fort Sill to request permission to remain at the fort for a few days. When he arrived a young lieutenant was on duty who was just out of West Point and was quite arrogant over his position. Mooar stated his business and the young officer was so haughty that Mooar told him in plain English that he needed to know the difference between a gentleman and a ruffian. The commanding officer at the post overheard the conversation and ordered the lieutenant to issue the permit—and for two weeks instead of one. Thus when the outfit reached Fort Sill the men had some protection from the savages.

IN 1874 Rath & Wright, merchants in Dodge City, followed the buffalo hunters to the Canadian and opened a trading post called Adobe Walls. Before this John Wesley Mooar made many a trip to Dodge City with his famous dog, Towser, and his wagonloads of hides and buffalo meat, returning with provisions and ammunition.

A soldier at Dodge City had given the puppy to Mooar. Part shepherd and part wolf, he grew to be a very large dog and accompanied his master on every trip back and forth to Dodge City and Fort Griffin. When Indians were lurking around the camp, Towser would go to each sleeping man and begin licking his face to rouse him. That dog never made a sound when danger was near. One time some horse thieves were being tried at Fort Griffin and one of them said, "We intended to steal the Mooars' horses, but the old dog would not let us."

Towser lived eighteen years. At the last, he became infirm, lost his eyesight and teeth, and became very deaf. John W. Mooar cared for him in his old age, and when Towser died, made a trip of thirty miles to get a nice box in which to bury his loyal pet.

Just previous to and at the time of the Adobe Walls battle, which has been described in so many of our histories, the Mooar brothers were hunting around Red River. No one had been over that section before. The Indians were so hostile, the Mooars hauled all of their goods and supplies to Adobe Walls by wagon, and sold the stock to A. C. Myers, a merchant there.

They had decided to go back to Dodge City and make that their base, for having contacted the Indians so many times on Red River, the brothers had every reason to believe the Indians would raid Adobe Walls. They even let Rath have all their guns, as he was sending a load of freight to Dodge City and wanted his men to be well armed.

The Mooar brothers reached Dodge City the day after the battle at Adobe Walls took place, and news of this battle was the first thing they heard on their arrival there. It was fought on June 7, 1874.

The Mooars went back to Beaver Creek, in No Man's Land, in the winter of 1874 and began their work of hunting, taking the buffalo meat and hides to Dodge City and bringing back needed supplies for their camps.

During the summer of 1876, Wright went to Vermont to visit his parents, while John Wesley remained at the camp and ran the entire business. When his brother returned, John Wesley met him at Fort Griffin. Deciding that a new location was necessary, the brothers made a new camp on Deep Creek in Scurry County, on October 7, 1876. (The name was given to the creek by John Wesley Mooar and it is still known by that name.) They hired men to stay at the camp while they hunted and scoured the plains for two years, thoroughly combing Mitchell County.

THE MOOAR BROTHERS did their first huge killing in Texas, and they opened the way for others. Two of the greatest were George Causey and Sam Carr. By 1876 big and little outfits came in and took part in the big hunt, and all sorts of people trailed the professionals. Killing buffalo required great skill, courage and endurance. The range had only a few men like John W. Mooar, J. Wright Mooar, George Causey, Jim White and Sam Carr.

"Headwaters of the Rio Grande, Suh!"

The first buffalo hides ever taken to a Texas market were hauled to Denison by John W. Mooar, accompanied by W. H. (Uncle Pete) Snyder, the lot amounting to 4,000 hides. The strange looking outfit created much excitement and curiosity. After reaching Denison Mr. Mooar sold the cargo by telegraph to Lobenstein of Leavenworth, Kansas. Because of this sale Lobenstein put in a branch office at Fort Griffin, and brought the market to the frontier.

While in Denison the Mooars bought extra ox-teams and hauled freight for the Government back to Fort Griffin. During the peak years about 5,000 men were on the range in Texas.

Hides were in demand for all sorts of leather goods, sole leather, harness; and some tanners specialized in robes.

The two Mooar brothers soon realized the need for a long range rifle. Accordingly, John W. Mooar began corresponding with the Sharp's Rifle Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut. He explained the type of gun necessary for hunting buffaloes. This company manufactured the rifle according to John W. Mooar's suggestions, and it proved a great success. It was the gun the Indians dreaded, and about which they said, "White man's gun shoot today and kill tomorrow." The model for this rifle cost the Mooars $150.00.

FOLLOWING the close of the great buffalo slaughter, a new business sprang up. Bones were everywhere. The prairie was snow-white with them. It became known that there was a demand for bones for making fertilizer, and soon the bone-gathering began. At first the bones brought $5.00 per ton, but soon doubled in price. The first shipment was made from Abilene, Texas, to New Orleans, Louisiana. Soon cars were being loaded at Colorado City, Sweetwater, and all other towns on the railroad.

The business did not last long, but it was worthwhile, for more than $3,000,000 was taken in by the various bone collectors. At this period John W. Mooar hauled wire to the Charles Goodnight ranch to fence the Quitaque portion of the ranch, and on his return trips picked up bones and loaded his wagons. By the time he finished hauling the wire for the Goodnight outfit he had made $1,500 on bones he had picked up. Bone buyers were somewhat like cotton buyers of the present day. They were on the ground ready to buy.

Besides being a large property owner in Colorado City, John W. Mooar held the agency for the Hynes Carriage Co. of Quincy, Illinois, and sold to ranchmen far and near the regular ranch buggies, hacks, surreys and phaetons manufactured by Hynes. The vehicles were all high-priced conveyances and would rank with the Packard automobile of the present period.

After the buffalo days were over, John Wesley Mooar continued in the ranch busines until his death May 24, 1918. In the late 1880s he predicted oil would be discovered in Scurry and Mitchell Counties, and tried to get the people interested in drilling. It is too bad that he couldn't have lived to see the present great Snyder oil field he tried so hard to get developed. He also talked irrigation, and got laughed at for his enthusiasm. He was a man far ahead of his time, and had a vision of progress and development.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

PIONEER TEXIANS

The Narrative of Robert Hancock Hunter (The Encino Press, 1902 Arthur Lane, Austin, Texas 78704, $6.00) is the latest publication of artist-historian-publicist, William D. Wittliff. It is bound in boards with a cloth spine and there is a transparent protective wrapper. Bill did the frontispiece drawing of Hunter—it is also used on the front cover and he wrote an enthusiastic and informative introduction. Hunter went to Texas in 1822 and he didn't miss many of the important happenings of his day. He wrote this narrative in 1860 but it was not put in print until the Texas Centennial in 1936. That little pamphlet has long since been OP and the format did not do justice to Hunter's vivid recollections. Bill Wittliff has provided the cover the Hunter words deserve, but the edition consists of just 640 copies. A gem.

Bigfoot Wallace was one of this reviewer's boyhood heroes. He found Bigfoot in a juvenile when he was twelve and he owns just about every printing of every book written about him except one (too expensive because it is excessively rare). Despite that, he welcomes Bison Book 343, John C. Duval's *The Adventures of Big-Foot Wallace* (University of Nebraska Press, $1.80) as edited by Mabel Major and Rebecca W. Smith in 1936 when both were members of the faculty at Texas Christian University in Ft. Worth and your reviewer lived just a block and a half from the campus. J. Frank Dobie said of Duval's book: "His narrative of Bigfoot's *Adventures* is the rollickiest and the most flavorsome that any American frontiersman has yet inspired." Certainly it belongs to that small group of frontier narratives that should always be *in print* and thus available to each new generation of readers. Bigfoot Wallace was a Texas Ranger, a mail contractor, a rancher and an Indian fighter. He also was a story teller and he found the right man in Duval, also a Texas Ranger and one of few escapees of the Goliad Massacre, to write his saga. It first appeared in 1870 in a Georgia printed magazine and in book form in 1871. Bigfoot lived until 1899—long enough to see the Texas frontier disappear but he didn't forget the adventures of his youth, including the Mier Expedition and service as a Texas (Ranger) Volunteer in the war with Mexico. This is a classic and a bargain.

RODEO CHAMP

Bob Crosby, World Champion Cowboy (Clarendon Press, Trophy Edition, $15.) is by Thelma (Mrs. Bob) Crosby who had the writing help of Eve Ball. Bob Crosby was a rodeo cowboy but he was a working cowboy and ranch owner when he wasn't on the circuit. Mrs. Crosby tells his story and it is exciting enough for anyone and it is a must for the rodeo buffs. Crosby was one of the great rodeo performers of his day—this reviewer remembers him at Ft. Worth and Cheyenne and of course he was at Madison Square Garden in New York, at the Pendleton Roundup, at Denver and wherever there was riding and roping action. Bob, Thelma and daughter Roberta went to London with Tex Austin in 1924—along with 165 cowboys and girls and their horses—the story of that trip is one of the high spots of the book. But there are many other high spots—rodeo life was exciting and the rodeo womenfolks had their share of heartaches and worries. This is one of the few books that adequately set forth their feeling about the dangerous life of their men in the arena. This Trophy edition is really something—it is limited to 175 numbered and signed copies bound in Levi Strauss' blue denim with leather title label. It is a big handsome book printed on eighty-pound white Torino Text. There is a frontispiece by Peter Hurd and drawings in the text by Olive Vandruff Bugbee. Omar Barker wrote the introduction and Eve Ball a brief preface—a champion all the way—worthy of Wild Horse Bob.

A MINING MAN!

George Hearst, California Pioneer (Westernlore, $7.50) is the first published edition of a privately printed biography by Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older. William Randolph Hearst asked the Olders to write a biography, not a eulogy, of his father and he had 1,000 copies printed and bound in white morocco. The pages measured nine by fourteen inches and the book weighed five pounds—it was for presentation only and very few copies have been seen in the trade. The first presentations were made at San Simeon to 150 guests on August 28, 1933. It was a companion volume to another privately printed biography of William Randolph Hearst's mother presented in 1928. George Hearst was a Missouri farmer and lead miner before taking the Overland Trail to California in 1850. He made a fortune in his many and varied mining ventures in California and Nevada (gold), Utah (silver and gold), and Montana (copper), and became the leading mining expert of his day. He invested his profits in real estate and other mines. He owned several large ranches including one in Mexico. He bought *The Examiner* in San Francisco because his party (the Democrats) needed a newspaper, but it was his son, William Randolph, who got it out of the red. George was serving his adopted State as U.S. Senator at the time of his death. This is a good biography—a trifle sentimental at times but never maudlin; there is much about Phoebe Apperson Hearst (Mrs. George Hearst), a gentle and generous lady. The illustrations are from the original edition and are by William Wilke. There is an index and the usual fine Westernlore format. Worthwhile.

Watch for our Summer OLD WEST on sale about March 31. It will feature Ghost Towns—save it for your 1967 vacation! This is in addition to our regular features and rare book reprint. Don't miss it!

EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT

Custer Fell First (Naylor, $3.95) is the claim of John C. Lockwood, one of his scouts, who missed the fight because he was carrying a message to Major Reno. This book was edited and compiled by J. C. Ryan, a nephew of Lockwood. His chief sources were an original account dictated by Lockwood in 1922 and the Lockwood papers in the Huntington Library. Lockwood's life was one of high adventure—at the age of thirteen he was on a trail drive from Texas to Abilene; he was a hide hunter; prospected for (and found) gold in the Black Hills; joined Charlie Reynolds as a civilian scout for Custer; served as a trooper in the Seventh Cavalry; was a stagecoach driver and a pioneer railroad man. The story of his romance is a little hard to take but it could have happened that way. And while his story of the killing of Custer does not check with the spot where the body was found, it could be accurate. As editor Ryan points out, his Uncle Jack was a Custer admirer and had no reason for telling anything but the truth about what he saw. Uncle Jack did slip at least once—a trail drive without a stampede would hardly be worth mentioning so there was one—caused by a *Texas Norther* with sleet and snow in *mid-summer*—WOW. Maybe he stretched the blanket a bit in other spots, too, but you'll find it an entertaining account.

Diary of an Excursion to the Ruins of Abo, Quarra and Gran Quivira in New Mexico in 1853 (Stagecoach Press, $4.50) is number 1 in a new Southwestern Series projected by erudite Jack D. Rittenhouse of the Press. Well over a century has passed since this *Diary* was last printed in the Ninth Annual Report—of the Smithsonian Institution (1855). Major James Henry Carleton was in command of the army detachment of 100 Dragoons that made the excursion from Albuquerque to the ruins in December 1853 and the report, being signed by him, is usually referred to as the "Carleton Report." It seems to be the work of some member of the detachment specifically assigned the task of making a careful record of what they saw and did en route to, and at, the three "ruins." The chronicler was a close observer and has much to say about the landscape and the geology and geography of the area visited. He also included some incisive observations about the villages visited and their inhabitants. Mountainair, New Mexico, a favorite summering spot for Texans when this reviewer was growing up, is the starting point now for visits to the three ruins—Gran Quivira is now a National Monument and Abo and Quarra are State Monuments. Carleton's Dragoons saw them early and it is good to have their report available once more (750 copies), particularly in a typical fine Stagecoach volume.

OLD WEST Special! BOOK BONUS!

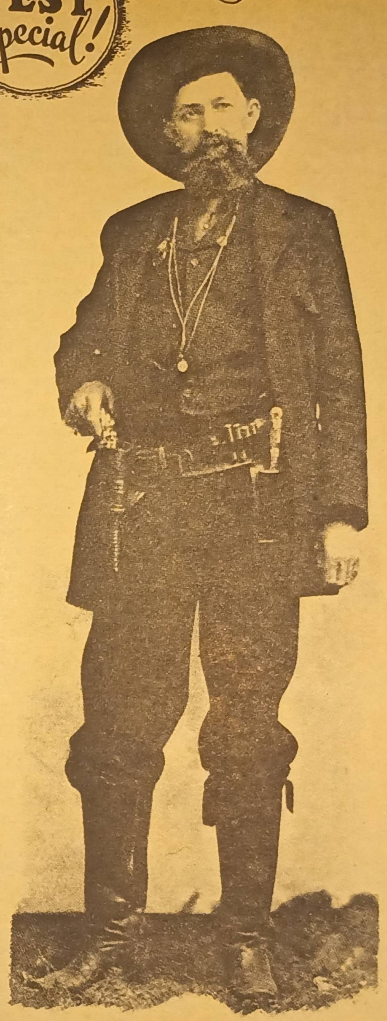
RARE $125.00 BOOK Reprinted IN THIS ISSUE!

TWELVE YEARS IN THE SADDLE

FOR LAW AND ORDER ON THE FRONTIERS OF TEXAS

By

Sergeant W. J. L. SULLIVAN
—TEXAS RANGER—
Co. B, Frontier Battalion



Sergeant W. J. L. Sullivan in 1896

Copyright, 1909 by Sergeant W. J. L. Sullivan; Published at Austin, Texas, by Von Boeckmann-Jones Company.

PREFATORY

In offering this book to the public, I have not undertaken to present a history of my life. I do not consider my life of enough importance to warrant making a book about it. What I have undertaken to do is to tell some of the exciting experiences that have fallen to the lot of that noble band, the Texas Ranger force, of which I had the honor to be a member for twelve years. I had the leading part, it is true, in the incidents related, but the reader will see that I was not the whole show—there were others. I have prefixed some brief notes concerning my ancestry, and some incidents of my youth, and have followed with true accounts, written in my own plain way, of the principal events of my career as a Sergeant of the Rangers.

I have introduced plates herein, made from photographs, showing the faces of some of the most noted criminals in the annals of Texas; also photo illustrations of some of my dear comrades—all of them, in fact, that I could procure for this edition of my book.

For valuable assistance in the preparation of these pages, I am indebted to numerous friends, whom I will not enumerate by name, but whose kindness will ever be remembered by me.

With a respectful bow to my audience—the public—and a plea for their indulgence instead of their exacting criticism, I am,

Very Cordially, The Author,
W. J. L. SULLIVAN

MY FATHER, Tom Sullivan, was born and raised at No. 99 Broome Street, New York City, where he engaged in business as a master mechanic. My grandfather, John Sullivan, was born in Ireland. He and my grandmother moved to New York City and settled on Broome Street, where my father, who was an only child, was born. My grandfather was a Mason by order and also by occupation. Just before my father's death, my grandfather wrote him that he was coming to him to bring him fifteen hundred dollars that he had collected from the rents of my father's property, which was in the City of New York. He started out with the money, as he said he would, and has never been heard of up to seven years ago, when a bank book of his was found in a savings bank in New York.

My father went to Perry County, Alabama, and met and married my mother, Summer McFarlen, and they moved to Winston County, Mississippi, where my father engaged in farming until his death.

I was born in Winston County, Mississippi, on the 10th day of July, in 1851. My father had died seventy-nine days before my birth, leaving my mother with three other children besides me. Later on, my mother married a Mr. Presley, of Leek County, and two children were born to them. My stepfather moved with us to Bradley County, Arkansas, where my mother died when I was but eight years of age.

My stepfather married again. That left me, as it proved to be, in a bad predicament. I had no father nor mother, and my stepfather, after my mother's death, had married another woman. My only sister also married, and soon after that my brother, Tom, died, which left my other brother, Jim, and me to take care of ourselves as best we could. Our trouble had only begun, however, for in 1861 the Civil War broke out, and my stepfather, Mr. Presley, and my brother-in-law went to the front, where both were killed, fighting for the cause of the Confederacy. When Presley went to the war, he left Jim and me with his father-in-law, a Mr. Jeams. It was cruel fate for us to meet. "Old man Jeams," as he was commonly called, was very hard on Jim and me. A merciless tyrant, with no feeling or principle, he beat us many times until we were so stunned and stupefied that we could not realize whether we were dead or alive. It is a terrible thing for poor, little, innocent children to fall into the tight, greedy clutches of such a man as this.

Jeams was known all over that section of the country as a hard character, and the soldiers stationed in that vicinity learned how brutal he was to my brother and me and paid him a visit one night, about two o'clock, to adjust matters with him with the aid of a new rope, which one of the men carried for convenience on the horn of his saddle. There were about twenty-five in the party, and they called Jeams out to the gate for an interview. One man in the squad, a Mr. Bloxom, had a greater grudge than the others against Jeams, for the latter had stolen a fine cow from Bloxom's widowed daughter, of which fact Bloxom had informed the others of the party.

After getting Jeams out of the house, they asked him where the two little boys were, who lived with him. Jeams answered that they were in bed. They then told him to rouse us and bring us to the gate, which he promptly did. They asked us if we were living with "old man Jonathan Jeams." We told them that we were. Then they asked us if our stepfather and brother-in-law were not fighting in the war. We answered that they were. The soldiers then asked us if it was not true that Jeams beat and abused us a great deal. They immediately followed that question up with other inquiries as to the manner in which we were generally mistreated by our stepfather's father-in-law. Brother Jim was afraid to tell them the truth, for fear his guardian would make it all the harder for him in the future, so he denied that he was mistreated, and said that Jeams was good to us.

I spoke up when Jim got through and told the soldiers that my brother was afraid to tell the truth; that Jeams whipped and abused us all the time, and that occasionally he would beat us nearly to death. Jim contradicted the things that I told them, but the soldiers said that if his story had corroborated mine, they would break Jeams' neck right there with their rope. This talk, however, frightened Jim all the more, and when they asked him again if "Old Jeams" wasn't making slaves of us, he vigorously denied it. They asked Jim if Jeams had stolen the cow and killed her for beef, and I told the soldiers (yes); but the statements that Jim and I had made were conflicting, and the soldiers would not hang him.

They still believed Jeams to be guilty, however, and lectured him about an hour and a half before they let him go to bed. They said they would watch him after that, and see that he conducted himself properly as long as he lived in that community. Jim and I went back to bed, but could sleep no more the rest of the night for thinking over this exciting episode.

If Jim had not been so frightened, and had borne me out in my statements, the soldiers would have hung Jeams, and from that hour we would have been entirely and forever free from that heartless tyrant; but, as it was, we lay in our bed the remainder of that eventful night, debating, in whispers, as to whether the soldiers' visit, since it resulted as it did, would make our life more pleasant or more miserable. Since Jeams had heard what I had to say to the soldiers, and since he was permitted to live on guard over me, I decided that he was going to make things even more disagreeable for me, if possible, than ever before; so I told my brother that I was going to make my escape the next day if I got a chance.

I knew that the sooner I got off the better, so at twelve o'clock I bade my brother goodbye, climbed over the fence behind the barn, and hit the trail like a deer. I ran as swiftly as my legs could carry me, and jumped over logs and bushes to save the time it would take to go around them. A few times I looked back just long enough to see if I was being pursued; then I would run faster than ever on my way to Mr. Bloxom, the man whose daughter's cow was stolen by Jeams. I enjoyed the prospects of getting out of Jeams' reach. If I had not run away from him, he would have made a "ship-wreck" of me for telling the soldiers about his lawlessness. Soon I, myself, was to be with those soldiers, and to have their protection, and I was glad.

When I reached Bloxom's home he saluted me, and told me that I had done right, and asked me where my brother was. I told him that he was still in Jeams' hands. Bloxom then took occasion to remark that Jeams would have been a dead man, if my brother's story had not conflicted with the statements which I had made the night before. I asked Mr. Bloxom if he thought I could stay with the soldiers. He assured me that I could, and got his son, Tom, to saddle his horse and take me over to Carter's regiment. I rode behind Tom, and we reached the soldiers' camp some time after dark.

Jeams guessed that I had gone to Bloxom's and put my brother on a mule and sent him over there in search of me. Bloxom advised him to join me and stay with the army. Jim told him that he couldn't do that, as he had the "old man's" mule, and that he had to go back on that account. Bloxom sent the mule back to Jeams by a soldier, and someone conducted Jim to the regiment where I had gone, he reaching camp an hour or two after I did. Jim was afraid to run away, but felt mightily relieved when the soldiers took us with them and gave us their protection.

NEVER shall I forget the night that Brother and I reached the soldiers' camp, when we first joined Carter's regiment. Everything seemed very different from what we were used to, but we felt easier and more comfortable. We were not afraid that we would be jerked up at any moment and cuffed about and abused, as was Jeams' manner of treating us. The soldiers felt sorry for Jim and me and treated us as kindly as they could. Col. Giddings had charge of this regiment, and knowing the plight we were in told us that we could stay with his men as long as we wished. We were too young to fight, but we began to feel as if we were real soldiers. Once, while we were with the regiment, the soldiers captured, somewhere on the Arkansas River, four hundred mules, one hundred and twenty-five or thirty wagons, and several Yankees. At another place, we captured about three hundred beeves.

We had been with the regiment about fifteen months, when three of the soldiers, Trave Burton, Bill Henley and Leonard Burns, got furloughs to go home. This was about two months before the close of the war. The three men asked Brother Jim and me to go home with them. We accepted their kind invitation, and with them left the army. For a little while I lived with Leonard Burns, and James stayed with Trave Burton. Later on, however, we got together, and both of us lived with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Henley, with whom we stayed for a number of years, not leaving them until we were about grown.

Mr. and Mrs. Henley were like father and mother to James and me. I never knew before what it was to be in such a good home. It seemed a paradise to me, who had been left an orphan boy, unprotected, and at the mercy of rough, careless, unfeeling people, and I could well appreciate my new surroundings. It is sad for little children to be left without a father and mother to take care of them, and when poor, little orphans endure what James and I had to bear, they should be very thankful when they are placed in a good home, as we were. God pity the orphan children of this world, and may He bless the kind-hearted people who take them in and raise them to become useful men and women.

Mr. and Mrs. Henley always taught and encouraged us to be honest and industrious, and to have a proper regard for the law. Through respect for their memory, and because I owed it to myself and to my father and mother who died in my infancy, I always lived up to those teachings. Since I have served the people of Texas as a Ranger and dealt with numerous criminals, I have learned through personal observation, the wisdom of the teachings of those good old people. The world is full of tragedies and, having been a state officer for over twelve years, I have witnessed many of them myself. Many criminals have brought shame, misery and trouble upon themselves, their families and their friends, because they started out in their youth with no respect for the laws of God and man. In the following chapters I shall tell you the tragic story of dozens of criminals who wound up their careers in the penitentiary—or, in a few instances, at the rope's end.

In some cases the men had no parents to care for them, nor anyone else to teach them how to become honest, upright and useful. In other cases, however, they were men who had parents but, while young and "smart," had disregarded the teachings of their elders and later on had flagrantly violated the laws of their country, until they were finally locked within the four walls of a penitentiary, their liberty gone, and themselves disgraced and despised. They are left in dark, lonely cells to brood day and night over their unhappy fate, and to realize the folly of their former misbehavior.

I have encountered many men who appeared, at first sight, to be good, but who were really tough characters, and who, unfortunately, possessed much influence for evil over their companions. Thus, young people should be very careful with whom they associate.

I have also seen men in good circumstances disobey the law for some material acquisition, and lose whatever they had thereby gained, together with all they ever possessed before, trying to stave off the prosecution; and they were fortunate, even at that, if they are not finally sent to the penitentiary. With these impressive lessons before me, and because I ever wanted to do my duty and be honest, thereby gaining my own self-respect, I always tried to do what I thought was right, and I respected and obeyed the laws of my country. Once or twice, when I was young, I laid wagers with money, and several times I drank whiskey; but I soon saw the folly in these, the only vicious habits that I ever started, and nipped them in the bud. For twelve years my business took me into the worst saloons, gambling dens, and low dives in Texas, but I always managed to keep from falling into the habits of the people whom I encountered in these places.

I am getting old now and, as people usually do in their declining years, I spend many of my idle hours in meditation, thinking ever of the incidents of my past life: and, while thus reviewing my record as an officer and an honest citizen, I am rewarded with the only genuine happiness and satisfaction that man can experience while, with tottering footsteps, he is nearing the gateway through which he passes into the unknown world beyond.

IN 1871 I joined a party of cattlemen who were on their way to Ellsworth, Kansas, to which place they were driving three thousand head of cattle, which belonged to Tom Pullman and a Mr. Matthews. These two gentlemen owned three more herds of beeves, with about three thousand head to a herd.

We were traveling on the Chisholm Trail, which led to Smoky River. This was in the early days, before there were any railroads to amount to anything in Texas, and cattle had to be driven all the way to Kansas cross-country.

The Chisholm Trail was always lined all the way from Texas to Kansas. It was a great sight to see so many cattle driven on this trail, all bound for the same market. One could look forward or backward and not be able to see the end of the long string of cattle.

I was just a young man then, and went along to help drive this herd of cattle to market. I enjoyed the trip very much, as the scenery was beautiful and camping out was delightful for us cowboys.

The grass all along the route was as fine as it could be, and kept the cattle reasonably fat, considering the long journey, and when they reached their destination it would only take a few days' rest to get them in perfect condition.

Those were great days in Texas, when money was plentiful and wages good. We received splendid pay for driving cattle and the work was most enjoyable. Game was plentiful all the way from Texas to Kansas. The country was full of elk, buffalo, antelope and deer, and we always had plenty of venison to eat, after our appetites were sharpened from a day's riding in the saddle.

We had our cattle bedded near the Canadian River one rainy night, and Tom Murphy, of Austin, and I were guarding them. At twelve o'clock that night about fifteen Indians made a sudden raid on the cattle and stampeded them. The cattle and horses were very much frightened and scattered in every direction. All the cowboys came to our rescue.

The first dash the Indians made, they cut off about seventy-five cattle from the herd. The other cattle then ran about two miles and a half in a circle before they "broke the mill."

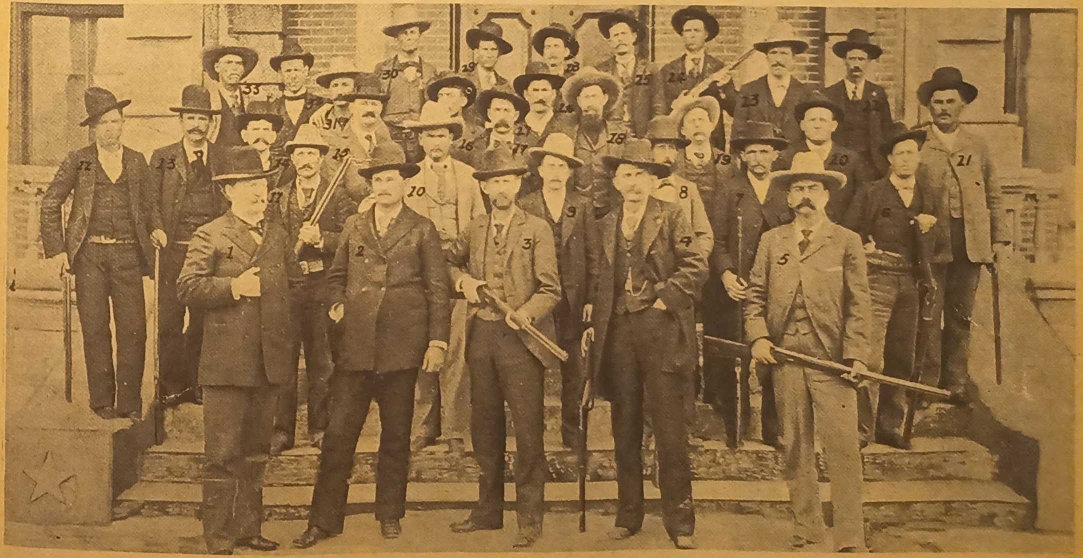
I was on my saddle when the Indians made the raid, but I was nodding. My horse, however, instantly realized the situation and made a spring forward, throwing me behind the saddle before I roused myself sufficiently to know what the trouble was. It happened, however, that I succeeded in grabbing the horn of my saddle, and I finally managed to regain my proper position.

It was impossible to control the cattle, as the Indians had so badly frightened them. All of them got away from us that night except fifty head, and it took us two weeks to gather them all up, as they scattered for miles over the country. When we got them rounded up we took them on to Kansas without further trouble and sold them.

The Indians captured in their raid on our herd about one hundred head of cattle in all, and I imagine they had quite a feast.

WHILE I was in Quanah, Texas, in 1896, helping to hold court in the George Isaacs case, four hundred beef steers were brought into town one day from the Spur Ranch. Eighteen cowboys came in with the cattle, and before they left town one of them stole a suit of clothes and a gold watch from a Mr. Greathouse, a merchant of Quanah. Bob Dawson came to me while I was in court helping to guard Isaacs and told me that he wanted me to assist them in running down the thief. I told him that I would; so we got our horses and started out after the cowboys.

We followed them fifteen miles to a place where they had stopped for dinner, and we arrested them and told them that we wanted to search the whole outfit for the clothes and watch.



Part of the Ranger Force detailed for service at El Paso, Texas, to prevent the Maher-Fitzsimmons fight. 1, Adj. Genl. W. H. Mabry; 2, Capt. Jno. R. Hughes; 3, Capt. J. A. Brooks; 4, Capt. W. J. McDonald; 5, Capt. J. H. Rogers; 7, John Hess; 8, Bob Chew; 9, — Throckmorton; 10, J. H. Evetts; 11, George Horton; 12, Billy McCauley; 13, Lee Queen; 14, Wolley Bell; 15, Ed Flint; 17, Ed Donley; 18, W. J. L. Sullivan; 19, Jack Harvell; 20, Bob McClure; 21, Ed Conley; 22, Andy Ferguson; 23, W. M. Burwell; 24, John Moore; 25, C. F. Hiers; 27, T. T. Cook; 28, C. L. Rogers; 29, Doc Neal; 31, Ed Bryan; 32, Doctor Lozier; 33, — Tucker. Those omitted are men whose names are not remembered by the author.

They said, "All right," and we made the search and found the stolen articles; so we took the boss out and told him that he had better advise the guilty party to "own up," or we would have to take the whole bunch back to town. He failed to get a confession from any of them, so we arrested the whole bunch, boss and all, and escorted them to Quanah.

In the party there was one man who weighed about 260 pounds, who kept edging around me, trying to get hold of my six-shooter; but I stood him off, and we made him hitch up the wagon and take the others back to Quanah. They had a hundred head of cow ponies, and they took them back with them. When we marched into Quanah with the men and ponies, everybody yelled out, "Yonder comes Coxey's army."

About dark one of the men, by the name of Sloane, pleaded guilty. His brother had begged him to confess, which he did. He was lodged in the Quanah jail, and was charged with stealing enough property to land him in the penitentiary, but the state made it a finable offense, and his companions paid it out and they left together for their ranch, a happy set of cowboys.

WHILE trying to capture Ben Hughes, who was wanted for train robbery in the Indian Territory, the officers had a fierce battle with him, during which Deputy Sheriff Whitehead, who was a Cherokee Indian, was killed. Hughes was tried for this, but was acquitted, as the killing occurred at night and no one saw him shoot Whitehead, and it could not be proven that he was responsible for the officer's death.

I carried Ben Hughes' wife from the Union depot in Fort Worth to the Windsor Hotel, with instructions from Grude Britton, who was sergeant at that time, to make a thorough search for money. Mrs. Windsor, the proprietress of the hotel, assisted me in making the search of Mrs. Hughes' person for the money which we thought her husband had gotten and turned over to her. I got Mrs. Windsor to help me in searching the woman, because I felt a delicacy in making a search of the person of a lady. I had the respect for her that any gentleman should have for a lady, even if I was searching her for stolen money. I only found about twelve or fifteen dollars on her, and she said that was her own money; so I let her keep it. Mrs. Hughes looked to be about twenty-five years of age.

Sam Farmer and Sergeant J. M. Britton took Hughes to Dallas and placed him in jail, and Mrs. Hughes left that evening for Palo Pinto County.

E. N. Waldrup, Bob Gunn and I left Logan's Gap, Comanche County, February, 1877, for Tom Green County on a big buffalo hunt, intending to make Jim Criner's ranch our headquarters. Criner was a brother-in-law of Bob Gunn.

After reaching Tom Green County, I saw about a mile ahead of me a bunch of buffalo, and remarked to one of the boys that I was going to rope one of them. I dismounted, tightened my saddle girths, and mounted again and made for the bunch of buffalo. They were traveling east. The morning was very cold, as the wind was blowing from the east.

As soon as they discovered me they started in a run for their life. There were about one hundred and fifty in the bunch. I ran onto a three-year old bull, threw my lariat, but it failed to catch, as I was throwing against the wind, which was very high. The second throw I put him into my loop. The high, fast bucking and pulling came off then and there. Birch, my horse, was not thoroughly trained and didn't like the scent of buffalo at all. I had a hard time controlling him with this raging, rearing beast tied to the horn of my saddle, as this was about the first bunch of buffalo Birch had ever seen, and the only one he had ever been tied to.

Birch and I were like the man that bought the elephant—didn't hardly know what to do with him. I made two runs around the buffalo and got his legs tangled in my lariat. I then made a straight run on him, "busting" him against the ground. When he got up he discovered our horses and wagons, and took the outfit for his brother-bunch of buffalo. He then made a run for horses and wagon, and when we got to the wagon I decided to take him to Jim Criner's ranch, which was about ten or twelve miles distant, and neck him to a steer. I tied him to the hind axle of the wagon, and he led as docile as any horse for about three hundred yards, and all at once he took a notion to stop, and the horses pulling the wagon took a notion to stop also.

We started the horses up again, and they kept pulling until they led him over, at the same time jerking his right shoulder out of place. I had him to kill then, and lost my buffalo. This was a grand old hunt, and proved very profitable to us. The buffalo in that country were as thick as cattle and went from three to ten thousand in a bunch. There were also thousands of antelope, and wild turkeys were so thick that they would hardly get out of one's way.

I WAS employed, in 1877, by Bill Yoakum, a cattleman, to help him drive a herd of three hundred cattle from his place in Comanche County to Clear Fork, on the Brazos River. While in his service, Yoakum told me that he and Jim Gregg, who was Yoakum's partner for several years, had stolen these cattle and burnt their brands out and put on another brand. He told me that he had stolen the cattle out of Tarrant, Johnson, Collins and other counties, and that he never took over five head out of the same range. He also said that he had made it a rule to steal only from men who were not able to prosecute him heavily if he was caught.

One day Yoakum asked me to join him, saying that we would make a fortune stealing cattle, but I told him that I would let him know about it later on.

Near Yoakum's place lived a Mrs. Holt, a widow, who had bought a milch cow from Yoakum, paying him a good price for it. Yoakum laughingly remarked to me one day that he had stolen the cow which he had sold to Mrs. Holt from her range and that she didn't know the difference.

I said to myself, "You two dirty thieves" (meaning Yoakum and his partner, Gregg), "if I can catch you I certainly will do so." After that I kept my eyes open and watched Yoakum very closely. Whenever I managed to get off to myself, I walked around the herd and took down the brands of these three hundred cattle that had been stolen from different parties throughout the state.

After procuring sufficient evidence to show that they had stolen the cattle, I went to Breckenridge and informed the sheriff of these facts, and he and I went to the office of the justice of the peace, where I swore out warrants for the arrest of Yoakum and Gregg.

The sheriff sent his deputy, Frank Freeman, with me to make the arrest, and we reached the herd late in the evening. Gregg was with the herd, grazing cattle in a mesquite flat, when we found him, and we arrested him first. Turning my head toward the wagon, I saw Mrs. Yoakum standing on the wagon tongue motioning her husband to run, which he did. Freeman and I immediately placed Gregg in the charge of other officers who had come along, and set out in pursuit of Yoakum. Yoakum was riding a fast saddle mule, but was caught by Freeman and me, and we brought him back to where the other men were.

While the deputy sheriff was reading the warrant to Yoakum, the latter being angered at me, suddenly made a play for his six-shooter to kill me, but I was too quick for him and blocked his game. Several men who watched us arrest Yoakum and Gregg were in sympathy with them, and claimed that Yoakum did not try to draw a gun on me. The deputy sheriff, being busy reading the warrant, did not see Yoakum's movements, so he could not say whether I was right or wrong in attacking Yoakum. Old Man Wilson (W. R.) seemed to be the "worst stuck" on Yoakum, and I thought for quite a while that I would have him to kill, but he eventually quieted down.

I ate no supper that night, nor breakfast the next morning, and drank nothing but a little water out of a creek. The following morning we started back to Breckenridge, taking our two prisoners to jail. Mrs. Yoakum accompanied us to town.

When we reached the town, Old Man Wilson, the great friend of Yoakum, swore out a warrant for me, charging me with assault upon Yoakum. They wanted to arrange it so that I couldn't be in Brownwood to appear against Yoakum when the trial came off, but Freeman held himself responsible for me, and in that way blocked their game.

We left the next morning for Brownwood. Frank Freeman and I rode along together, and while discussing various subjects to pass away time we accidentally learned that we were distant relatives. That probably accounts for Frank being so nice to me and afterward showing me so many favors.

While we were in Breckenridge, Yoakum and Gregg employed Attorney Webb to defend them. That night, when we reached camp, Yoakum asked the deputy sheriff if he could talk to me and, being told that he could, he took me off a few yards to make me a proposition. He told me that if I would not appear against him he would go to Brownwood and beat that one case and leave the country with his stock.

"I can not afford to do it," I said, "for such characters as you should be in the penitentiary."

He then went back to the wagon, and Freeman called me off and asked me what Yoakum had told me, and I repeated the proposition that Yoakum had made to me.

"Those men who went out to help arrest Yoakum and Gregg are undoubtedly thieves and thugs themselves from the way they worked against you," said Frank, "and it might be best for you not to go back to Breckenridge, for you will be alone up there since no one knows you except me, and those tough characters might kill you. I know them too well," he continued, "and I am satisfied that Yoakum made a break for his gun, but his friends will swear that he didn't, and that will cause lots of trouble." Frank then told me that he, being responsible for me, could manage it for me if I wanted to get loose.

I told him that I thought it best for me to leave and not go back to Breckenridge; so I left that night for my former home.

Yoakum succeeded in beating his case through a slick scheme of his attorney. Webb and his clients worked on Mrs. Holt and won her over to their side. Yoakum bought Mrs. Holt's cow back, and Mrs. Holt swore in court that it was not her cow, and the indictments were quashed. I learned afterward that Mrs. Holt went over to Brownwood in the wagon with Mrs. Yoakum, and it nearly made me lose confidence in the fair sex.

In accordance with his promise to me, Frank Freeman advertised the brands of the stolen cattle, and cattlemen came from several parts of the state and claimed their property.

If I had been easily persuaded, as a great many young, unfortunate boys are, to join those cattle thieves in their theft of cattle, I would, most likely, have been found later hanging at the end of a rope, or serving a long sentence in the penitentiary.

ON THE 11th of October, 1879, I witnessed the execution of Bill Longley, who was hung at Giddings, Lee County, for the murder of Wilson Anderson. The sheriff, Jim Brown, who had charge of the execution, was the noted horse-racer who was afterward killed in Chicago by a policeman.

A little while before the execution the sheriff read the death sentence to Bill and, pointing to his two hundred guards, told the people that he had worked three months selecting his men for the occasion, and that he thought he had about the best there was in the country to assist him in the execution. He then asked Bill if he wanted to make a talk. Bill said he did, and pulled his hat off and placed it in a chair. Then, looking calmly over the crowd, he addressed the guards and spectators as follows:

"This is a big crowd to witness the last of me. I know I am surrounded by enemies, but I forgive them for all that they have done against me, and I want them, as well as my friends, to pray for me." Then, continuing, he said, "I understand that my brother, Jim, was in here to kill the man who cuts the rope to hang me. If you are in this crowd, Jim, don't kill anybody on my account. I knew that if I was ever caught I would have to pay the penalty which I am now paying. I hate to die, but I have killed many a man who hated to die as bad as I do now, so I know I am getting my just deserts."

When Bill finished his harangue he knelt between two priests. He had been confined in the jail at Galveston for eighteen months, and while there he had become a Catholic. Each priest put his hand on the man's head, and they knelt together in prayer for several minutes. When he arose he walked straight to the trap-door and, bowing to the crowd, said, "Goodbye to everybody."

Mrs. Anderson, the widow of the man whom Longley had murdered, was present at the execution with her two children. When the doctors pronounced Bill to be dead, she remarked that she was satisfied.

Then they let him down and placed him in his coffin. The rope was coiled and laid on his breast, and the lid of his coffin screwed securely on. A sorrowful father then took charge of the remains of his former wayward son.

Bill's cousins had given him a nice suit, and he was neatly dressed. Young and fine-looking, with dark hair and long black mustache, and with a complexion as fair as a lady's, he looked so handsome before his death that it seemed a pity for him to die in such a terrible and unnatural manner.

IN 1879, John Presall, a Pinkerton detective, told me that he had traced Henry Carothers to the San Bernard River, and that he wanted me and several others to help capture him. Carothers is the man who killed a Mr. Kirk, a prominent man of McDade.

With Willis McMaron and Albert Rosenberg, I immediately left Burton, on my way to join Presall. We traveled all Saturday night and reached the San Bernard River at daybreak on Sunday morning. There we met Presall, who had summoned us, and Sheriff Lewis, of Austin County, Charley Langhammer, John Collar, Bob Flack, Fritz Rosenberg and John Rankin. We all started out immediately in search of Henry Carothers.

Presall had learned that he was hunting on the San Bernard River. Late that evening we learned from two Swede boys where Carothers' camp was located. We immediately struck out for the place, but when we reached the camp we found no one in it, although we saw signs which indicated that some parties had left only a little while before.

We lit on their trail and loped our horses nine miles through a country full of nothing but post oaks and rocks. About half a mile from the little town of New Ulm, John Presall said that he and Sheriff Lewis and Charley Langhammer would go ahead, and for us six men to stay about a quarter of a mile in the rear.

A little while after the three men left us, we saw, about a quarter of a mile down the road, a wagon with some men in it. Willis McMaron and I had ridden about two hundred yards ahead of the other four, much to their chagrin, and when Presall, Lewis and Langhammer passed the wagon they discovered that Henry Carothers and his father and two others were in it. When they passed them, the officers heard old man Carothers say, in a low tone to his son, "Henry, you know what you have always said." The officers then looked back and, seeing Henry Carothers and his father reaching for their guns, quickly dropped off their horses.

Henry Carothers leaped out with his Winchester and stationed himself behind the rear part of the wagon. His father took a shotgun and jumped over into a field to get behind a fence. When McMaron and I saw these movements, we knew that that was Henry Carothers and his father, so we laid steel to our horses and rode quickly to the rescue of the three officers in front of us.

Two of the men whom we had left behind, John Collar and John Rankin, tore down the fence and rode into the field where old man Carothers had stationed himself. When the old man saw us surrounding them he called out to his son to fire on the front men.

Tom Gentry, a friend of the two Carothers, and a yellow Negro, whose name was Guish, were in the wagon. Guish had always promised "Marse Henry" that if the officers ever attacked them he would certainly stay and fight until he was killed. When Henry and his father showed fight, Guish at once left the wagon as if he had wings. He jumped over the fence into the field, and for a mile and a half he could not be seen for cotton flying thick around him as he was leaving "Marse Henry." This affair happened about six o'clock in the evening, and the Negro ran all the way to Burton, a distance of thirty-five miles, reaching his home at four o'clock the next morning.

Tom Gentry crawled through the fence and went to Mr. Carothers and pleaded with him not to advise his son to fight, saying that neither one of them had any chance for their lives. The old man paid no attention to him, however, but called out again to his son to fire on the front men. "You and I are good for two men apiece," he told Henry, "and it will never do for you to surrender."

Henry then laid his Winchester down and picked up Gentry's shotgun, and told Gentry that he was going to "initiate" his gun by using it first. Gentry then told Henry, "For God's sake do not fight when you have no chance on earth to win."

Henry then recognized Charley Langhammer, the officer in front who used to be sheriff of Austin County, and who tried hard to capture him when he first committed the terrible murder. Henry had always "had it in" for Charley, so he invited him to come out from behind his horse and they would take a few shots at each other. Charley started out, but Sheriff Lewis called him back and told Henry that if he challenged anyone else to fight, he would order his men to fire on him immediately.

Henry then asked Lewis how many men he had with him. Lewis replied that he had nine and they were all officers. He then asked Lewis if any of the Bells were along. Lewis answered that they were not. The Bells were kin to Kirk, the murdered man, and Henry dreaded them. Lewis then told him that if he surrendered, the officers would protect him and that he would not be hurt.

Finally, Henry turned to his father and said, "I have a wife and two children, and you have a wife and six children to live for and if we both get killed in this fight they will be left without protection. If you will keep out of this fight and let me make it myself, I will not give up, but if you don't let me fight it out myself, I will surrender."

The old man would not consent to surrender, and said that he wanted to fight it out, whereupon Henry laid his Winchester down, climbed into the wagon, and standing on the seat, said: "Gentlemen, I have surrendered."

We had a bench warrant for him from the governor, so we handcuffed him and shackled him on his horse, which we had procured at New Ulm.

Bob Flack and John Rankin took turns about leading the horse on which the prisoner was mounted, but Henry cursed and abused them so, that they tried to shove the job off on me, but I didn't take it, as I didn't relish being abused any more than they did. I told Henry it wouldn't help his case a bit for him to abuse the officers, but it seemed to afford him pleasure and consolation, and he kept on cursing everybody around him.

He told Bob Flack he would give him a thousand dollars if he would arrange it so he could make his escape.

Bob refused the offer, of course, and Henry asked him how many men it would require to take him away from the officers. Bob told him that he could not be taken; that they would all die before they would give him up.

Henry then informed us that if his brother-in-law, John Williams, happened to find out that he was captured, he would gather a band of men and take him from the officers and set him free.

At midnight, as we were entering a long lane, we heard a signal at our left on the prairie, and Henry said that that must be Williams and his men. As soon as we heard the signal, the advance guard saw a light farther up the lane. I was then leading Henry's horse, and Presall, the detective, who was at my side, gave me instructions to shoot Henry and cut his horse's rope from my saddle if Williams' men should try to take him away from us. Presall then said that we would all try to win the fight if we were to have an encounter with Williams and his men; so all of us prepared ourselves for any emergency that might occur.

Turning to Henry, I said, "If this is Williams and his bunch, it will go awful hard with you."

I think Henry heard Presall's instructions, for he seemed rather frightened, and, believing strongly that it was Williams and his men up the lane, he called out to Williams, but received no answer.

We held up, and sent the advance guard forward to see who those men were whom we had heard. They came back in a little while and reported that they were a band of cattlemen, and that the signal which we heard to our left came from the cowboys at the herd.

We then resumed our journey, and when we passed these supposed "cattlemen" they lined up on the right side of the lane and held their six-shooters and Winchesters ready for action. I am satisfied that they were a bunch of thieves expecting to be taken by the officers, or they would not have been so well prepared to fight as they were.

We reached Round Top at daybreak, and placed Henry in the calaboose and put two men to guarding him. Then we slept until breakfast at John Rankin's house.

When we put Henry in the calaboose we shackled him securely, as we knew he would make his escape if he had half a chance, for he was in a desperate mood and was a shrewd and daring man. The shackles which we put on him were fastened underneath the floor and were not movable. He filled the keyholes of his shackles with small shot, in order to give us all the trouble he possibly could, and when we transferred him, we were detained a long time getting the shot out of the keyholes.

We took him to La Grange. He was tried later at Bastrop and given a sentence of life imprisonment in the penitentiary, but was pardoned out by the governor after he had served six years of his term. I met him after he was given his freedom, and he was very friendly with me and, as he was making a splendid citizen, I welcomed his friendship, and told him I was glad to see him a free man and doing well.

COL. R. D. HUNTER wrote to Capt. S. A. McMurray of our company, asking him to let me have a leave of absence to go to Thurber, Texas, to attend to some anarchists and dynamiters who were giving the officials a lot of trouble at the mine. He said, in his letter to Capt. McMurray, that he would give me a hundred dollars a month to act as an officer for the company and rid the mine of these characters.

The captain showed me the letter and asked me if I thought I could do the work. I told him that I was perfectly confident that I could. He then asked me if I wanted to go and try it, and I told him that a hundred dollars looked mighty good to me. He gave me permission to go, and I left on the next train for Thurber, and reached there as quickly as possible and made a contract with Hunter to do the work which he had mapped out for me. I remained in the employ of the coal company eight months.

One night, about twelve o'clock, I located thirteen anarchists in one bunch, hidden in a little dark corner, planning to dynamite the mine the following night. I had two men with me, and we crawled up close enough to hear every word that these anarchists said. When they had perfected their plans and stopped their discussion, we arrested the whole bunch and jailed them.

A saloon was run at the mines by Tom Lawson, who had a ten-year lease on the building. Lawson also owned a fourth interest in the mine, but he and Col. Hunter, the president, had a falling out for some cause, and Lawson got to standing in with the tough element.

One night I heard a pistol shot in the saloon and ran in there to investigate, believing that somebody had been killed. When I reached the inside, I learned that Lawson, who was behind the bar drunk, had shot at a miner, but failed to hit him. This was on pay night and everybody was full of beer and whiskey, and I had already filled the calaboose with drunken men.

I decided to arrest Lawson and put him in with the other men, but when I advanced on him he made a play for his six-shooter. I fell squarely on top of him with my gun, removing enough skin from his head to half-sole a number 10 shoe. He swore that he would not be locked up, but I put him in the calaboose, all the same, and he was made to pay his fine as any other man.

After paying his fine, Lawson left immediately to report me to Capt. McMurray. Col. Hunter saw Lawson in Fort Worth looking for McMurray and wired me about it. saying that he (Hunter) would stand between me and all danger.

About two weeks after that, Capt. McMurray came to Thurber and told me that he understood that I had knocked Lawson in the head, and that he wanted to know the cause of it.

I told him that Lawson was disturbing the peace and that he had shot at a miner, and when I tried to arrest him he attempted to draw a gun on me, and that I hit him with my six-shooter instead of shooting him with it. "I disarmed him and put him in jail." I continued, and my captain replied that I ought to have broken his neck.

About two months after that, Lawson and his bartender, Malcom, and Col. Hunter, all three met in a drug store. Hunter and Lawson began cursing each other. and I heard the row and rushed into the store just in time to see Hunter burst the bottom of a spittoon over Tom Lawson's head. Hunter then threw a box of cigars at him, striking Lawson in the ear and scattering cigars all over the floor. I noticed Malcom slipping up behind Col. Hunter, preparing to hit him in the back of the head. Just as he started to strike Hunter, however, I struck Malcom myself, in time to stop what would have been a dreadful blow.

Malcom whirled around and saw that it was I who hit him. I struck him five times in the face, but he did nothing but back off the gallery. I struck him once again when he reached the outside and kicked him off the gallery. I thought I had him whipped, but when he got up he said he would fight me if I would pull my six-shooter off. He was a stout man and weighed about 230 pounds, but I was not afraid of him. I removed my six-shooter and threw it over to Henry Kronk, the druggist, and told him to look out for it. I then pitched into Malcom again, striking him in the face. He suddenly threw his big arm around my neck and pressed my head against his body. I could not get my head free without breaking my neck and, having the advantage of me in that respect, he commenced beating my head, nose and eyes until my face looked like jelly.

I do not know what would have become of my face if Bob Ward, the company's lawyer, had not come to my rescue. Ward knocked Malcom loose from me and knocked him twelve feet from where we were clinched. Tom Lawson then knocked Ward down, he falling on top of Malcom. Hunter was pacing around after Lawson with a heavy rock, but never did get in his lick.

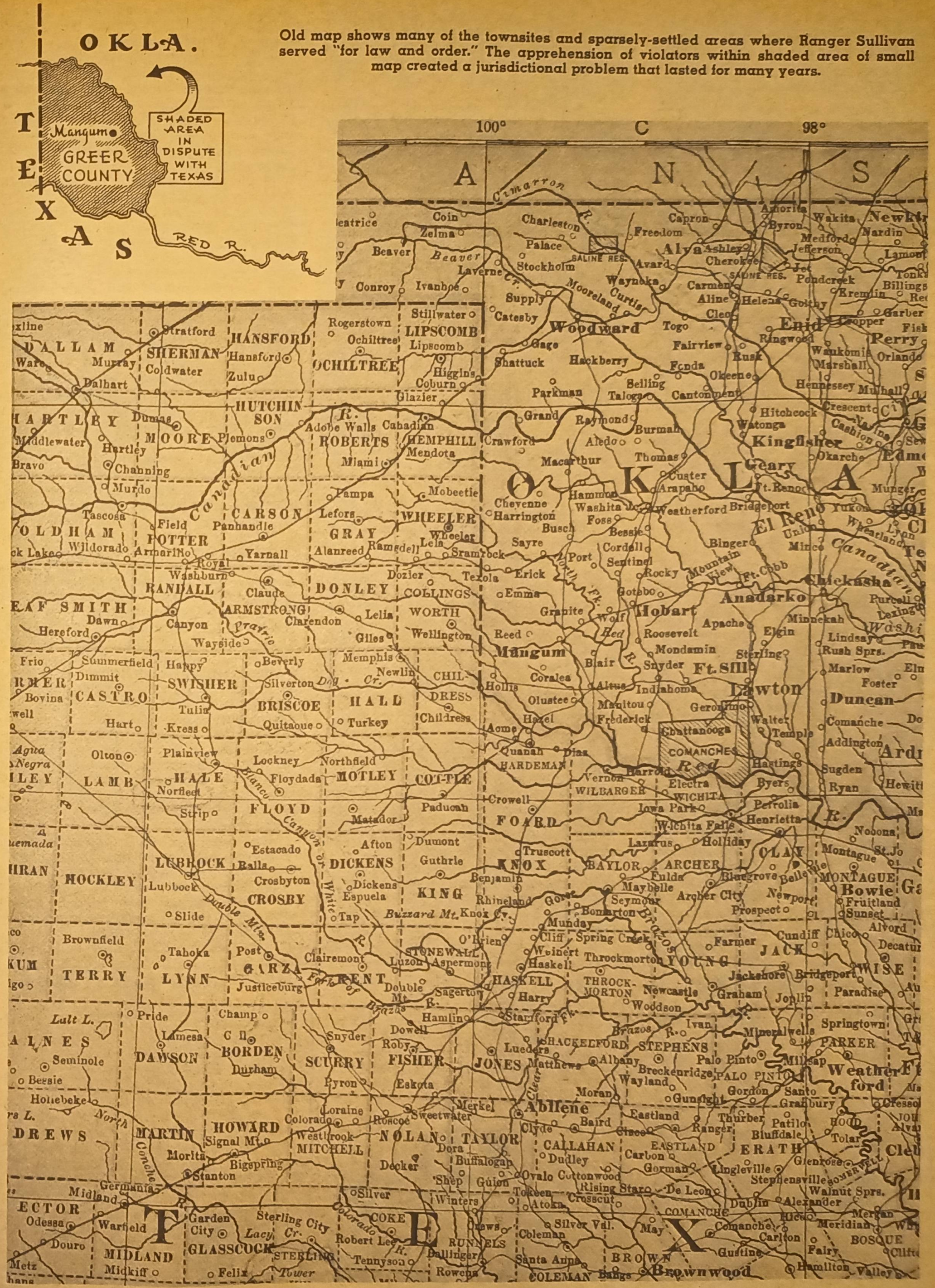
When a carpenter, who was working nearby, saw the dangerous position that I was in when Malcom had me clinched, he ran to my rescue with a hatchet in his hand. He was frightened and as pale as death, and he intended to cut Malcom loose with his hatchet, but Ward got in ahead of him and did the work for him.

My face was in a terrible fix, and the doctor put a beef steak on it to draw the blood out of the bruised places. My face was so badly bruised and swollen that one could hardly tell where my eyes and nose were. I had a girl then, whom I was loving very dearly, and I could not go to see her for a long time, on account of the sad condition of my complexion. I shunned her everywhere for quite a while; for I well knew that it would never do to let Betty see me in that fix.

I went to the justice of the peace the next morning after the fight and paid my fine, which amounted to twelve dollars. The money was paid back to me by Col. Hunter. Hunter, Ward, Malcom and Lawson all fought their cases hard, but it cost them about two hundred dollars apiece before they were through, while the fight only cost me twelve dollars, and the money was refunded to me.

ON THE fourth day of June 1891, one of the hardest rains that I ever experienced began falling in Quanah at noon, and lasted all the afternoon and throughout that night. I knew that the rain was going to do lots of damage if it kept up, so I resolved to go down to the railroad bridge before the northbound passenger train arrived to see if the dam was in good condition.

I held my watch in my hand, and when it was nearly time for the train to arrive, I walked down to the bridge, where the passenger train was to cross. I stood near the railroad tank until the train came in, but it was raining so hard that I could not see the smoke from the en-



Old map shows many of the townsites and sparsely-settled areas where Ranger Sullivan served "for law and order." The apprehension of violators within shaded area of small map created a jurisdictional problem that lasted for many years.

gine as the train came down the track.

It arrived on time, and stopped on the east side of the tank to take water, while I was on the west side examining the dam. I soon saw that the dam was giving away, so I waded into the tank and attracted the attention of the engineer. He could not hear what I was saying, so he left his engine and waded in the tank close enough to me to understand what I had to say. I told him that the dam was breaking, but he did not see any signs of it from where he was and, thinking that I was unduly excited, decided that I was mistaken. Going back to his engine, he reversed the throttle and prepared to cross the bridge. About that time the dam broke and was swiftly washed away to the other side. The engineer stopped his engine just in time to save the train from going across the dam and being thrown overboard. Nearly four hundred passengers, including many women and children, were on the train, and they seemed to be very grateful to me for the part that I played in saving their lives. The train crew were also thankful that they did not get any farther than they did before the accident occurred.

When the dam broke, the railroad bridges, the county bridge, two or three houses, and a number of windmills were all washed away. Several other rivers in that part of the state got on a rampage, and quite a number of county and railroad bridges, besides those around Quanah, were destroyed.

WHILE doing duty as a policeman in the State Capitol in Austin, in 1903, I boarded at the Capitol Hotel.

One cold, rainy day I left the table, after eating my dinner, and discovered two ladies and three children standing at the screen door on the outside. I asked them what they wanted, and they said they had sent a little boy in there with a note asking for money enough to get dinner for all five of them. They said they were "awful hungry."

The little boy came out in a minute, and said he had seen all those men in the dining room, but they would not give him a cent. The little fellow, who was about four years of age, had tears in his eyes and looked as if he was sentenced to his death. A baby boy had gone into the dining room, filled with men drawing their five dollars a day, and hadn't procured enough money to feed himself.

His mother and the elder lady, who was about sixty-five years of age, said, "I guess we'll have to go, but we are awful hungry."

I told them to sit down in the sitting room; that I was going to see that they got something to eat. I saw the proprietor and got him to prepare a table for the five people. I then carried the poor people into the dining room and seated them around the table.

I went to the waiters and told them to give those people something of everything they had and plenty of it. The waiters carefully and courteously attended to their wants, and the ladies and the children ate to their hearts' content. I never felt happier in my life than I did when I watched them enjoy that meal. When they got through eating, they asked me if it would be any harm for them to carry the scraps away for their supper.

I told them that it was no harm at all, and I went to work at once and rustled up the biggest paper sack in the house for them, and told them to take everything they could find, which they did.

After dinner they went into the sitting room and sat around the stove to warm themselves and rest, as they were quite weary. They thanked me over and over for what I had done for them, and the old lady asked God to bless me for what she called "my act of kindness," and asked Him to bless all my efforts in life.

The boys were too small to know what all this meant, and they sat on the floor, their hunger appeased, and laughed and played. This was a sad sight to me, and when the women began crying I could not keep the tears from my own eyes.

These unfortunate people were from the country, and boll weevils and other things had destroyed their crops for two years and left them destitute. They were in such a pitiful plight that I was thankful that I was able to aid them, and that $1.25 that I gave for their dinner did me more good and furnished me more happiness than any other sum of money I ever spent.

I WAS ORDERED by the governer in 1890 to go to San Saba, as District Court was to convene there and the presence of Texas Rangers in that town was greatly needed. The people of that district were divided into two opposing factions, and the bitterness that existed between them had become intense.

Since 1880 San Saba had been the center of a disturbance, caused by the organization of a "mob" whose operations extended into several other counties in that district.

In other words, a number of people had banded together to protect themselves against the depredations of cattle thieves and other criminals, who were numerous in that part of the state. A number of people lived in that district who had no regard for law and order, and stole so many cattle, horses and hogs that the people became aroused, and decided to take the law into their own hands and punish the guilty parties as they saw fit, and for this reason the club, afterward referred to as "the mob," was organized.

The lawless element, of course, arrayed themselves against the mob faction. Many good people also lined up against it, as they did not believe in mob spirit and thought the law should be allowed to take its course. Thus a strong organization, called the "anti-mob," grew into activity and bitterly opposed the other faction.

The mob faction, however, was the stronger of the two sides in numbers and influence, and in San Saba County, their greatest stronghold, they elected one of their men sheriff.

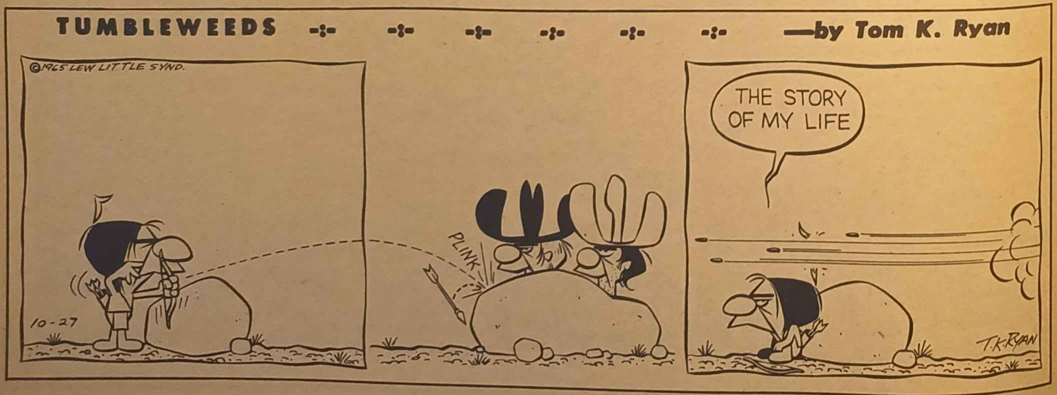
The mob did some good work for a while but, like all organizations of that character, it finally went too far, and became more oppressive as it grew in power. Quite a number of bad citizens were "slick" enough to slip over to the stronger faction—the mob element—and as they did so, they played a big part in changing the purpose and power of that organization from good to bad.

When the mob was first organized it began to put down lawlessness, but in 1890, ten years later, the bitter feeling that existed between the mob and anti-mob factions had reached such a high pitch that there was much fighting and disorder. Lawlessness was encouraged by both sides and could not be prevented by local authorities. Killings became rather frequent occurrences, and thieves took advantage of the numerous opportunities and stole livestock without fear of prosecution.

Thus the criminal docket was full of important cases, but the prosecuting attorney could not go about his work unless he was given protection by the state. So the governor sent me, as I have stated before, to San Saba to help them hold court.

Red Murphy and Tom Platt, also Rangers, were with me, and we arrived at San Saba on the following Sunday about noon. After eating dinner at the hotel, we walked up the street and found the town full of men, as court was to convene the next morning.

The men were sitting or standing around in groups of twelve or fifteen, and were discussing with some fervor the convening of court. They had come to town to see that things were run to suit them when court opened, and they meant "business," for the stores were full of their guns and ammunition which they had brought with them.



While passing one group, we heard a man inquire who we were, and another man replied that we were Texas Rangers; whereupon they all laughed, some of them remarking that if we ever got three miles out of town we would never live to get back. We heard the remark, but paid no attention to it.

On the following Tuesday night someone came to the hotel where we were staying and asked the proprietor, Jim Darfmyer, if the Texas Rangers were not staying with him. Darfmyer told them that we were, and the visitor asked him to call us, which he did.

When we got downstairs we met Nat Hartman, whose home was on the Colorado River. He seemed very anxious about something and informed us that his brother, Edd Hartman, was missing, and that he feared he had been killed. The Hartmans were members of the anti-mob faction, and Nat Hartman told us that this was the first time in nine years that his brother had been outside of his house after sundown.

We told him that we would go by and get Sheriff Howard and commence looking for his brother. Nat objected to us getting Howard. We told him that we would have to have the sheriff with us, so we went by and called for Howard, who joined us in the search.

We reached the home of Nat Hartman's father a little before day, and just before sunrise we left Hartman's house and started down the river, the way they claimed Edd went off the day before at one o'clock. We walked about three-quarters of a mile, and found the dead body of the man for whom we were searching, lying in the bed of the river.

We traced two men's tracks from the body to a house, sixty steps away, where a Mr. Campbell, one of Howard's deputy sheriffs, lived.

Campbell was out in the yard when he saw us coming, but he started in a fast walk to the house when he discovered us. We stopped him before he got very far, but he said something to his wife, who was standing in the doorway, and she whirled back into the building, returning in a second or two with something in her hand, which she held under her apron.

We were satisfied that she had his six-shooter, and we ordered her not to go near her husband. She then went back into the house. We arrested Campbell and his two sons, Meck and Dave, and five other men in his neighborhood. We reached San Saba with them a little after dark that evening, and locked them up in a little house that Darfmyer let us have for that night. We did not let them sleep together and kept them from talking with each other, so they would not "make medicine."

About an hour or two before day, Campbell asked me to let him get up and sit by the stove. I told him that would be all right, and he came over and began talking to me. He ran his hand over his face and said his face was paining him. He also claimed that his mule pitched him off a day or two before that, and threw him into a rough place, bruising his face up badly. He said he couldn't understand what was the matter with his mule; that he used to be a good mule, but had acted mighty strangely of late. He then claimed that the mule had also thrown one of his boys recently and bruised his face up considerably.

The next morning we had all eight of the men up before the grand jury. Campbell testified before the grand jury that a little grey mare had fallen down with him in a rough place and bruised his face. Another man before the grand jury testified that a dun mare had fallen down with Campbell twelve miles farther up the river. They made such conflicting statements in trying to get out of trouble that the grand jury indicted Dave Campbell and his father for the murder of Edd Hartman.

Dave Campbell jumped his bond and was caught seven years later in Arizona, where he was living under the name of "Alex Miller," and was brought back to San Saba, but he was acquitted.

Old man Campbell got a change of venue to Fort Mason, and was convicted and sentenced to seven and a half years in the penitentiary, but appealed his case. He was tried sixteen times in eight years, and finally got off on a light sentence of two and a half years, and went to the penitentiary from Lampasas to serve it out. I had to go to court twice a year for eight years to testify in that case.

Mr. Hartman, the father of the murdered man, is now dead, but he lived to fight the case for eight long years, and finally heard the sentence read to Campbell. In fighting the case he spent every dollar he had, and sold his farm and home and stock, in order to keep up the prosecution, and when he died at the age of seventy-seven years he was renting land. He had remained faithful to his son to the last.

WHILE COURT was in session at San Saba, Del Dean, an alleged horse thief, was notified that he had been indicted by the grand jury for stealing livestock. Dean at once mounted his horse and left town. Sheriff Hawkins asked me to capture Dean, saying that Dean had just left town, going out on the Llano road.

I mounted my horse and started out in pursuit. Riding fast, I soon came in sight of Dean, who was urging his horse to the utmost speed. I clamped spurs to my horse and commenced to gain still more on Dean, and for some time we kept up a hot race.

It was misting snow and the weather was raw and cold. I was going down hill as fast as my horse could run, when he suddenly struck a flat tablerock and let his feet slip from under him. He fell, and I was thrown twenty-three feet from the saddle. My horse was running so fast when he fell that it was remarkable that I was not killed. When my horse and I took that sudden stop, I fell into a pile of rocks, and my head was badly bruised, my face terribly lacerated, my right arm broken, and my ankle sprained.

Dean, of course, made his escape, and I do not think that he saw my horse fall with me. I was badly crippled up, and was treated by Doctors George and John Sanderson (brothers) for forty-six days. It was two years before I had any strength in my right hand and arm. I learned to shoot left-handed, and when my right arm got strong again, I could shoot as well with one hand as I could the other.

Dean was captured by Edgar T. Neal after the latter became sheriff of San Saba County. When I went back to San Saba I went to the jail and saw Dean. All the prisoners shook hands with me except Dean. He had grown a beard and I could not place him; so I asked him his name.

He said, "I am Del Dean, the man you were pursuing when you broke your arm, and for that reason I thought probably you would not want to speak to me."

I assured him that he was mistaken; that I had no ill feeling toward him at all. I told him that while it was my duty to pursue him, it was natural for him to try to escape, and that I did not blame him with the accident. I told him that I felt sorry for him because he was in jail and hoped he would lead a better life when he got free again.

IN 1891 there lived in the little town of Vernon, one Jim Morris, and the two Moss brothers, who left together, during that year, for Greer County, where the three men were to take up land. The two Moss brothers had between them about five or six hundred dollars, which fact was known to Morris when the three left Vernon together. After reaching Salt Fork, which is in Greer County, they pitched camp to rest up a bit. While there, Morris and one of the Moss boys walked out a mile or so from the wagon to kill some game.

After being gone a little while, Morris suddenly turned his gun on Moss and fired, killing him instantly. Burying the dead body in a sand hill, he went back to camp and told the other Moss boy that his brother had sent back for him and the wagon, as he had found a much better place to camp, and for him to hitch up and bring everything to the new stopping place. There happened to be two cowpunchers at the camp at this time who heard the conversation. Moss was sick, and when the two left, as Moss supposed, for the new camping place, he lay down in the bottom of the wagon, with his head near Morris, who was driving.

Ignorant of the terrible fate that had just overtaken his brother a little while before, Moss unsuspectingly put his hat over his face so he could rest easier, with the sun's rays thus kept from his eyes. Morris took advantage of this opportunity, and shot and killed the sick man, the bullet passing through his hat and blowing his brains out. He then threw the body out of the wagon and buried it in a nearby sand hill, exactly as he had disposed of the remains of the other man. Besides getting all of their money, he kept one of their watches, and also the coat which he took from his first victim. This coat had a bullet hole through the back, indicating the manner in which the man had been slain. Among other things found in the coat was a note which Moss had written to a young lady asking her for her company to church. The lady had accepted his invitation, according to this note, which had slipped into the lining through a worn-out pocket. When this murder occurred I was stationed in Quanah.

At that time there was no jail at Mangum, where we caught Morris, so we placed the prisoner in the calaboose, but as there was strong talk of lynching him, the officers removed him to Quanah, where he was safely landed in the county jail. He was kept there about two years, and was closely guarded a greater part of that time by some of the Rangers. He was tried on two indictments for murder and was sentenced to hang in both cases.

He appealed his case, however, and got

a new trial, but the jury again brought in a verdict of death. He became very desperate, and was a hard man to keep imprisoned. One night during his trial, while being guarded by Bob Dawson, a constable of that county, he picked his shackles with a writing pen and broke away. In escaping he jumped from a two-story window, and was at large three days and nights before he was recaptured and placed in jail.

Morris kept us mighty busy before he was found and, when we did get him, we took him in a few days to Fort Worth for safekeeping until the day of his execution; but he succeeded in breaking away from that place, also, and never has been captured nor located since. At the time of his escape Morris was twenty-seven years of age, tall, broad-shouldered, and very handsome.

One morning at sunrise, while in the brakes searching for Morris, we looked up the draw which led into Pease River and saw a fire. Thinking we would find our game, we at once surrounded the place where we saw the fire and smoke, but found instead an escaped convict. With him was a woman dressed in men's clothes. Her hair was cropped short, and she wore a pair of boots, and a blue shirt and necktie. She was Mistress Jennie Bates, and was stolen away from her home in Palo Pinto County by this convict. We took from her a .45 Colt's six-shooter, a Winchester and a scabbard belt full of cartridges.

The woman, who weighed nearly a hundred and thirty-five pounds, looked to be about twenty-five years of age and a little over five feet tall. With black hair and dark eyes, she appeared to be a good looking man. The couple had stolen four head of horses, so we put them in jail at Quanah. The convict had escaped from the penitentiary after serving five years of a ten-year sentence for horse stealing. He was tried in Quanah for his latest thefts, and sent back to the penitentiary to finish serving his first sentence, with an addition of five years for his last crime. The woman got a change of venue from Quanah to Vernon and came clear. The ladies of Vernon felt sorry for her and dressed her up in women's clothing.

I RECEIVED a warrant from Austin, in 1891, to arrest O. N. Hollingsworth. He was then living eighteen miles west of Quanah, and seven miles south of Kirkland. Pick Gipson, the sheriff, and Lon Lewis went with me after Mr. Hollingsworth. Hollingsworth knew Lon Lewis and Sheriff Gipson, but he had never seen me; so, when we got within a half mile of Mr. Hollingsworth's house, they proposed that I go down to the house and see if he was there, saying that if he was, they would come on in a short time, and for me to remain until they arrived there. They told me not to try to arrest him, for they were pretty well satisfied, since the old man's case was a bad one, that he would more than likely make a fight. When I rode up to the gate, I called out to the people, it being after dark, and a young man, who looked to be about seventeen years old, came out.

I asked him if he had seen a man pass there riding a grey horse and leading a black, or riding a black and leading a grey. I told him that this man was about six feet two and one-half inches tall, and had red curly hair and a heavy red mustache. I said that I wanted this man in Baylor County for the theft of these two horses. He said that he had not seen the man nor the horses. He asked me then to get down and spend the night with them. I told him that as my horse and I were very badly jaded I would like to stay there that night. I asked him if I would be imposing on the family, and inquired if his father and mother were at home. He said that they were in the house, and I told him that I would stay.

I led my horse up through the gate, and he remarked, "Let's go and put your horse up."

I told him that I would have to have a drink of water before I put my horse up; that I was nearly dying with thirst. The water barrel was sitting right in front of the door, and I could see it in the light. He insisted very much on me putting my horse up before I got the water, but I could see the old man standing in the door, and I was satisfied that he would step out in the dark and I would fail to see him that night, as the lot was on the other side, in the rear. I went on up to the front door and spoke to the old gentleman and took a drink of water.

Then I asked the old gentleman if his name was Hollingsworth. He said it was.

I said, "I have papers for you, Mr. Hollingsworth."

"Where are they from?" he asked.

"From Austin."

"Well, all right," he said.

I turned my horse over to the young man and told him to hitch him. Then I stepped into the building, and the old gentleman and I sat down. Mrs. Hollingsworth was reading a book and never looked up nor spoke to me for twenty minutes and, when she did, she asked if I had been to supper.

I told her that I had eaten some cheese and crackers that I had with me.

She said, "You had better let me go and fix something for you; I have plenty cooked." I insisted that she not put herself to any trouble, but she went, anyway, and fixed the table. I am satisfied that Mrs. Hollingsworth thought that I would leave her husband in the house while I went to eat. That would have given the old gentleman a chance to make his escape; so, when I started out, I told him to go out ahead of me. This little eating house was about twenty steps from the main building that we were in. I ate supper, and we went back to the dwelling and seated ourselves.

The old gentleman commenced crying and started to the bureau, where there was a double-barrel shotgun and a Winchester, one on each side. He was halfway to the bureau, when the thought struck me that he might make a bad play with those guns, being stirred up as he was and crying; so I halted him, and told him to come back and take his seat. He told me that he only wanted to get the hair brush and brush his hair and beard, but I told him that he could do that in the morning.

About that time Gipson and Lewis came up, and I was very glad to see them. I had been looking for them for some time. They had told me that if I did not return they would come to me in a half hour, as they would know that he was at home; but it was all of an hour and a half before they came for me. They put their horses up, and Mrs. Hollingsworth began to fix beds for all of us. This building had only one room. It was cut back in a hill and planked up on each side and in front, making a comfortable house. Mrs. Hollingsworth made us a pallet in the front part of the building. She and her husband slept in the back, and there was a curtain in the center of the house that cut them off from the others. She told me that I could lie down and rest easy; that she would be responsible for her husband; that there was no way for him to escape.

I noticed two windows in the back part of the building, so I told Mrs. Hollingsworth that I made it a point to guard all prisoners, and for her and her family to fix and lie down, and I would pull the curtains back so we could guard the old gentleman.

It was seven miles from there to Kirkland, and eighteen miles from Kirkland to Quanah; so we ate breakfast the next morning and got off in time to meet the southbound train at Kirkland. Mr. Hollingsworth's boy took him in the buggy to Kirkland. After we reached Kirkland, Pick Gibson, the sheriff, took him to Quanah on the train, and Lon Lewis and I rode through horseback.

When Mr. Hollingsworth separated from his wife and two or three little girls, it was such a sad scene to witness that I never will forget it. His wife clung to his neck, and those sweet little girls held to his arms and legs. I thought I never would get away from the sound of his wife's and children's screams. This was, indeed, a sad morning to me, and the family had my deepest sympathy.

When we reached Quanah, I learned at our camp that Pick Gibson had turned Mr. Hollingsworth over to the Rangers, and he remained at our camp three days and nights before we sent him to Austin. While at camp, eating our grub, I asked the old gentleman one day if he would like to have a hotel dinner. He said he would, so I took him to the Quanah Hotel and gave him a good dinner. He asked me to walk upstairs with him, and he showed me some pictures of Jersey cows and calves, which were hanging on the wall. They were beautiful, and he told me that his grown daughters had drawn them.

He cried, and said, "Sullivan, I am no thief. My children overdrew on me. They were 'high livers' and they got behind with the state. That is the reason you have me arrested."

Hollingsworth was then about sixty-five years old, very straight and erect and fine looking, and was highly educated. I am satisfied that he was no thief, but his children were expensive in their way of living, and caused him to fall behind and make this great mistake with the state. When he got into this trouble he was holding an office in Austin. Before that he taught school and bore a good name. He gave bond in Austin, but jumped it and made his escape. His wife sold her home and his two daughters sold theirs—a section of land apiece—and paid the bond off. I have never heard of Hollingsworth since.

WHILE stationed at Quanah, Texas, I was notified one evening by Col. Rush that Dock James, alias Dock Mayes, a noted horse thief, was camping near Quanah, and that he was stealing cattle and horses throughout that part of the country.

Col. Rush had just arrived in Quanah on the train from Colorado City. He told me that he had two herds of cattle near Quanah, that had been driven in from Colorado City by his hands.

As Mayes was wanted in seven counties, I thought I had better make good work of him; so I took Frank Hofer, a Ranger, and Bob Collier, a deputy sheriff, and started after this cattle thief. I at once went north with them to Groesbeck River, about five miles out of town, where I found a herd of cattle. I asked the man who had charge of the cattle if that herd belonged to Col. Rush. He replied that they did not; that Rush's herd was south of the Fort Worth & Denver road; so I bade him goodbye and started south.

"Cherokee Bill," most noted outlaw of the Territory. He was hanged at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

When I got to the railroad I met two ladies in a buggy going west up the track. I looked around, and about five miles south of the track I saw the herd, but I was satisfied that these ladies were going up the track to another herd, and thinking that the cattle west of us were Rush's, I pleaded with Bob Collier to go with me, and we would follow the ladies. I was afraid that the ladies would inform Mayes that officers were around, and told Bob that that was why I wanted to go up the track then. But Bob was hardheaded and would not go with us; so we turned and ran our horses to the herd that was directly south of us, and made the five miles in a little while.

When I reached the herd I saw a man sitting on a big black horse. I asked him if this was Col. Rush's herd, and he said "No. Rush's herd is at Quanah at the railroad tank watering."

I knew that was a lie, for I had not been away from Quanah more than three-quarters of an hour, and I had been riding fast all the time.

I rode around the herd and asked one of the hands, a Mexican, if he could tell me where either one of Col. Rush's herds was. In reply, he pointed west, the direction in which the two ladies were going, and said, "Yonder is the herd on that high divide about five miles from here." Then I was somewhat vexed, when I remembered the buggy a little while before.

Although our horses were hot and tired, I told Bob and Frank to put theirs beside mine and we would run them over to the other herd. I told Bob that since he had acted such a fool, and caused this trouble, I would make him kill that horse of his; so we laid the steel to our horses and pulled for that other five-mile heat.

We had arrived within three-quarters of a mile from Mayes' camp and the herders had failed to see us, as we were in a flat covered with mesquite timber, and they were at the top of a hill, right on the divide.

The two ladies, whom we had seen going up the track, had reported to them that we were coming. A man, calling himself Jackson, was sent at once to the wagon at their camp to inform Mayes that we were coming, but he did not get to deliver his message.

As we were nearing the divide, Jackson ran his horse into us at full speed. I stopped him and asked him where he was going. He replied that he was going to camp to change horses. I told him that his horse didn't seem to be very tired from the way he was moving out. I then put him under arrest and told him to tell me the truth.

"I want a fellow," I said, "by the name of Dock James, alias Dock Mayes, and don't you tell me anything but the truth. Is he with the herd, or is he at camp?"

He replied that he was at the camp. I asked him how far it was to the camp. He said it was about a mile and a half. I then told him to put his horse beside mine and take me the nearest way.

When I got within eight hundred yards of their camp, I saw the same man whom I had met sitting on the black horse at the other herd five miles away. He was a noted horse thief, was camping near the one who had told me such a story about Rush's cattle being in Quanah, watering at the railroad tank. He, also, had a message to deliver to Mayes about us, and had run his horse fast enough to beat us a minute or two, but too late to give Mayes sufficient time to get away. We saw him rush up to the wagon and tell Mayes we were coming.

Mayes sprang up and, in a stooping position, went in a trot to his saddle, about thirty yards away, and pulled his Winchester out of the scabbard. The man on the black horse immediately put spurs to his steed and left for his herd. When I saw Mayes making for his Winchester I thought I could rush in and get him before he reached it. I had no more use for Jackson, so I told Bob and Frank, both, to follow me and let him go. I then spurred my horse up and went straight for Mayes, with Bob following me. Bob, however, had told Frank to stay behind and guard Jackson, which was not my wish, and Frank did what Bob had requested him to do.

Bob stayed with me about three hundred yards, and then dropped behind, and when I had gotten within two hundred yards of Mayes, I heard him (Bob) yelling to me to hold up. I had gone too far by this time to turn back, so I paid no attention to Bob, but kept jerking "cat hair" out of my horse's sides.

When I had gotten within sixty yards of the wagon, Mayes yelled to me that he would kill me if I crowded him any more. About that time my horse became frightened at some blankets hanging out on a mesquite bush, and commenced jumping a thousand ways a second; but I kept pulling for the wagon. Mayes had gotten behind the wagon, and was at this time sitting by the wheels with his Winchester at his shoulder. When I saw him and remembered his reputation as a fine shot and a dangerous man, I said to myself, "I am a dead man."

I jumped my horse over the wagon tongue, which placed me within six feet of Mayes. I sat my horse down, and pointed my gun at Mayes and told him to surrender. He said he would. I ordered him to throw his Winchester on the ground, which he did. I searched him for his six-shooter, and picked his Winchester up. About that time, Bob Collier, the deputy sheriff, came up.

Mayes asked me why I crowded him as I did. "If I had had my Winchester loaded," he said, "you would have been in hell right now. This is the first time in fourteen years that the magazine of my rifle has ever been empty."

I asked him how it came to be empty then.

He replied that one of the boys had gone out to shoot rabbits a little while before that, and emptied the magazine and had forgotten to reload it.

Then I asked him if his name was Mayes, and he replied that it was. I asked him if "James" would suit him better; but he only smiled. I then asked him if he had a horse. He replied that he had a little old sore-back cow pony.

About that time Frank Hofer came up, bringing Jackson with him. I scolded Frank a little bit about staying with Jackson instead of coming with me as I had requested him to.

I told Jackson to go with Frank and get Mayes' horse, which he did, returning in a few minutes. I found that Mayes had lied. His "little soreback cow pony" was a thoroughbred racehorse, and as pretty as a peach.

I handcuffed Mayes and took his bridle reins. Then I tied a rope around his animal's neck and wrapped the other end around the horn of my saddle, and let Mayes mount his horse. After we started off, Mayes asked me to let him have the reins, as his horse traveled so badly when he did not have reins in his hands. I had a suspicion that he intended to attempt to make his escape, so I did not grant his request.

I put him in the county jail at Quanah. He was wanted at Weatherford for horse theft. He was sentenced to the penitentiary for nine years, was tried again in Colorado City, and sentenced for an additional nine years. He was wanted in five more counties, but did not answer for the other charges. After serving six years of his term of nine years, he was pardoned out of the penitentiary by Gov. Culberson.

I WENT, in 1891, while stationed at Quanah, to institute a search for Bill James, who had foully murdered his brother, John, at Bill's home.

James was supposed to be hiding in the Comanche Strip; so I took George Black, Frank Hofer and Bill McCauley and went to Greer County, where we pitched camp on the North Fork of Red River, about three miles from Navajoe. We rode every day for five months, and scouted the country all around there. Though our main object was to capture James, we arrested a number of criminals and put a stop to some of the lawlessness that occurred on the border.

We had a number of amusing, as well as exciting, experiences while trying to capture James. I told James' brother-in-law one day that I thought James was in Quanah Parker's camp, or in that part of the Strip. At that time Quanah Parker's camp was near Fort Sill. The brother-in-law told me that I would be apt to find him there, and I announced that I was going to take all the Rangers and go to that part of the Strip to look for Bill.

I planned and talked about the trip for several days, to make everybody think that I was really going to Fort Sill after James. My real intention, however, was to allow James' brother-in-law and other friends plenty of time to get word to him that the officers were to be out of the way on a certain date, and he could come home and see his two-weeks-old babe, which I thought he would do. Then I was to go out a few miles and drop back suddenly at the right moment and capture James.

An old man, who lived in the community, wanted to go along with us to help about camp, and play the fiddle for us and hunt game. He was a privileged character in the community, and very amusing as well as useful; so I told him he could go with us. He was elated over the thought of going with us and said he would play his fiddle at night, and in the daytime he would kill all the birds on Bitter Creek for us to eat.

When the day came for us to leave, a number of men came to see us off. We packed our bedding and provisions in the wagon, and the old man got on with his shotgun and fiddle, and we started off in grand style.

We traveled slowly and lost as much time as we could, in order to be as close to his home as was possible under the circumstances when night came on.

At six o'clock in the evening I told the driver to pull out to the left of the road. It was eight miles from any water, and I remarked that we would have "dry camp."

The fiddler and bird man asked me what I meant by "dry camp." I told him that we were to do without water.

He said that he had been thirsty an hour or two and had been wishing that I would stop and pitch camp, so he could get a drink of water. I told the old man that we Rangers didn't drink but once a day, and that the mules and horses were trained the same way. He said if he had known all this at first he wouldn't have come along.

We told him that we were a little thirsty ourselves, but if he would play the fiddle for us it would help us to pass the time away and endure our thirst. The man played and sang for us a little while, and then rolled up in his blankets and was soon asleep, calling hogs and sawing gourds in that good old happy way.

After waiting there several hours, I decided we had been away long enough for James to have had time to reach his home; so I woke the man up and told him that we were going back to the river, where we could get a drink of that good muddy water.

He said that he could not understand our movements; that he thought we were to be gone several days.

I told him that we would have to go and, turning to the driver and the other boys, I said that we would have to travel quietly. We had good luck in fording the river, but when we reached the other side we found two roads, one leading to the left and the other to the right. I had to study a moment to determine what we had better do.

I was afraid James had caught on to us; so I sent George Black and Frank Hofer around the left-hand road, and Farris and I went the other way. I thought, by doing that, we would catch James, even if he became suspicious and left the river to go back to his old hiding place.

I told Black and Hofer that if they found the gates down, they must run fast and that we would do the same thing. The two roads were only half a mile apart, and I could hear a dog barking farther up the road on the left, and, thinking it might mean that someone had gone ahead to notify James of our coming, we ran as swiftly as our horses could carry us, all four of us reaching James' house at the same time.

We quickly dismounted, and the other boys surrounded the house while I knocked at the front door.

A lady asked who I was and what I wanted. I told her that I was Sullivan and wanted her husband, Bill. She said he wasn't there, and that I had been searching her house so much that she was not going to open the door.

I told her I couldn't help that and, though I was sorry for her, I made her open the door at last.

She said she would not turn on a light. I told her I would attend to that part of it all right, and when I went into the house I pulled a handful of matches from my pocket and lit the whole bunch at once, which made a good light.

The boys outside were eagerly watching the house to see if Bill James would run out. I searched the house thoroughly, but could not find my man, and finally decided that he was not there and gave up the hunt. I was greatly disappointed at my failure, for I wanted James "awful bad."

He sent us a number of messages, saying that we had better look out; that he would knock us out of date. If we had met him, though, we would have done what was right by the gentleman.

I was satisfied, after we failed to find him, that he was farther from home than we thought he was, and that he failed to learn that we had left Greer County.

Frank Hofer and I thought once that we had him in a cave. The cave was in the side of a big mountain, and we had to climb about two hundred feet to get to it. When we first entered the cave, Frank and I could walk side by side, but the farther we went the narrower the cave got, and we finally had to walk "single file." The cave was small, but we soon saw that it opened into another one.

It was very dark inside the cave, and we had to feel our way as we went. We came to a place through which we had to go sidewise, and at another place we ran across a spring. We could smell bacon, and knew by that and other signs that men had camped in there, and we were also sure that Bill James was at that moment in the back part of that cave. We came across funny things and heard strange noises, and the farther we went, the darker it got.

Finally Frank asked me if I didn't think we were acting foolishly in going blindly into that cave.

"I expect we are," I replied.

"Let's get out," said Frank.

I told him I was willing, so we groped our way out, and we were glad to see daylight again.

It was about thirty feet to the top of the mountain, and we knew the cave must have extended quite a number of feet upward. There was lots of brush and wood on top; so we decided to throw down some of it and pile it in the cave and set fire to it and smoke the man out.

Frank climbed to the top of the mountain and threw the wood down onto a bench that made off from the mountain, and I dragged it back and piled it up in the cave. When we finished our task, we ignited the wood and brush and got off a little way to wait for the man to come out.

The wood blazed up in good fashion, but in a little while we commenced wondering where the smoke was going to. We soon found out, however, for the smoke and heat ascended to the top of the mountain inside the cave, but, not being able to get out, it rebounded and began pouring out of the cave in great volume. The heat was intense, and we could not see which way to turn on account of the smoke. Fire gushed out of the cave, and the flames were blown against us, setting us on fire before we could get out of the way. Instead of smoking out men and fighting criminals, we were setting fire to ourselves and fighting the flames.

It would have been better if we had gone on and explored the cave, and let the smoking business alone, but we were afraid to venture too far in when it was so dark, and we did not know what we were going to run into. Somebody told us if we had gone on to the end of the cave, we might have found some money, but I hadn't lost any money in there just at that date, and Frank said he hadn't, so we thought we had no particular amount of business in there, and we decided to beat a retreat.

James was finally captured in the Indian Territory by some United States marshals, and was tried for the murder which he was alleged to have committed, but was acquitted. Before I close this story, however, I shall relate another incident which happened while we were trailing James.

Early one morning the other boys and myself went to the top of a mountain to look down upon James' house through a field glass, and see if we couldn't catch James slipping into his house.

While looking through the glass I discovered a man about two miles from us and a mile from Bill's house. He was walking around another mountain, and held something in his hand that shone so in the sunlight we could see it at that great distance. Thinking that was Bill slipping away from the house with his Winchester, we ran quickly to the mountain, reaching it in a few minutes.

I told Hofer, Black and Farris to run around the mountain one way, and I started around the other way. We felt sure we had Bill this time, and were so elated that we ran much faster than was necessary and were traveling full speed, when we all three reached the man at the same time.

We arrested him and asked him his name.

He said, "I am Rev. Joe Smith and, as I am going to preach today, I have come out here to pray."

We were dumfounded. Noticing that the large Bible, which Brother Smith carried, had big silver letters on it, we realized that what we thought was Bill James' Winchester was in reality the Holy Bible.

"Brother Smith" showed us their little church, which was situated at the foot of the mountain, and the mountain had obstructed it from our view.

We humbly apologized to the preacher, and he said that he was thankful and glad to know that it was a mistake. He laughingly remarked that he thought his time had come, and said if he could regain his composure he would go on up to the church and preach his sermon.

WHILE the Ranger boys and I were camping on the North Fork of the Red River, still in search of Bill James, we received a call to go about twenty-five miles farther up the river, to protect a family who were threatened with extermination by a band of Indians. We were quite busy at that time, for every day, nearly, we had a horse thief or some other bad character to capture.

We went up, however, to see what we could do for the family who had called for help. I took with me two deputy marshals, Jeff Minet and Tom Mason. I also took my Rangers, George Black, Jim Farris and Frank Hofer, the latter being the best Indian fighter in the bunch.

When we reached the house, where the family lived who were threatened by the Indians, we learned that a young man had killed an Indian who had attempted to steal a steer from them. The Indian was armed with a Winchester, and when the young man caught the Indian in the act of stealing, the Indian tried to shoot him, but the boy was too quick for him and shot the Indian, killing him instantly.

The Indians went on the warpath, and sent word to the whites that they would kill everybody on Wolf Creek. When we arrived upon the scene, we found them in an ugly humor. They had their faces painted up, and had made all necessary preparations to kill out the whole family of the young man who had killed a member of their tribe.

We were there to protect the family, and, in doing so, it was up to six men to stand off the Indians, which seemed to us an impossible task. Those Indians looked quite fierce and, as you may imagine, we looked rather wild too. It didn't feel a bit funny to us, and we certainly felt small when we looked at them. I was not a bit frightened at first, but for three or four days afterward I felt very shaky, and constantly put my hand up to my head to see if I was scalped.

We made peace with the Indians by bluffing them, and making them think we would kill all of them if they attempted to fight us. We did not expect to prevent trouble that easily, and were surprised when we learned that they had decided not to fight us. It was remarkable that they were so easily subdued. If they had tried, they would have killed us all, and we often wondered why they didn't.

The people, whose lives we saved, were very thankful to us, and when they had recovered sufficiently from their fright they entertained us royally. We were given all the good fried chicken we could eat, and treated as if we were preachers and lords of England.

IN 1891 the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Strip was opened up to settlers. Billy McCauley, Lon Lewis, John Herrington, Capt. W. J. McDonald and I left Quanah to go to the opening of this strip, knowing that this would be a good place to capture outlaws. We went by Mangum, in Greer County, and got John Byers and John Ovelton and stopped at Oak Creek, which was about nine miles from what was going to be the new county seat—Cloudchief. This territory was to open up at twelve o'clock, and when we reached Oak Creek we got the correct time from one of the soldiers. About twenty-five hundred men were at Oak Creek alone, waiting for twelve o'clock to come.

When the hand of my watch reached twelve, I laid steel to my horse, and we all made a break for the county seat, after crossing Oak Creek, which was about fifty steps from us. Men from all sides of this strip were headed for the new county seat, under full speed. Wildcats, lobos, coyotes, antelope and badgers were running in every direction. One of our posse roped a deer, and another killed one, while they were all running in every direction. This was about as exciting a time as I ever experienced; horses falling on every side, from stepping in gopher and salamander holes, and dust so thick that man could hardly see in front of him. Our crowd made the run of nine miles in thirty-five minutes. I staked out two claims, one within a mile, and the other a mile and a half from the county seat.

The signal, which meant that the county seat was open for settlers, was given by a soldier firing a cannon. Up to this time there wasn't a soul to be seen in the new county. In less than thirty minutes after the signal was given, this was a solid city covered with tents. We people, who made the run, were to get a business lot and residence lot. I made a mistake and staked a street instead of a lot. I had quite a little argument before they convinced me that I was mistaken. We failed to locate any parties that we wanted and turned back to our headquarters in Quanah.

In the fall of 1892 Capt. McDonald discharged the company cook, and each Ranger had to do the cooking for a week while in camp. On one occasion it was Ben Owens' week to cook and, after preparing an inviting breakfast one frosty morning at the camp in Amarillo, he discovered in setting the table that he was short one saucer. It so happened, when the boys took their seats at the table, that Lee Queen was the man short a saucer, and Queen made some remark about everyone having a saucer but him. Owens shoved his saucer over to Queen, striking his cup and knocking a little coffee out on the table, and at the same time remarked, "Here, baby, take this one."

This seemed to offend Queen very much, and he threw the saucer back at Owen, striking his cup, breaking both cup and saucer. Both men jumped to their feet and pulled their guns. I grabbed both men and prevented what might have been a killing over a very small thing. I have always been glad that I was in time to prevent this shooting, and I go on the theory that it is better to be a peacemaker and prevent trouble than to make it. After a few minutes, Owens and Queen saw the folly of their acts, shook hands, and have remained to this day the best of friends.

While stationed at Amarillo I went to Woodward, Oklahoma, after a fellow by the name of Bill Hines, who had robbed a man of $600.00 in Collingsworth County. I caught this man, and while we were crossing the Canadian River, about a mile from Canadian City (Texas), I dropped off to sleep, as I had been on the go for three days and nights and was worn out. I woke up in Canadian City, and found that Billie had bidden me goodbye while I was asleep, and had struck a stock train and gone back to Woodward, Oklahoma. He had taken this train before I awoke, after our train had arrived in Canadian City. This is the only man who ever made his escape from me. I took the train the next morning for Woodward City, but failed to catch Bill.

That day, while I was searching for Bill in Woodward, three prisoners broke jail at this place. I was called on to assist the officers in the capture of these men. I got in shape at once, and joined the posse. Ex-Sheriff Love and I crossed the Canadian River one mile below where the prisoners had crossed. Tobe Odom and his posse engaged in a fight with Jim Hefner and John Hill, two of the prisoners. We reached them too late to join in the fight. Both of the fugitives were killed. Ben Woodword's right arm was shot off.

George Wattle, the third prisoner, was not with the party at the time of the fight, but we found him one mile from there lying down on his Winchester. He made no fight, and when called upon to surrender, he threw up his hands at once.

Captain Brooks of Company A and his seven Rangers

Several of the men in the crowd said, "Let's kill him, anyhow."

I spoke up and said, "If you kill that man I'll hold you responsible for murder, as he has surrendered and thrown up his hands." Temple Houston, who was with us, spoke up and said, "Sullivan, you are right." We sent for a hack and hauled the three men in—two dead, and one alive. We jailed Wattle.

This fellow, John Hill, was a very dangerous man. He feared nothing on earth and was known as a slick artist in the Territory in his line of business. Hefner was not so desperate, but all three were bad enough.

I captured one Rip Pearce, charged with holding up a Fort Worth & Denver passenger train, with the intention of robbing the express car. He held up this train in a cut about four hundred yards from the Canadian River near Tascosa, Texas. Rip Pearce was about thirty years of age at that time, and was six feet two inches and a half tall, and weighed about 200 pounds.

When I arrested Pearce he made no fight. I jailed him at Tascosa. I concealed myself at the jail, and did not let him know it. He became awfully restless, and commenced walking the floor and talking to himself. There were no other prisoners in the jail except him. He cried and said, "If I ever live to get out of this scrape, I will always behave myself and lead a different life." When I heard him make this remark, I was satisfied that I had the right man.

D. B. Hill was district attorney. I had a hard time locating Mr. Hill, but I kept the wires hot in every direction and finally got word to him, and he arrived just in time to keep Judge Penery from releasing Pearce from the jail on a writ of habeas corpus. Pearce had employed Judge Penery to defend him in his case. Judge Penery was county judge at one time. Pearce knew that the judge was a fine lawyer, and I also found it out before this trial was over.

After Pearce was released, he fell in love with a bunch of horses in Hall County. He fancied these horses, and at last got the consent of his mind to deprive the owner of them, and was captured and sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary. He served his time out, and has been free for several years. I learned that he had reformed and was living a good, honest, upright life, which I was very glad to know.

WHILE I was at Amarillo, one Bob Keene, who was traveling from New Mexico to Amarillo, met the stage coming from Plainview to Amarillo. He held the stage-driver up and made him get out of the stage and, pointing his six-shooter at him, made the driver dance nearly two hours.

After releasing him, Keene forced the driver to drink until he was pretty well under the influence of "Brother Red-Eye." Keene then started on his way, and the driver was satisfied he had gotten rid of him. When he had driven about three miles, however, he heard a noise behind him. He looked around and Keene threw down on him again, and held him up and had him to cut the "pigeon wing" again. The driver reported Keene as soon as he arrived in Amarillo.

I was not in camp at that time, and he reported this to the Rangers. Bob McClure, and one or two of the Rangers, left at once and followed Keene out to the seven-mile windmill, where he had held the driver up. It commenced snowing and they returned to camp. I came in that night at twelve o'clock off a scout, and they laid this case before me. The next morning I took my saddle horse and one of the State mules and got a buggy; and, with Duncan Meredith, one of the Rangers, I started out to find this man. The snow was nearly knee-deep to our team, and covered the ground everywhere in that part of the state and caused us to lose our way several times. But we succeeded in getting out, and about sixty-five-miles west of Amarillo, at Jim Ivey's ranch, I captured Bob Keene. He was tried at Fort Graham for holding up the stage and detaining the United States mail, and was fined nearly a thousand dollars.

I was called by Hughes Tittle, the sheriff of Greer County, to assist him in holding a mob off Jeff Adams and Race Thomas, who had killed McMuse. A mob of one hundred and fifty armed men tried to take these two men from the sheriff as he went to feed the prisoners. Hughes Tittle was such a noble man, and so well-known by this mob for his good qualities and bravery, that the mob would not take his life to get these criminals. Hughes wired me at Amarillo to come and assist him, in case the mob made another break. I went at once, and stayed there two months guarding the jail day and night, but the mob never returned.

Race turned state's evidence, and Adams got a life sentence in the penitentiary, but was held six years in the Quanah jail while the authorities waited to see who had jurisdiction over Greer County—the State of Texas or the United States; but Uncle Sam finally fell heir to the county. Adams went to the penitentiary for life. While in jail Adams used every means to make his escape. I was called on by the jailer of Quanah to help search the jail, when he found where Adams was cutting or sawing. At last we found his saw tied to him on the inside of his clothes.

While bringing Adams from Mangum, he and Thomas tried every way possible to pick their shackles when night came on. We had a time getting Adam's shackles and handcuffs off, as he had broken off several toothpicks in the keyholes.

We also held Race Thomas for a witness for six years. Uncle Sam agreed that the State of Texas was entitled to jurisdiction over Greer County at that time. I have not given the full details of this trial, as I do not deem it of importance to do so.

Greer County is ninety miles long and seventy-eight miles wide. It is the largest county known in the world. At that time this county was running over with all kinds of outlaws. While in the Ranger service I only searched four caves, one in Greer County, one in the Indian Territory across the North Fork of Red River, and two in Palo Pinto County. I always felt somewhat lonely while searching these caves.

I was one of the Rangers who helped to guard George Isaacs at Quanah, when he was sentenced to the pen for life for killing Tom McGee, the sheriff of Hemphill County, at Canadian City. After he was sentenced I carried him to Fort Worth and jailed him for the contractor at the penitentiary to come and get him. He was pardoned out through a false pardon by a man by the name of Dent, who had served four years in the penitentiary. While in there he got acquainted with Isaacs. This was during Governor Sayers' administration. Governor Sayers was perfectly innocent of knowing anything of this pardon, or anything of Isaacs being out of the pen, until he was notified by Judge Sam Cowan, a lawyer who helped to prosecute him. The officers who helped hold this court and guard Isaacs during the trial were Fred Dodge; Captain Arrington, one of the old ex-Ranger captains; Charlie Stockton; Captain A. J. Paine; three Wells-Fargo men; Dick Cofer, the sheriff of Hardeman County, and myself; also several others—eighteen guards in all.

This is just a small sketch of this. I have not gone into details in this case, as I have in some others. Dent was captured, tried for the killing of Tom McGee, and sentenced to the penitentiary for life, and is now serving his sentence.

I WENT to Canadian City one day after two prisoners who were sentenced to the penitentiary. I was called upon to take them to Fort Worth and turn them over to an agent of the penitentiary, who was to take them from there to Huntsville, where the state prison is located.

Reaching Canadian City, I went first to the hotel to get breakfast. As soon as I set my grip and Winchester down, I was approached by two ladies, who asked me if I had come after some prisoners. One of them was an old lady, while the other was rather young looking and, from the worried expressions on their faces, I took them to be the mother and sister of Jim Long, one of the two prisoners whom I had come after. Long was sentenced to the penitentiary for forging checks on a bank in Canadian City.

Answering their question, I told the women that I had come after two prisoners to take them to the penitentiary. Both of them got up from their chairs and commenced pacing up and down the floor, sighing and groaning.

After I had eaten breakfast, the old lady told me that she was Jim Long's mother, and that the other lady was his wife. They asked me if they could stay at the jail with Long until the train arrived, and I told them that I thought it would be all right with the sheriff. Getting the sheriff's permission also, they stayed in the jail with the prisoner until nearly train time.

When the time came for me to take the prisoners from the jail, I handcuffed them together and, with the sheriff and the two ladies, we started for the depot. The strain was too great for Long's wife, and she fainted as we were leaving the jail. Long's mother bore up pretty well under the ordeal, though it was quite an effort, but she did it on acount of her daughter-in-law, who fainted two more times before we reached the depot. The old lady couldn't keep the tears back, however, and she walked all the way to the depot with her arms around her son. The sheriff and Long's wife walked behind us, the former trying his best to console Mrs. Long.

When we reached the depot, Long's mother leaned over and whispered to me that she had seventy-five cents at the jail, and that she had given her son twenty-five cents, and wanted to give him the other fifty cents, too. She asked me my advice about it, and I told her to give it to him if she wanted to. She gave the money to him, and when we reached the depot she told me that she and her daughter had return tickets to their home town, but that they owed a four days' hotel bill and had no money to pay it with. They seemed very much distressed about it, but I told them not to worry; that I would see that the bill was paid.

I found the proprietor of the hotel in the depot and talked with him about the matter, and he agreed to knock off one-third of the bill. I then paid one of the remaining thirds, and the sheriff paid the other, leaving them free of that debt. We saw that they arrived safely home, and it made us happy to think that we had soothed the broken hearts of two poor, unfortunate women.

WHILE at my post of duty in Amarillo, Captain W. J. McDonald told me to take whichever one of the Ranger boys I wanted and go to a certain ranch in the Panhandle country and look after some cattle stealing that was alleged to be going on. I took Jeff Madkins, a Ranger who had lately been enlisted in the service. I wanted to try his nerve, and I decided that this would be a good place, as this ranch was situated on the Texas and the Territory boundary line, and I knew that we would come in contact with many tough characters before we were through with our work in that part of the state.

This cattle company boarded Madkins and me and our two horses, and gave us forty dollars apiece every month above what the State was giving us. At that time I was corporal and drew thirty-five dollars a month regularly.

Madkins and I rode every day for four months looking for cattle thieves. The superintendent of this ranch and his wife and son, all three, claimed that the nesters were stealing the cattle; so we took particular pains to visit these nesters as often as we could, but failed to find any beef on their tables, or beef bones lying around the place. All the beef that we got to eat would be at the general round-ups. At these round-ups one of the nesters would kill a calf today and, in a day or two, another nester would kill one of his calves. Then the superintendent of the ranch would kill a beef.

This superintendent was paying a high tax to the state for so many head of cattle. The English company seemed to have gotten uneasy, for some reason, and sent a man from Austin, Texas to investigate the condition of their ranch.

He and I had a talk. I had at that time been there only two months. I had ridden this pasture out thoroughly everywhere. and had made a close investigation, and I was prepared to answer this man's questions. He interrogated me rather closely, too. He asked me how many cattle there were on the ranch that belonged to the company. I told him that I had ridden the pasture for two months, and I didn't believe that there could be over fifteen hundred or two thousand head of cattle rounded up in that company's brand.

What I said somewhat vexed this man, and he claimed that the company was paying taxes on eighteen or twenty thousand head of cattle. I told him the cattle were not on the ranch. He then asked me what I thought about the stealing that was going on.

I told him that I thought there was very little stealing going on by the nesters, though sometimes they might slip a calf, but it was seldom.

Then he asked me about the lobo wolves. and I told him that I did not think they were bad; for I seldom ever saw a cow running across the prairie from one high peak to another bawling for her calf, and that I believed I could safely say to him that there was a mistake in regard to the nesters stealing the company out; but, if I stayed there long enough, I would catch the parties who were doing the stealing.

So I remained there two months longer, riding every day. The superintendent was furnished all the horses that he and his wife and son needed to ride, and all the cows they wanted. Outside of that, however, they were not allowed to own a horse or a cow on the inside of that pasture. I began to suspect the superintendent, and one day, during a roundup, while I was sitting under a mesquite tree, the horse wrangler, who had charge of the remuda, came up and talked with this superintendent for quite a while.

It came to my mind, when this fellow rode up, that he might be able to give me some information as to whether the superintendent was acting fairly with the company or not; so I took my day-book out of my pocket, and I told him that the old man and the old lady had promised time after time to give me their brands of the cattle which they owned themselves.

This was not so, however, for the

superintendent and his wife never had told me that they owned a cow or calf inside of this pasture. They told me that all the cows that they needed to milk were furnished to them by the company, and the company would not allow them to own a cow and calf inside of the pasture. This wrangler dismounted and took my day-book and wrote down a brand for the old man, a brand for his son, a brand for his daughter, and two brands that they had bought, making six brands the family owned inside the pasture.

I took these brands to the bookkeeper, a nephew of the owner of the ranch, who just had sense enough outside of bookkeeping to know that he was human. I asked him if the superintendent had any right to own brands in that pasture. He said that he was not allowed to own even one cow.

I showed him the six brands which I had procured from the horse wrangler, and asked him if he knew whether that superintendent was running those brands in his pasture. He said he did not know it, and did not think it could be possible. He asked me to give him the brands, which I did, and he sent them at once to England to his uncle.

His uncle sent a man at once from England to investigate this matter. The man from England, after investigating the condition of affairs, was thoroughly convinced that the superintendent and his family had stolen this ranch nearly out of cattle; so he fired the whole business off the ranch at once and put another man in his place. The new manager rounded the pasture up from one end to the other, and cut the company's cattle out to themselves and counted them. He got the large sum of eleven hundred and twenty head.

Madkins and I were invited one night by the former superintendent's wife to come up to her house. We accepted her invitation, and when we stepped into her room we hardly knew her, she was dressed in such fine style—diamonds in her ears, diamonds on her fingers, and diamond bracelets, and a three-hundred-dollar scarf pin. She and Madkins and I seated ourselves around a beautiful table, while her husband lay on a fine sofa.

Opening the conversation, the lady said, "Mr. Sullivan, what I wanted to see you about is in regard to seven men on the inside of these wires. This stealing that is going on will never cease until the scalps of these seven men are taken."

She then named the men over to us, and said that there was two thousand dollars apiece for the scalps of these men. She said she had the money ready to pay for their scalps as soon as they were turned over to her.

I sat still and said nothing, but listened to her proposition. When she had finished, I looked at her and asked, "Did you aim that proposition at me?"

"Not particularly at you, Mr. Sullivan," she replied, "but at anyone who sees fit to take it up. The money is ready now."

I told her that the State of Texas didn't have me employed to take men's life and property, but to protect them, and that I was going to execute the law in the proper way. "If you or your husband, who is lying over there on the sofa, or your son should violate the laws of our state, I would arrest you as quickly as I would any other criminals."

She saw that I was mad, and she said that she didn't mean her proposition for me, but for anyone who wanted to take it up.

When we left the house, I told Madkins that I was a little too hasty in refusing to consider her proposition. "A character like that," I said, "ought to be in the penitentiary and, as district court is in session, I shall lay the case before the judge and prosecuting attorney."

I went to town the next morning and saw those two officials, and repeated the whole conversation which had taken place between the woman and me the night before. I told them that I was going back and take up her proposition, and make her pay me half the money down and take her note for the balance, to be paid when the work was done. "Then I will turn the money over to you, Judge," I continued, "and we will prosecute that woman and put her in the penitentiary, where all such characters belong."

The judge and the attorney both spoke up then, and said that I had made her mad and that I couldn't stand in with her any more.

I told them that I could tell the woman that I refused to consider her proposition because she made it to me in the presence of the other Ranger, whom I could not trust, since he was a new man in the company and I did not know him well enough. I told them again that I could make a trade with her, and we would get the papers and money for proof and send her to the penitentiary.

Both of them begged me not to interfere with her, saying that she was crazy, or she would not have made that proposal to me. They finally persuaded me not to get the woman into trouble, and I let the case stop where it was.

IT SEEMED, however, that she was bent on getting into the penitentiary before she was through.

A certain man—one of the seven whom she wanted killed—lived in the pasture about a mile from her house. He had been in a shooting scrape with her son a year before, and one evening while sitting in front of my boarding house talking to two other boarders, I saw this man riding from the post office to his home. The woman lived about a block from where we were, and the man had to pass her house on his way home.

The woman had often told me that this man was always armed; so on this occasion, as he rode by on his horse, I watched closely to see if I could see the print of his six-shooter. He had on a little blue jumper coat, and I could not see any sign of a gun being on him, though it would easily have made an impression on his little coat if he had been carrying one.

As I was watching him ride slowly up the street, I noticed the woman, with a gun in her hand, standing in the east corner of her yard, just a few steps from where the man whom she hated had to pass in another minute.

I asked the man, who ran the boarding house, how long it had been since the man on the horse and the woman's son had met. He replied that they had never met since they had the shooting scrape. I suggested to the men that we watch and see if they spoke. As we were on a line with them, we had no difficulty in seeing their movements.

Neither one bowed nor spoke to the other. She watched him, but he never looked to the right nor left. He must have seen her before he reached the house, but while he was passing close by her he never turned his head in her direction, but looked straight in front of him.

When he had passed her, she fired her gun twice across the road. He never even looked around to see if she was shooting at him, but rode straight ahead and soon went out of sight.

It was nearly dark, and we three men were still sitting in the yard, when the woman came down to the gate where we were and asked for me. I went to the gate, and she proposed that we walk up the road, saying that she wished to talk with me. After walking about forty steps, she turned to me and asked, "Mr. Sullivan, what do you reckon?"

I told her I didn't know.

She then referred to the man whom I had seen on horseback, and said, "I was standing in the east corner of my yard awhile ago, and that dirty villain passed by and jerked out a rubber handled, blue barrel six-shooter and threw it cocked in my face."

I asked her why she didn't scream or notify me, so I could arrest the man and get his gun.

"The reason why I didn't," she replied, "was that I thought it best for you and me to get in my buggy and go to town in the morning, and I will swear out three complaints against him; one for assaulting me with a six-shooter, one for carrying a six-shooter, and I will also have him put under a peace bond."

After telling her I would see her the next morning, I joined the two men whom I left a few minutes before and told them what the woman had said. They said that they had watched every movement that she and the man made when the man passed her house, and that they could swear that the woman's statements were opposite to the truth. I then announced my intention of going to town with the woman, and letting her swear out the complaints against the man. I explained that such a character should be in the penitentiary, and that it was fortunate that there was a way of getting her in there.

The two men, however, begged me not to do that, saying that they did not want to see the woman get into trouble. I laid the case before a merchant, who, I afterward learned, sold lots of goods to this woman, and he begged me not to let the woman perjure herself.

I finally decided, myself, that it was not best to let the woman get into so much trouble, but I went to her house the next morning as I had promised, and asked her if she was ready to go to town.

She said she was ready to go right away and swear out the complaints. I then told her that two other men besides myself had watched every movement that she and the man made when he passed her house, and that we were ready to swear that her charges were false as soon as she swore to them.

"Mr. Sullivan," she replied, "let's drop the matter where it is, and let it go and say no more about it."

I told her that that was the safest way for her to do; that the penitentiary would have gotten her if she had sworn out those charges against that man.

WHILE at my headquarters I received a message from Adjutant General Mabry at Austin, notifying me that a train was held up on the T. & P. Railroad, four miles east of Gordon, by four train robbers. Superintendent J. V. Goode, of that railroad, gave me transportation for eight men and eight horses and saddles, and I left at once for Gordon, taking with me Bob McClure, Jim Wise, Lee Queen, Billie McCauley, Jack Harwell, Arthur Jones and Vernon Resser, all Rangers. We arrived in Gordon that night and put up at the hotel.

The next morning the proprietor of the hotel told me that there was a Jake Smith, who lived in the country, who looked rather suspicious to him. He said that when the train robbery was announced in the hotel, he noticed Jake Smith turning pale and becoming rather nervous.

"Jake made the remark," continued the hotel man, "that he bet the robbers had gone north."

I asked the proprietor if Jake ever came to town much, or was it rather unusual for him to be in town and stopping at the hotel. He replied that Jake hadn't been in Gordon before in two years.

We started out early the next morning to the country to look for the robbers. On account of what the hotel man had told me, I went to Jake Smith's house, but before reaching there I procured some more information concerning Smith. I learned, among other things, that two suspicious characters had been staying around Smith's place, and that one of them was wounded and remained there about six weeks. The sick man went by the name of Wilson, and it was presumed that he was shot while robbing some train or store. I was pretty well prepared for Jake when I first reached his house, but I didn't let him know it.

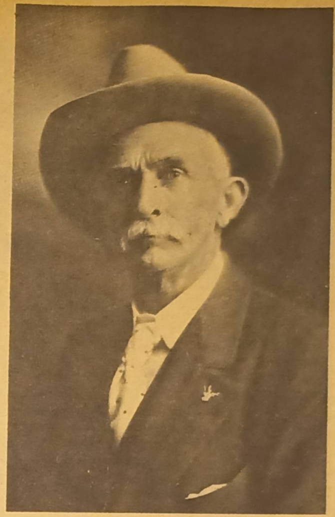
I shook hands with Jake, and told him that I knew very little about the country, and that I wanted him to pilot me to a place called Board Tree Springs. He said he would take me there, and we tramped all day through the rocks and brush, and walked and rode around the many crooks and turns of the Brazos River, not reaching Board Tree Springs until late that evening. He could have taken us there in a half hour if he had wished to do so, as it was only a mile and a half from his house; but Jake did not want to find these springs any sooner than he could help, for he knew that we would discover something there.

When we reached the springs we found four pallets, made of sage grass, spread upon the ground where four men had slept. The pallets were about twenty feet apart, and we saw that they had tied four horses up for a long time.

We learned afterward that the robbers had concealed themselves at this place, and that they waited there for Wilson, the wounded man who stopped with Jake Smith, to get well enough to join them and help them rob the T. & P. train. After Wilson got well, they had to wait for the train that was to bring the money to pay off the coal miners at Thurber.

A little while before the train was to pass by with its fifty thousand dollars, the robbers captured the section hands and forced them to spread the rails about nine inches. Then they made the hands walk up the track about a hundred yards away from the spreading of the rails, and when the train arrived they ordered Lockerby, the section foreman, to flag it. When the train stopped, the robbers jumped into the express car to take the fifty thousand dollars out, but failed to get it, as the money was in a Thurber safe, which had a time lock on it. They carried off two thousand dollars, however, that they found in another safe which was smaller than the Thurber safe and more easily opened.

The train pulled into Gordon an hour late, and the conductor reported the robbery to the officers. Then, as already stated, I was then ordered by Adjutant-General Mabry to do all I could to run down the robbers. Governor James S. Hogg was on the train when it was held up.



Captain William J. (Bill) McDonald

When we reached Board Tree Springs we found a large bay horse, branded low down on his left thigh with a letter E. This horse was shod with new shoes, but his feet were terribly cut and bruised around the hoofs. They had run him over the hills and rocks until he was unable to travel any longer. The robbers then stole a paint horse and rode him out and left the bay.

In a live-oak thicket, near where the men had done their cooking, I found two boxes, a coffee pot, frying pan, skillet and a water bucket.

Jake Smith claimed that the first day they came to his house there were only two men, and he said they told him that they wanted to find a pasture for twelve or fifteen hundred head of cattle. Jake said that the men borrowed the cooking utensils which we found in the thicket from him. He also explained Wilson's presence in his house by saying that the latter came to him and claimed to be suffering with a rising, and he felt sorry for him and let him stay in his house.

I also found a nail apron, with sugar in one end of it and salt in the other. A carpenter was working on Smith's house when the two men first took dinner there, and while the wounded man was boarding with Smith. Upon opening the two boxes which I found, I discovered some soda in a lady's dress sleeves, and some new clothes with cost marks still on them. I learned that a store had been robbed about eighteen miles from there, and I notified the merchant of my discovery, and he identified the articles as some of his merchandise and took them back with him. On the two boxes, which we opened, we found written in big letters this warning: "Look out for smallpox."

All this proved to us that the men were guilty, and that Jake Smith had aided them somewhat in their work; so I told Jake that he was under arrest, but I kept him in the mountains eleven days before I took him to jail.

After arresting Smith I went on that evening to Jack Scott's house to arrest him, too. When we arrived at his house, Mrs. Scott informed us that her husband was down at Bill Hitson's, near the river, helping to brand cattle. Our party at that time consisted of eighteen men, and I did not want to take so many to Mr. Hitson's, so I asked Mrs. Scott if she could keep nine men for me that night, and she replied that she could. I left them there, and the other eight men and myself started for Bill Hitson's place.

When we were half way there we met three cowboys, and I spoke to them and asked if one of them was Jack Scott. One man spoke up and said he was Scott; so I put him under arrest and took him back to Bill Hitson's with me, and let the other two cowboys go.

The nine men whom I had left at Mrs. Scott's came up and told me that the two cowboys, who were with Scott a little while before, had reported to Mrs. Scott that I had arrested her husband, and she ordered them off the place, saying that she did not want them to roost under her roof. Hitson had to take care of all eighteen of us, but he did not seem to mind it and treated us nicely.

I DIDN'T let Smith and Scott get together, for I did not want them to "make medicine." I went back to Scott's house the next morning with him, and offered him five hundred dollars if he would tell me the names of the guilty parties, but Scott replied that he did not know any more than I did about the affair. I got him to walk with me back to the bunch of men where Smith was. When we got close enough for Smith to hear me, I said to Scott, "I thank you for giving me so much information about the guilty parties."

I watched Smith closely to see what effect that would have on him. He turned pale at first, and in another minute perspiration began to pour off his face. I looked around over the boys, and acted as if I was quite particular about whom I selected, and told Bob McClure and Lee Queen to guard Jake carefully; that we surely did not want him to escape. After I had handcuffed Jake, we mounted our horses and rode off, Jake and I riding close to each other.

Jake asked me what Jack Scott had told me. I replied that Scott had informed me that he (Jake) had harbored the men who robbed the store and the express car. He said that Scott was a liar.

I saw all the time that he was worried, and I tried hard to make him break down and give me the names and whereabouts of the robbers, promising to release him if he did so, but he would not do it.

When we reached Smith's house, I left Jake outside with the others, and took Jim Wise, a Ranger, into the house where Mrs. Smith, her daughter, and three young men were.

I asked Mrs. Smith if these three men were her sons.

"Two of them are," she replied.

"I want to talk to the oldest one," I said, and she consented.

The young man stepped forward, and I informed him that his father was under arrest for being an accessory to the Gordon train robbery. I told him that his father had informed me that he had let the robbers have a bucket, some cooking utensils, some flour and some meat, but he could not remember whether it was a ham or a shoulder.

Sergeant Sullivan "in camp"

"It was a ham," said the boy.

I told him that his father couldn't remember the dates when he did these things, but asked me to see his sons about it, saying they could remember such things better than he could.

"I remember when the things occurred," replied the boy, "but I cannot remember the dates, though I think my brother can give you that information."

I called his brother then, but he couldn't remember the dates either. He, however, also said what I wanted him to. Like his brother, he did not suspect my purpose, and told me that he knew these things happened, but could not remember the dates.

Mr. Smith's family seemed to be very nice people. Mrs. Smith sat still during my conversation with her son, and when I was through with him, I told her that everything pointed to her husband's guilt. She made no reply, but I could tell what she and her children were thinking, from the significant expression on their faces. Their countenances seemed to say in words: "Father, husband, you should not have stood in with Bill, the crippled robber and, if you hadn't, you would not be in such a bad shape now."

Captain Lightfoot, an officer from Thurber, and I took Smith to Dallas and lodged him in the county jail. When he entered the jail he turned over all the money he had with him, except two dollars, to the jailer. Because he broke into the Dallas County jail with the small sum of two dollars, the jail-birds flogged Smith soundly and, stripping him, poured a pitcher of ice water on him.

Smith was tried for his part in the robbery, but was acquitted, though the common belief was that he was guilty. McCall, a prominent attorney of Weatherford, represented him.

After disposing of Smith, I returned to the mountains to capture the four robbers. One night while some of us Rangers were in a mesquite flat, we looked up and saw four men coming down off a mountain. I told my boys that they must be the robbers. When the men got closer, we heard them say something about us being Rangers. Then, believing more firmly than ever that they were the robbers, we charged them, but when we arrived within fifty yards of them, a man in the crowd called out to me that he was Sheriff Williams of Young County. They were looking for the same robbers that we were, so we joined forces and went to Hitson's ranch to spend the rest of the night.

We were in a mighty rough country to hunt criminals, and were very much handicapped in that respect. We were told, upon good authority, that there were three hundred and eleven miles of crooks and bends in the Brazos River in Palo Pinto County, while it is only thirty miles straight across. No one can imagine how rough it was up and down that river, unless he has been there long enough to see it for himself. It was hard on us Rangers, coming as we did off the plains in August and dropping down into these hills, rocks, cat-claws and prickly pears at such a dreadful time of the year.

We learned some time after we first visited Board Tree Springs that there was a cave about seventy-five yards from there which led under a hill. We thought it possible for the robbers to be in that cave; so we entered it and searched thoroughly for the men, but failed to find them. It was such a gloomy looking place in there that we drew straws to see who were to go in, and it fell on Arthur Jones and me. The cave was about seven feet high and eight feet wide, and extended back about a hundred yards. Arthur and I searched every crook and corner, and discovered many rocks, some of them weighing from sixty to a hundred tons. With our six-shooters cocked and ready for action, we looked behind every large rock, and were disappointed every time we failed to find the robbers.

While we were going out of the cave we heard the sound of money and heard the boys outside calling out to us that they had found money. Arthur and I both broke for the entrance, and before we got out we heard one of the boys say, "It's a twenty-dollar bill."

Our lights went out, but we did not stop running. We ran into so many rocks, however, that we were skinned up and bruised from head to foot and looked as if we had been in an Irish battle. When we reached the outside the boys gave us the horse laugh, and we were confronted with the cold fact that it was all a joke.

We stayed in that country for some time after that, but were finally forced to abandon our chase, as luck was entirely against us.

ON THE NIGHT of November 14, 1895, being at headquarters camp at Amarillo, on the Fort Worth & Denver Railroad, I received a telegram from George Leftrick notifying me that six well-armed men, whose actions were suspicious, were camped in Sid Webb's pasture, twelve miles south of Bellevue, Clay County, Texas.

I had just returned with seven mounted men from an unsuccessful search, lasting eighteen days, on the Brazos River and in the Palo Pinto Mountains, for four men who had held up a Texas & Pacific train, four miles east of Gordon, in Palo Pinto County.

Knowing that a train robbery had been committed at Red Fork some time previously, and suspecting that these men mentioned by Leftrick were the robbers, I took Billy McCauley, Jim Wise, Doc Neeley, Jack Howell and Bob McClure and left for Bellevue, shipping our saddles on the train. On arriving within two and one-half miles of Bellevue, I got George Thorn, the conductor, to stop the train, and four of us got off, taking our saddles. Concealing ourselves, we sent word to Leftrick by the other men, informing him of our location, and requesting him to come and bring horses for the party.

When Leftrick arrived I asked him to guide us to the house where the six men were. When we had gotten within two and one-half miles of the house, I saw a man on horseback, some distance off; and he discovered us about the same time, and raised his head and watched us. We were riding fast, and I told the boys to slow their horses and I would investigate the man. When I started toward him, he broke, and, when he did so, I motioned to the boys to come on.

I soon came to a four-barbed wire fence, which I cut, letting the boys through, who came up just as I finished cutting the wires. I mounted my horse again, and we captured the man after chasing him a mile and a half. He was also wanted; so I arrested and handcuffed him and took him with us to within two hundred and fifty yards of the house where the six men were encamped.

When Leftrick showed me the house I turned the prisoner over to Doc Neeley, one of the Rangers, with instructions to hold him there, and, telling the others goodbye, I ran my horse to the house, my men all following. When I reached the house I got off my horse, leaving the reins over his head. I took hold of the doorknob, and, as I did so, the men in the house held the knob on the inside and fired two shots through the door, the bullets passing between my legs. I stepped back about four or five feet from the door, and ordered the boys to fire through the door, and we emptied our Winchesters and six-shooters.

Billy McCauley and Jim Wise were in front of the house with me, and Bob McClure and Jack Harvell and Leftrick were at the back of the house behind a dugout. As I knew the balls we were firing through the door would go entirely through the house, I told Billy McCauley to go behind the house and tell the other three men to come to the front, as they were not needed back there, there being no windows or doors in the back of the house. After we had emptied our Winchesters and six-shooters, McCauley and Wise stepped behind a rock chimney to reload, and I walked backward to an old wagon that stood about twelve steps from and in front of the door of the house. I reloaded my Winchester and six-shooter, watching the house all the time.

BY THIS TIME the men on the inside had gone up into a loft into the house. We afterward learned that while they were downstairs we shot the hat off one of the men's heads, and a bullet grazed the neck of one of the men, cutting his coat collar and shirt. When they reached the loft they began fighting us from there. After I had reloaded I motioned to Billy McCauley and Jim Wise to come to me. Jim didn't come, but Billy joined me, and asked me what I intended to do. We were then about six feet from the door.

"I am going to break the door down and go in," I said.

"Isn't that very dangerous?" asked Billy.

"Yes," I replied, "but it is just as dangerous here. We have to get them, and that is the only way."

I then broke the door open and sprang into the house, Billy following me. I saw that the floor of the loft was made of plank an inch thick, with no opening except where a ladder led from the bottom floor to the loft. After Billy and I had gotten inside the house, and after I realized our dangerous situation, I told him to go outside or he would likely be killed; for he was a brave young man who I knew would not desert me. I tried to persuade him to leave the house, for I realized that if he was killed, I would be partly responsible for it, having asked him to come in the house with me, but he refused to go, and said he was in there to stay, and if I died he would die also.

Just before we entered the house, I placed my left foot on the bottom round of the ladder leading into the loft, threw a cartridge into my Winchester, and shouted to the men above me that I was in there with them. They asked who I was, and I told them my name, and stated that we were Texas Rangers and I wanted them to surrender.

Their leader, who went by the name of "Skeeter," then said to me that they would never surrender. I told him I had the house surrounded by my men and there was no chance of escape, but that if they didn't come out and surrender I would set fire to the house and fire them out like rats. If they surrendered they would not be hurt. One of the men then told me he would give up, and Skeeter said to him, "If you surrender, I'll kill you."

"If that man wants to surrender," I said, "and you kill him, I will burn you at the stake." Of course this was a bluff, as far as the burning part was concerned, but I was determined if this man wanted to surrender he would not be hurt.

"I am coming," said the man who offered to surrender.

"Be quiet while I talk to you," I replied. "Let me see your hands up to your elbows before I see your body, or you are a dead man. Don't attempt to deceive me and try to take advantage of me, for I have the advantage of you. I have a cartridge in my Winchester, my finger on the trigger, and my hammer gone after fire."

"Here I come," he said.

"Let me see your hands up to your elbows first," I replied.

He did so and I arrested him, and also arrested the other men in the same manner, and turned them over, one by one, to Billy McCauley as I arrested them. When I had finished, we went outside the house to the spot where I left Doc Neeley, about two hundred and fifty yards away, with the other prisoner. I took the handcuffs off this man and handcuffed the two strongest men together.

MY HORSE, and those of nearly all my men, ran away during the fight. I had a pair of handcuffs and a pair of shackles in my saddle packets. I had one of the Rangers go after the horses, and he found them nearly four miles away from where we were, in the corner of a barbed wire fence. When he returned, we hitched the prisoners' horses to a little wagon and took the prisoners to Bellevue, and that night we put them on the train and took them to Wichita Falls. Besides the men, we also captured six Winchesters, four six-shooters, eight belts, one thousand rounds of cartridges, twenty-five California blankets, and a new saddle and bridle they had stolen from a man by the name of McDermott.

The man who owned the house in which we captured the men, asked Cooper Wright, the sheriff of Clay County, if he could not recover damages from the state on account of his house being shot and torn up; but the sheriff advised him to keep quiet, stating that if I heard he was talking of making a complaint against me, I would arrest him for allowing such characters to stay in his house, and he took this advice.

The four men, whom we captured, belonged to Bill Cook's party of six. The other two men, Bill Cook and Jim Turner, at the time of the capture of the four men mentioned above, had left the camp before we arrived in order to locate a place where they could hold up the Fort Worth & Denver train, and also the Rock Island train, on the 17th day of November, 1895. When I arrested the four men at the camp, Bill Cook and Jim Turner were on the way back to camp, having perfected their plans to hold up the two trains, and were within a half mile from the camp at the time of the fight, but upon hearing the shooting they thought it best not to come to camp.

The four men whom we captured were tried at Fort Smith, Arkansas, for the two train robberies and a postoffice robbery. Charley Turner turned state's evidence and his case was dismissed, but the other three men pleaded guilty and were sent to Sing Sing for thirty and twenty years each. We got eight hundred and fifty dollars for their capture.

IMMEDIATELY after the trial of the four robbers whom we captured in Sid Webb's pasture, I got my men together and started out after Bill Cook and Jim Turner. I went to Jack County, and while searching in that part of the country I went to the home of a Mr. Snyder. Jim Turner's father was living there at that time, he being Mrs. Snyder's brother. When my men and I reached the house, Mr. Snyder, Mr. Turner and another man came to the door, and I told them to come to where I was, which they did. I asked them if Bill Cook and Jim Turner were in the house, and they told me there was no male person in the house. I told my men, however, to stay where they were and hold these three men, and I would search the house.

When I reached the door Mrs. Snyder told me to leave my Winchester out of doors, but I told her to please step out of the door, and she did so. I entered the house, searched one room, but found no one. When I entered the room where Mrs. Snyder was, I noticed a large object under the cover of a bed in that room, and there was a small part of the brim of a hat visible from under the edge of the cover. I had my Winchester in my right hand, and with my left I jerked the cover back.

As I did so, the fellow swore he would fight every one of us, and used profane language to give weight to his words. When he made this remark I cocked my Winchester and placed the end of it in his mouth. My men heard this man when he spoke, and heard the rattle of my Winchester, so they rushed in. Mrs. Snyder was wiping out a heavy tin biscuit pan, and when she saw my boys coming in and saw the dangerous position of the man in the bed, she hit me over the head as hard as she could with this pan, and said to me, "You came near killing my son."

When I collected my wits and got my hat back on my head, I told my men to go to my horse and get my handcuffs and shackles, and that I would handcuff this man and shackle the old lady, and take them to Jacksboro. She told me if I would not arrest her she would sit down and behave herself, and I told her if she would do so, it would be all right.

The three men then came to the door, and Mr. Turner fell and asked Mrs. Snyder for the camphor, saying he had palpitation of the heart. I said to him, "You old villain, you told me such a lie, I have a good notion to give you palpitation of the head."

He then said that the man in the bed was Mrs. Snyder's son but that he had forgotten about him being in the house; that he had been to Bowie, gotten drunk, and they thought my men and I were officers from Bowie who had come to arrest him. I then released this man and left, having seen nothing of Cook and Turner.

ON DECEMBER 22, 1896, I received a letter from J. H. Harkey, sheriff of Dickens County, stating that there were two suspicious characters in his town (Dickens), and from the descriptions he gave I was confident that they were the two men I wanted. My men and I went to Childress, shipping our horses, and then rode from there across the country to Dickens, one hundred and twenty-five miles away. When we arrived at Dickens, Sheriff Jeff Harkey again described the two men to me, and I was still more confident that they were the two men I was after. The sheriff said they had left Dickens and had gone to Scurry County. He consented to go to Scurry County with us, which was one hundred and twenty-five miles from Dickens.

After we arrived in Scurry County we went to Mitchell's ranch—the Square and Compass, by name—which was about fifty miles southwest of Snyder, Scurry County. Here we received information from John and Jim Mitchell in regard to Bill Cook (alias Mayfield) and Jim Turner, and they told us the two men had been at their ranch, but that they had gone to Green Igold's ranch, one hundred miles from there.

I had sent back all but two of my men at Dickens, keeping Billy McCauley and Vernon Resser. Deputy Sheriff Ira Gooch joined me at Snyder. Norman Rogers, the sheriff of Kent County, also joined me. Sheriff Harkey left me eight miles from Gail, Borden County, his horse being sick.

When I started to Green Igold's ranch, I had with me only three men, Sheriff Rogers, Deputy Ira Cooch and Vernon Resser, Billy McCauley being forced to stop at Pete Scroggin's ranch, his horse having given out.

When we reached Igold's ranch we hitched our horses and started to the house, where we saw Igold standing in the door and five men standing at the window. I told my men to keep an eye on the parties at the window while I had a talk with Igold.

When I started toward Igold he said that I must leave my Winchester out of doors. I told him to get out of the door, which he did, and I entered the house. I asked him if those were his men standing at the window, and he replied that they were. I then asked him if Jim Dillard was there, and he said he was. I told Dillard to step out of the crowd, which he did, and I arrested him, as he was wanted at Colorado City for "shooting up the town." He and Joe Elkins and Jim Turner had been arrested by a deputy sheriff at Colorado City, but they had escaped.

I learned from Igold and his men that Cook and Turner had been there, but had left several days before. I took Jim Dillard and started back to Pete Scroggin's ranch, where we were to spend the night. On the way there I met Joe Elkins, who was with some cowboys driving a bunch of cattle. I arrested him also, and took him with me to Scroggin's.

The next morning I told these two men if they would tell me where Bill Cook and Jim Turner went when they left Igold's ranch, and their plans, that I would release them. They accepted this proposition, and told me that Cook went to Roswell, New Mexico, and Turner went to Colorado City to meet his sweetheart, Zettie Sweezer, where they were to be married; that Bill Cook's sweetheart and his sister were to join him at Roswell, and that Turner was captured in Colorado City, but made his escape. The young lady afterward located him, and they were married in Big Spring, and went to Roswell. They lived there three months, when Turner was arrested and jailed at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

WHEN I was at Mitchell's ranch, as stated. I learned that there was a letter in the post office at Grassland, Texas, in care of the Square and Compass ranch, for Jim Turner. My men and I were almost broken down, so I got John Mitchell to get the letter for me, of which the following is a copy:

"ROSWELL, N. M.,
Dec. 25, 1894.

MR. JAMES TURNER,
GRASSLANDS, LYNN CO., TEX.

Sir: We received your letter yesterday that you wrote to Santie. You wanted to know where he is. He left here last May, and started to the Indian Territory. We have some kinfolks there. We have never heard of him yet. I will close. Mama said she would write to you, but she is getting very old, and cannot see. Hope you all have good luck. It seems like I know you; I have heard Santie speak of you so much.

Yours respectfully,
DELLA HARRIS
ROSWELL, CHAVES CO.
NEW MEXICO."

When I captured Bill Cook's four men, as I have already related, I found on one of them a list of fourteen men who had participated in four robberies with Bill Cook. One of the names on the list was Santie Harris. By getting the above letter, I obtained a clue as to Harris' whereabouts, and it also led me to believe that if Bill Cook was in Roswell, as I had been informed, he would likely be at the Harris home or, if not there, they could doubtless tell me where he was.

My men and horses were completely worn out, so I took them to Colorado City, and sent them by rail to Headquarters at Amarillo. I then went to Roswell, but to keep from attracting attention, I went alone to the courthouse, where I spent the day, having my dinner brought to me, so I would not be seen.

When night came on, I asked the sheriff if he knew a family in Roswell by the name of Harris, and he answered that he did. About eight o'clock that night I asked him to show me their house. He went with me until we were about seventy yards from the house. Then he stopped and pointed it out to me, but would go no farther. After telling him to wait for me at the courthouse, I entered the gate at the Harris home, and was about to close it when a man came up, and I asked him if Mrs. Harris lived there, he replying that she did, as she was an aunt of his.

I asked him to tell her I wished to speak to her and, after he had done so, she came to the door and asked me in, but I told her I preferred to talk to her at the gate. She then came to where I was standing and told me she was Mrs. Harris. I told her my name was Bob Turner, Jim Turner's brother; that Jim had promised to meet me at her house, and a friend of mine by the name of Williams, or probably Mayfield, had also promised to meet me there, and if my friend had been to her house, she had likely learned that the names Williams and Mayfield were his aliases, and she had probably learned his real name.

She replied, saying that my brother Jim had not been there, but my friend had been, and that his real name was Bill Cook. He had arrived there Thursday at noon, and left Friday morning before sunrise. I asked her if he told her to tell me where to meet him, and she said he didn't mention Bob's name, but said to tell brother Jim to meet him at a ranch. the name of which she had forgotten, but it was just to the right of White Oaks.

I then told her that some of our party had been captured on the Texas and the Indian Territory line, and also said I had heard her son, Santie, speak of her daughter very often. The man I met at the gate and Mrs. Harris' daughter were in the house, and heard me make the remark about Santie speaking of his sister, and they then came to the door and the man said. "This is Della, now."

I then told her about seeing her brother, and Mrs. Harris asked me where I saw Santie. I replied that he joined us last May, and she then denied his ever being out of New Mexico, but said he was then about fifty miles from there, with his father, herding cattle. The man and girl standing at the door then spoke up and said, "Why, mother, you ought to be ashamed to tell that man that; he is all right," but she told them to keep quiet. I said I would not argue about Santie, but I would like for them to show me the way to White Oaks. I then shook hands with all of them, and asking them not to mention having seen me, I started toward the mountain.

AFTER I had gotten out of sight, I turned and went to the courthouse, where I explained to Perry all that I had learned from Mrs. Harris in regard to Bill Cook, and told him to get a buggy and a pair of the best horses he could find, and we would go to White Oaks on the following morning and capture Cook, White Oaks being one hundred miles from Roswell. I told Perry I had been following Cook so long that I was completely worn out, and I had to have some sleep that night before I could go to White Oaks, but that I would be ready to go with him at daylight.

The next morning I learned that Perry had gotten another man and left for White Oaks that night about midnight. If I had been in my own jurisdiction, I would have gone to White Oaks that morning alone, but being outside the State of Texas, I had to have the assistance of some New Mexico officer before I could arrest a man. I therefore asked ex-sheriff Billy Adkins to go with me to White Oaks, explaining to him the way Perry had treated me, and he said he would be glad to accommodate me, as I had assisted him in Texas several times, but that if he did so it would cause trouble between him and Sheriff Perry.

Being unable to get anyone to go with me to White Oaks, I decided to go to El Paso, thinking it probable that Perry would not find Cook, and that he (Cook) would go to El Paso. At Eddy I learned that a man had been placed in jail there a short time before; so I stopped over, thinking, perhaps, this man was Jim Turner, as I was told he was heavily armed. On going to the jail I found he was not Turner, but was a man whom I had seen at Thurber, Texas, some time before.

The train having left me, I had to stay in Eddy until the next morning, and that night the sheriff and I searched Eddy and another small place a mile from there, thinking we might find Jim Turner, but we failed to do so.

The next evening I left for El Paso. Captain J. R. Hughes was camped at Ysleta, twenty miles from El Paso, and I wired him to meet me at the train and go to El Paso with me, which he did. We made a thorough search, both in El Paso and across the river in Old Mexico, but did not find Cook. That night I heard that Cook had been captured at White Oaks by Sheriff Perry; but it was no surprise to me.

I boarded the east-bound train and went back to Pecos, where I met the train Cook was on. I found him with Perry, Tom Love and one McMurray, of Colorado City. Perry was standing on the platform of the train, and I went up to him and said, "You have treated me worse than any honorable officer would treat another." I also told him that was a dirty game he played on me in Roswell. He did not say a word, but went into the car where Cook was. I followed him and saw Cook in chains, facing me.

I spoke to him, calling him by his name, and he said, "Howdy, John L." On my asking him how he knew me, he replied he had had me described to him very often. Then he wished to know how I happened to recognize him, and I told him I had had his description a long time, but that I believed I would not have known him if it had not been for the squint in his left eye.

Perry and his men had walked back to the rear of the car, and Cook said to me, "Those men have gone back there to 'make medicine' against you; for they have all said they intended to beat you out of the reward and honor of my capture, which I think you justly deserve, for you have simply lived on my trail.

"Is your Winchester a .45-90?" he then asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, that is my gun, and I suppose you captured it when you captured my four men. I bought four of those guns at the same time, one for myself, one for brother Jim, one for Cherokee Bill, and one for Jim French, costing me eighteen dollars at the factory."

"Where were you at the time I captured your four men?" I asked.

Bill Cook, train robber. Convicted and sentenced to prison at Albany, New York, he served five years and died.

"I was about half a mile from you. Jim Turner and I had been out planning to rob the Fort Worth & Denver and the Rock Island trains, and were just returning to camp. Didn't you find a money sack made of ducking, with a train bell-cord worked in the top like a tobacco sack? We were going to put the money in that sack when we held up the trains."

"Yes, I found it," I replied, "I have it at my camp."

I then said to Cook, "Bill, you know you are done for now, and you will never be free again. Tell me where Jim Turner is."

"Jim left me at the Z-L ranch," he replied, "and went to Colorado City to meet his girl, and we were all to get together later on and go to Old Mexico. This girl's name was Zettie Sweezer. That is all I know about Jim."

"Why didn't you and Jim help your men when we captured them, if you were only a half a mile away?"

"Well, we had left our Winchesters at the camp when we went out to plan for the hold-up, so we would not attract attention, and had only our pistols with us, and decided it was best not to come up without anything but our six-shooters. If I had had my Winchester, I could have easily killed you eight hundred yards away. We met an old gentleman and two ladies in a wagon. The ladies had fainted, and the old gentleman was fanning them. The man said to us, 'You men are strangers to me, but don't go where you hear that shooting, for they are having one of the biggest fights I ever saw; they made my horses run away.' Jim and I afterward scouted around in Jack, Palo Pinto, Clay and Dickens Counties, keeping on the move all the time."

When the train arrived in El Paso, I stepped in the depot to put my Winchester and overcoat away, and when I came out I saw that Perry and his men were taking Cook away in a carriage. After they had gone up the street a short distance, they opened the window and looked out. I got a carriage and passed them. They had stopped, and the reporters were writing down every word Cook said.

I drove to the Wells-Fargo Express office and wired to three friends of mine at Kansas City, Simpson, Stockton, and Ed Dodge, who were in the employ of the Wells-Fargo Express Company, stating that I was in El Paso; that Bill Cook had been captured, and explained how the three men had ruled me out of the reward entirely, and that I wished to put in my claim for my part of the reward. I only asked for one-fourth of the reward. In about an hour I received a telegram stating that they recognized my claim in full. I have never received any part of this reward, nevertheless.

ON THE 11th of January, 1895, I went to Eddy, New Mexico, in search of Jim Turner, Bill Cook's right-hand man. I happened to be short of money on that day, so I went to a cheap, but respectable, hotel to get lodging for the night. I met the lady who ran the house, and asked her if I could get a good room. She said that all the rooms were taken, and then asked me if I would not sleep in a room with Judge Wright. I asked her what kind of a man he was, and she replied that he was a "fine gentleman." I then told her that I would sleep in the room with him.

After engaging the room, I left the hotel and joined the sheriff in the search for Turner, the train robber. About twelve o'clock that night I returned to my room, and I soon fell asleep, for I was considerably fagged out.

I had been asleep about half an hour when a man entered the room and woke me up with his racket. I turned over and watched his movements for a while in silence. He lit a lamp, and when I got a glimpse of his face I decided that he didn't look much like a lawyer to me. He staggered across the room and sat down on the side of his bed. Then he pulled out his revolver, and half cocking it, threw it over against the wall.

When he got through I asked him what his name was. He did not tell his name, but replied that he was the deputy sheriff from Tongue River. I told him that he was making an awful play with his six-shooter, and that even if he was the deputy sheriff from Tongue River, he had better go a little slower. I remarked that there were women and children in the next room, and that they would be safer if he kept his six-shooter still. He then attempted to enter into conversation with me, but I told him I was too sleepy to talk anymore.

I went back to sleep after he had turned the light low, but nearly an hour after that I was again rudely aroused by another man coming noisily into the room. This time it was the lawyer who had been recommended to me as a "fine gentleman." His face was red and, like the deputy sheriff, he also threw his feet high when he walked. Getting his clothes off seemed rather a difficult task to him, and I thought he would never accomplish it. When he finally did get undressed, however, he had an equally hard job getting in his bed.

He and the deputy sheriff slept in the same bed, and I was frequently disturbed during the night by them getting up to get a drink of water. About five o'clock in the morning, the lawyer made one of his regular dives at his bed, but this time he went the wrong way and landed on top of me. I jumped up and, grabbing him by the collar, led him to his bed and pitched him head-first on top of the deputy sheriff. Then I dressed and went to a "three-dollar hotel" and paid a dollar for a bed until breakfast.

WHEN I went up to Eddy, New Mexico, to look for Jim Turner, I took with me my big bearskin overcoat, as the weather had turned very cold. My overcoat was a "scary" looking thing, but I did not realize it when I first got it, so much as I did later on after I had had a number of unusual experiences on its account.

I was wearing the coat one morning while standing on one of the street corners in Eddy. I had my mind on something rather important to me then, and was not thinking about my coat, when suddenly a horse driven by a man and lady commenced shying at me, and backing off as if it wanted to get as far away from me as possible. I was not enjoying the thought of anything being frightened of me, but suddenly remembering my coat, I got out of sight as quickly as possible. My movement did no good, however, for the horse kept up his rearing and pitching until he had turned the buggy over and damaged it in several places.

The occupants of the buggy, fortunately, were not hurt, but I regretted the accident, and, feeling that I was the cause of it, I humbly begged their pardon, and then walked away, hoping that my coat would not get me into any more scrapes like this.

After walking several blocks away from the scene of the first accident, I met a lady carrying a baby in her arms. Following her was her little boy of five years, with a large bulldog at his side.

As soon as the dog spied me he made a grab for my coat. He looked fierce, and I knew it wouldn't do to let him get the advantage of me; so I drew my six-shooter and placed the end of it in the brute's mouth. The woman screamed, and asked me not to shoot the dog. I did not want to kill him unless I was forced to, but he struggled so hard to get to me that I had to keep the pistol in his mouth and walk backward. I told the woman if she would call the dog off I could get away without having to hurt it, but she was too excited to listen to my proposition, and continued to plead for her dog's life.

She said he was her only protection when her husband was gone, and that he was a good companion for her little boy. That might have been true, but she could not see any further than that, and could not realize that there was another side to the situation. I told her that the fact that the dog was valuable did not make it impossible for her to take him off me and let me go on; but she did not look at it in that light, and I had to back down the street until I reached the courthouse steps before I could get rid of the brute.

A woman and a dog following me down the street was quite an event to me, and all because of my overcoat. That was satisfactory to me so far as the lady was concerned, but I would rather not have a woman and a dog both to deal with at the same time. It wasn't long after that, however, until my overcoat caused a lady to run away from me.

I was in Fort Worth, having just returned from Thurber, to which place I had taken fifty thousand dollars from Dallas, so the miners could be paid off. Col. Hunter, the president of the mines, had requested me to do this, as robberies had become quite numerous.

It was still very cold, and I had on my bearskin overcoat. Early one morning, while riding on a streetcar, sitting in the corner next to the window, an old lady come in and sat down by me. She failed to see me at first, but when she did chance to look in my direction, she gave a scream that startled everybody on the car, and before anyone could reach her, she ran out of the door and jumped off.

The conductor stopped the car, and asked her what the trouble was. She replied that she did not want to ride with a bear. The conductor assured her that I was no bear, that I only had on a bearskin overcoat.

She came back in, and looked cautiously over her glasses at me. Then giving another unearthly yell, she quickly fled and left the car again. The conductor tried to pacify her, and told her that I was only a Texas Ranger wearing a bearskin overcoat but she said, "I am satisfied that he is a bear. John told me when I left Tennessee that I had better be careful and watch out, for there were lots of strange things down in Texas, and you bet Mary is going to obey John." We went on then, and left Sister Mary standing by the side of the track still obeying John.

My overcoat was quite comfortable in cold weather. but I was getting tired of the trouble that it was constantly causing me. Still, I had hopes that it would get me into no more scrapes, and kept on wearing it that night.

The next morning I put it on again and, as I left the hotel to go downtown, I passed a little girl who was about nine or ten years old, standing on the front gallery of her home. Upon seeing me, she called to her mother, telling her to come quick and "see Santa Claus."

While that experience was not so embarrassing as the others, it gave a hint that I was to always have trouble with my overcoat; so I made a solemn vow to sell it as soon as possible.

WHILE generally successful in arresting noted criminals—although often after a long chase with a battle at the end of it—sometimes when the man sought for was almost within my grasp, he eluded capture. A case of this kind was my pursuit of two men who had held up a Fort Worth & Denver train four miles west of Childress, Texas.

In the latter part of 1894, while on the way from Amarillo to San Saba to appear in court against some cattle thieves whom I had arrested in San Saba County, the train which I was on met a train at Bowie on which was Walter Lyons, a cattle inspector, who asked me to meet him at Canadian City as soon as possible to assist him in arresting some cattle thieves.

The next morning I heard, while in Fort Worth, that a train on the Fort Worth & Denver Railroad had been held up, but I could get no confirmation of the report. Upon arriving at San Saba, however, I found that the report was true. As soon as my business in court at San Saba was finished, I hurried to Childress to hunt for the robbers.

At Wichita Falls I saw City Marshal Charles Landers, of Vernon, who had come there on the same business that I came for, and also Bill Ish, ex-deputy marshal. They told me that in Vernon, the previous day, they had seen a stranger, riding and driving three horses, one of which was packed, and they had intended to investigate him, but he left sometime during the night and they lost his trail. They went to Wichita Falls the next morning, hoping to find him there. They also told me that they saw him from the car window as they were coming to Wichita Falls, and he was then driving only two horses.

When they told me this, I proposed going back on the next train and riding until we met him, as he probably would not come to Wichita Falls. After some discussion, this plan was agreed to. When we boarded the train the conductor gave me permission to pull the bell-cord and stop the train if I saw the man. After going about seven miles I saw him and stopped the train, and George Thorn, the conductor, ran the train back as far as he could without placing the sleeper in danger if there should be a fight.

My two men and I then got off and arrested him. Upon searching him, we found papers showing that he had been arrested at Harrell for carrying a pistol, and had paid twenty-two dollars in cash and left the missing horse as security for the balance of the fine. He gave his name as Farmer, from Turkey Creek, Greer County, claiming to be on his way to Denton County after some horses he had there.

I asked him why he had so many horses with him when he was going after more of them, and he replied that he did not want to ride the same one all the time. All this took some time, and the engineer kept ringing the bell and blowing the whistle to hurry us, as the train was late. Although satisfied that the prisoner had stolen the horses which he had, I was without proof and, not believing him to be implicated in the train robbery, I released him and got back on the train and went to Iowa Park.

Farmer had, apparently, told us a straight story, but I became suspicious after reaching Iowa Park, and Bill Ish and I got a buggy and went back and re-arrested him, searching him carefully, giving his papers a closer inspection and questioning him fully as to himself and his movements. He stuck to his story of going to Denton County after horses. Although still suspicious, we were unable to make anything of him and again released him, and returned to Iowa Park, where we spent the night at Scott Butler's hotel.

I desired to be called in the morning in time for the west-bound local.

While sitting in the sitting room that morning, a stranger came in. He seemed to be chilled through, as though he had spent the night out of doors, and I asked him if he had camped out. He said no; that he had spent the night at the section house, a mile or so down the road. I asked him what he had done with his horse.

"What horse?" he said.

"The one you were riding," said I.

"That was a pony. I left him at Decatur two years ago with Ridley," he replied.

"I am not talking about two years ago," I said. "I am talking about the horse you rode to the railroad."

"Oh, that horse! I sent him to Greer County."

"What did your partner do with his?" I asked.

"He sent his also," he replied.

I asked him if both horses were bays, and he said, "No. They are both grey."

Upon asking him what he had done with his saddle and bridle, he said he had none; that he had ridden his horse bareback with a hackamore. This made me more suspicious than ever, and I asked him what his partner had done with his saddle and bridle. He said he had sold them to a man at the cement works, four miles west of Quanah.

In answer to my question, he said his name was John D. Hobart and his partner's name was Bill Hughes, and he had known the latter for eleven years in

out the fact that he had separated from Hughes near the railroad dam east of the flour mill in Quanah, about three days previously.

"When you left Bill," I asked, "where did you tell Bill to write to you?"

"I didn't tell him," said he.

"Where did Bill tell you to write him?"

"He didn't tell me."

"Did you shake hands when you parted?"

"No."

"Why not? Had you quarreled?"

"No, we were friends."

"What—you had known each other eleven years, and you had parted without telling each other where to write and without even shaking hands, although you had had no quarrel? I will have to arrest you," I said.

BREAKFAST was announced about this time, and Landers, Ish and I, together with the prisoner, ate breakfast, and afterward boarded the train and went to Vernon where Hobart was jailed.

From Vernon I wired to Captain J. V. Good, superintendent of the Fort Worth & Denver Railroad, to send the engineer and fireman of the train (which was held up near Childress) to identify the prisoner.

They came, but were unable to swear positively that he was the robber, as his face was masked at the time of the hold-up. They said, however, that his build, clothes and hat corresponded to those of the robber, as also did his voice.

I then took my prisoner to Childress and jailed him, leaving Ish and Landers at Vernon.

When I arrested Hobart, I told him he was being held for train robbery. He said that on the evening of the robbery he was digging a cellar for Pat Leonard, twenty miles south of Childress.

After jailing Hobart at Childress I went to Amarillo, telling him I would return in the morning and take him out to Leonard's to see if his story as to the cellar could be verified.

On arriving at Childress the following morning, I was met by a deputy sheriff, who told me that Hobart's story was true; that he had seen him dig in the cellar on the day he claimed, and that it would have been impossible for him to have reached the scene of the hold-up at the time it took place.

Acting upon this, I had Hobart released from jail, and gave him five dollars and a ticket to Iowa Park. That was the last I ever saw of Hobart, although I afterward tried every way I could think of to find him.

The robbery for which I had arrested Hobart was committed within a few miles of Childress, and the local officers had not succeeded in arresting the robber. When I found, too late, that there was no truth in the story of either Hobart or the deputy sheriff as to Hobart having been at Pat Leonard's on the day of the robbery, I was compelled to believe that the deputy sheriff had secured his release through jealousy over the fact that the robber had been arrested by a Ranger after the county officers had failed.

When I released Hobart at Childress, I took the train and went to Amarillo, where I had to appear in court against three cow thieves, a Mr. Swen and his two sons.

The next morning I went to the post office and found a letter to me from the jailer at Vernon. Inside of the envelope was another letter written by John Hobart to his uncle at Monktown, Fannin County, in which he made a full confession of the robbery. I succeeded in getting Judge Wallace and Judge Plemons and District Attorney D. B. Hill to release me that evening; for I showed them this letter and explained to them that I wanted to follow Hobart.

The next morning I started to Decatur, and, upon reaching there, I inquired at the livery stables to find out if Hobart had hired a horse at any time, but found that he had not done so. I found, though, that he had registered at one of the hotels as John D. Hobart, Honey Grove, Fannin County.

I then boarded the train and went to Honey Grove. When I reached that place I went to a merchant, in whom I could confide, and asked him if he knew anyone in the vicinity of Monktown by the name of George Hobart. He stated that he did, and that Monktown was eighteen miles from there on Red River. George Hobart was running a big cotton gin at that place.

I asked him if he knew of anyone at Monktown whom I could trust, and he told me that Deputy Sheriff White of that town was a trustworthy man. I went to Monktown that evening, and the next morning I hunted up Mr. White and explained the case to him. After describing Hobart to him, I asked White to go out to George Hobart's and see if John Hobart was there. I also told him that if he failed to find him, to tell his uncle, George Hobart, that he had met his nephew three months ago at Decatur, and had been informed by him that there was a man there who had some horses and mules for sale, and that he wanted to know the name of the man with whom his nephew lived in Decatur, so that he could find him and get some information from him in regard to the party who had the horses and mules to sell.

White immediately went out to George Hobart's place and saw him, but failed to find the man whom we wanted. He returned, however, with the information that John Hobart lived nine miles from Decatur with a man by the name of John Ridley.

I WENT to Fort Worth and wired Sheriff Moore of Decatur, asking him if he knew a John Ridley in that country, and if he did to meet me at the depot on the arrival of the next train from Fort Worth, with horses and saddles for us both. He answered that there were two brothers, Jim and John Ridley, living nine miles from Decatur.

When I arrived at that town, Moore was waiting for me with horses and saddles. We left at once for Ridley's, and on the way there, Moore informed me that he had a friend who lived between the two Ridley brothers, and that we had better see his friend first, as we might obtain some information from him.

We called by and saw this man, who informed us that he had been at Jim Ridley's the evening before and at John Ridley's that morning, and that he had not seen anyone who fitted the description of John Hobart. He said, however, that he did see such a person in Decatur the Friday before, with John Ridley and his wife. After we left this man, I suggested to Moore that I go to Ridley's and spend the night, and tell them I was hunting land to rent, but he would not agree to that. We decided to return to Decatur then; for, as court was in session at Decatur, Sheriff Moore had to be there.

The next morning I went to John Ridley's and, when I knocked, a lady came to the door and informed me that she was Mrs. Ridley.

"Is your husband here?" I asked.

"No, sir," she replied, "if you came from town, you met him not far back."

"I did meet a man about two miles back," I answered, "and I suppose he was your husband."

I then told her I lived on Denton Creek, where I was feeding two thousand beeves. "I heard in Decatur," I continued, "that there was a young man with you and your husband last Friday, and that he wanted to hire to you, but the party who told me didn't know whether you hired him or not. As I am needing help very badly in giving attention to my cattle, I would like to hire him if he is here and you do not need him."

"That was John Hobart," she replied, "but you would not want him on your place as he is such a vulgar man."

"No, I don't want him if he is a tough character," I replied, "for I have a wife and four grown daughters."

"He is a right tough character," she said.

In case I am forced to have him," I said, "where do you think I could likely find him?"

"I expect you will find him at his grandfather's who lives on Emerson's Prairie, eighteen miles from Paris. His grandfather is named Sol Hideman. John Hobart has one hundred and fifty acres of land at his grandfather's, and he is probably there attending to it."

In the letter which John Hobart wrote to his uncle which was sent to me by the jailer at Vernon, and in which he confessed to the robbery, he stated to his uncle that he supposed this jail business would make his "cake all dough" with his girl; so I asked Mrs. Ridley if he had a girl, and she replied that he did; that her name was Emma Kitchens and that she lived on Emerson's Prairie.

AFTER GAINING this information, I returned to Decatur and went to Paris, hired a buggy and team, and went out to Emerson's store, where I learned the way to Mr. Hideman's. When I reached there, I introduced myself to him under another name, and stated to him that I was renting land south of Paris, but that I had accumulated enough money to buy me a home; that I met his grandson about three months ago, and he told me he had some land in this part of the country, and that I had come out to see about buying it. The old gentleman showed me the land, and stated he would be glad if his grandson would sell it and settle down with his father near Brownwood.

Returning to Paris, I left at once for Brownwood, and upon arriving there, the deputy sheriff and I went to Mr. Hobart's, twenty miles from Brownwood. Mrs. Hobart informed me that her husband was two and a half miles from there, helping a neighbor kill hogs. When we arrived at this place, the deputy sheriff introduced me to someone as Jones, and just then a man stepped up and said, "Hello, Sullivan."

I had my mustache and beard blacked, in order to avoid detection by those who might know me, but this fellow seemed to recognize me anyway.

"You must be mistaken in my name," I said, "for my name is Jones."

"You guarded the jail in Mangum," he replied, "against a mob that wanted to hang Race Thomas and Jeff Adams for murder."

I told him he was mistaken in my name and asked, "Where is Mangum?"

"It is fifty-five miles north of Quanah, in Greer County," he replied.

"What road is Quanah on?" I asked.

"On the Fort Worth & Denver."

"I have never been any farther north than Fort Worth," I said.

He gave it up, and said he supposed he was mistaken. It was now dinner time, and we all went in and took our places around the table.

Tom Hobart being a visitor, the host asked him to return thanks. He did so, and from the length of the blessing and the way he asked it, I imagined he was a Methodist. When he had finished, I said, "Gentlemen, we ought always to be thankful for the luxuries of life that we receive but, as a general thing, we are not half as thankful as we should be."

"Are you a member of the church?" asked Hobart.

"Yes, sir, I am."

"To what church do you belong?"

"To the Methodist," I replied.

"Give me your hand!" he replied. "I am a Methodist too."

After dinner I told the old gentleman I had met his son and he told me about having some land on Emerson's Prairie; that I had gone there and looked at the land, and was well pleased with it, and had about decided to quit renting land and buy me a place, and that I had come to Brown County to see about buying the land.

He suggested that the deputy sheriff and I get in the buggy and go with him to the house and examine the papers. This we did. He got the deeds out of a trunk and handed them to me. I examined them very carefully, one by one. I could not have told whether they were right or wrong if my life had depended on it. I told him I couldn't see anything wrong with them. I asked where I could likely find his son, and he replied that he didn't know where he was, but that he would be glad for him to sell the place and settle down close to him, as he was a very wild boy. This boy's father, Tom Hobart, was a commissioner and deputy sheriff of Brown County.

After the deputy sheriff and I left the house, he turned to me and said, "I have placed myself in a pretty shape by introducing you as Sam Jones to the old gentleman, for he will undoubtedly find out that this is all a fake, about you buying land, and he will have it in for me."

"What kind of a man is he; is he a good man?"

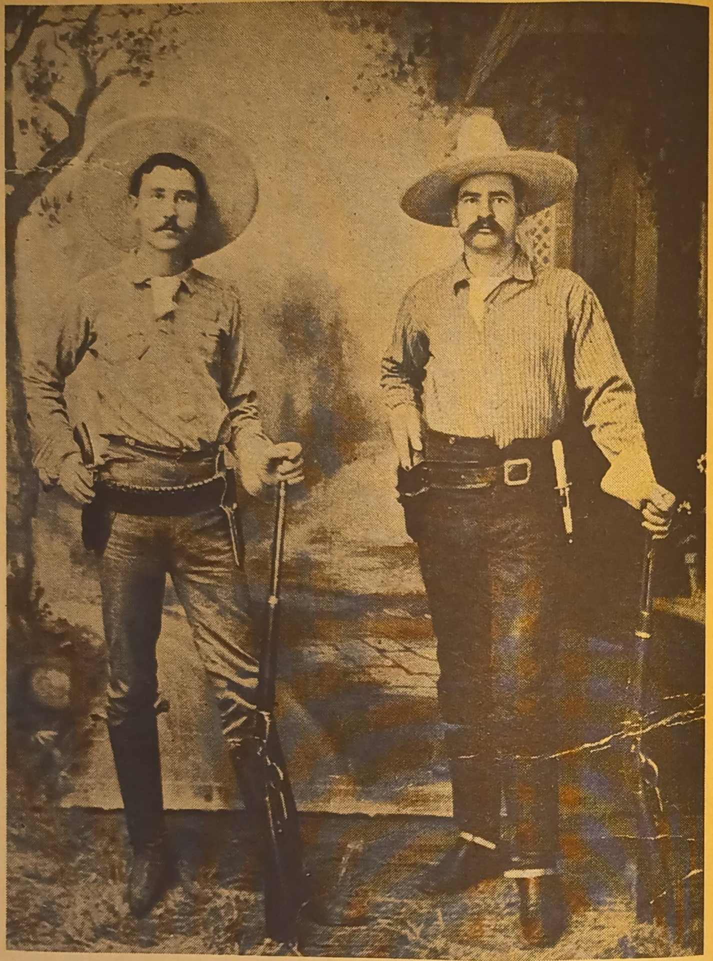
"As good a man as ever lived," he replied.

"Suppose we go back and tell him the truth about the matter, and lay the case before him, and show him the letter written by his son to the boy's uncle, in which he confessed to the robbery. Do you think he would rather aid us in finding the boy than to have him still run at large, and probably be killed some day while robbing some bank or express car; or, if not killed, sent to the penitentiary for life?"

"I believe he would rather help us to find him," replied the deputy.

We concluded, therefore, to go back, and I told him my real name and why I was there. He turned pale and commenced trembling, and told me he thought there was something strange about the affair when I was talking to him about buying the land.

I explained to him what would probably be the fate of his son if he should run at large, and that I thought it would be better for him and better for the boy if his lawlessness could be checked.


George Black, left and J. M. Britton, Rangers of Company B. Britton was one time Sergeant of the Company.

The old gentleman agreed with me, and said that while he had no idea where the boy was at the time, he would aid me in every way in locating him.

I failed to find young Hobart, although I made every effort to do so. I have seen the deputy sheriff of Brown County several times, and he informs me that Tom Hobart has never heard of his boy from the time I was in Brown County looking for him.

Later on I caught Hobart's partner, Bill Hughes, thirty miles below Quanah; but, John Hobart being at large, Hughes could not be convicted.

I LEFT Vernon on the 24th of December, 1896, with Sheriff Sanders, of Wilbarger County, and Bill Ish, to hunt for a train robber. We expected to locate him and another man, Tom Wright, whom we also wanted, at a dance that was to be given that night on Beaver Creek, twenty miles below Vernon. Wright was at the dance, as we had expected, but he made his escape before we got there.

After leaving the dance we went to an old gentleman's house, about two miles away, to spend the night, arriving there about half past one in the morning. We were quite hungry, as we had had no dinner or supper, so the lady brought out some cakes and pies, it being Christmas, and set them before us. They were delicious, and we ate a whole lot before we were through.

The next morning the family, which consisted of the man and his wife and their six grown children—three sons and three daughters—gathered together to have prayer. Of course, we three men were there too. The old gentleman read a chapter of the Bible, and then called on Bill Ish to pray. Bill balked. He then called on Sheriff Sanders to pray, but the latter gentleman also failed to respond. I had already made up my mind that if he called on me, I was going to pray entirely for Bill and Dick (Sanders); but, for some reason, I was not called upon.

After spending a part of the day in that part of the country, we returned to Vernon, where I learned that there was a telegram for me at the depot. The message was from Taylor Holt, the bookkeeper at Waggoner's store, and stated that four men had come to the store and beat one of the clerks nearly to death, and that they needed my assistance. I took Jack Harrell, a daring Ranger, and we caught the train at once for Waggoner.

When we arrived, Taylor Holt was at the train to meet us, and took us over to the store, where he described the four desperadoes. He expressed the opinion that the four men were still in the country. I said that we had better sleep in the store, as I thought the men would attempt to rob the store that night. There was a bed in the store and, as I was tired, not having slept much in two days and nights, I lay down at once to go to sleep, but told Holt to rouse me if he heard anyone and I was not the first to wake up.

About ten o'clock someone called at the front door of the store, and Holt and I woke about the same time. Holt answered the call and told the party he was coming. I buckled on my six-shooter, picked up my Winchester and went down the aisle in the store to where I struck the opening between two counters. I hid behind a showcase and told Holt that when he got to the door to ask who it was; if he found it was the robbers, for him to drop flat on the floor behind the door after he opened it, and as they stepped in, I would do the work for them.

But when he asked who it was that they wanted, the party answered, "I am Alf Bailey. I was robbed awhile ago by four men."

We let him in, and Holt introduced us. Bailey said he was told that I was staying in Waggoner's store that night and he had come to ask me to aid him in finding the robbers. Bailey's store was four miles south of Waggoner's store. Instead of robbing Waggoner's store as we expected they would, the desperadoes robbed Alf Bailey's store and the post office, which was in the same building, getting about seven hundred dollars worth of merchandise and all the money and stamps.

Judging from Bailey's description of the men, I thought I knew one of them. I asked Holt if he had any horses we could use, and he replied that all of the horses were out in the pasture. It was about as cold a night, to be no wind blowing, as I ever saw in the Panhandle; so I told Bailey that as we had no horses it would be better for him to go back home and meet me in the morning. Bailey said he thought the four men went toward Indian Territory.

I NOTIFIED all officers, up and down the line, of the robbery, so that they would be on the lookout for the robbers. I also wired the boys at headquarters to come down. The next morning Taylor Holt, Alf Bailey, and some others and I started out over the trail. The ground was frozen so hard that only one of the four horses made an impression on it, he weighing about twelve hundred pounds.

After we had traveled some distance we came to a small house where the four men had spent the balance of the night. There were signs where they had fed the horses, and had cooked, eaten and slept. We also found a number of fine quirts between the mattresses, some tobacco, and about fifty pounds of coffee in a shed-room, which had been taken from Bailey's store. There was no one on the place but a big bulldog tied to the front door, and we had to enter the house through a window.

Finding no one around anywhere, Taylor Holt and I went to the nearest house to see if we could get any information about the robbers. When we got to the house Holt went around to the back door while I knocked on the front door. I had to knock four or five times before I received an answer, and it was a lady who finally opened the door. About the same time, I heard Holt speak to someone in the back yard. I hurried around there, and arrested a man who was just coming out of the back door. He was the owner of the house where the four desperadoes had stayed the night before. I asked him a few questions in regard to where he had stayed the night before, and who had stayed at his house, but I could get no information from him. I then asked him about the quirts, tobacco, and coffee at his house, and he said he knew nothing about them.

I thought it best to hold him for awhile, so Holt and I took him to the railroad, where we met a local. We hid our horses, boarded the local, went to Iowa Park, and met the north-bound passenger train. We then turned our prisoner over to an officer—Eugene Logan—with instructions to jail him at Vernon, and then we quit the train where we had left our horses.

The night was so dark that we lost our way and, after riding nearly all night, finally found ourselves at the house of a Mr. Cobbs, the place where I arrested the man the day before. Mr. Cobbs fed our horses for us, and I took time to sleep a little, after asking Mr. Cobbs to let us have breakfast as soon as they could get it ready, it then being about four o'clock in the morning.

After breakfast Mr. Cobbs told me that the man I arrested there the day before had taken his (Cobbs') hat and left his own new Stetson. I took possession of this new Stetson hat, and found it had Mr. Bailey's cost-mark in it.

Holt and I then returned to Waggoner, where we met the men whom we were with the day before. We also found there Sheriff Moses and Constable Tom Pickett from Wichita Falls; Bud Hardin, a special Ranger from Harrold; Dick Sanders, Sheriff of Wilbarger County; Johnnie Williams, Deputy Sheriff of Wilbarger County; Charley Landers, City Marshal of Vernon; Jack Harvell, Bob McClure, Billy McCauley, and Lee Queen, Rangers, and Alf Bailey. I wired Sheriff Tittle of Mangum, fifty-five miles off the railroad, about the robbery.

My men and I left at once for Waggoner's headquarters camp on Red River, where I got horses for the men, and where I received some information in regard to the four outlaws.

We traveled on toward Indian Territory, and just before crossing Red River I met a man by the name of Dick Farrell, who was Tom Waggoner's line camp rider, and who lived in Indian Territory, twenty miles from Red River. I asked him if there was anyone at the line camp when he left, and he replied that there was no one there. I then asked him if he had seen anyone since he left the line camp, and he replied that he had seen two objects, but they were such a long distance off that he couldn't tell whether they were horses, cattle or men, and that he couldn't tell whether they were moving or standing still. He told me he had plenty to eat, and lots of horse feed at the camp, but had only one bed. So we pushed on.

ABOUT AN HOUR before sundown, a big, blue norther blew up, which we had to face. Just at dusk we came in sight of Dick Farrell's camp, which was a dugout, half rock and half dirt, built in the head of a draw. There was a bright light shining out of the mouth of the dugout down the draw. Six of my men had fallen behind; so I told the other five that those fellows in the dugout were either the outlaws or some hunters, and that we had better wait for the other men. We waited for some time, but they failed to come, and I told my men we would try it without them.

We started toward the dugout in a gallop, getting a little faster all the time, and when we got within seventy-five yards, the four desperadoes—Joe Beckham, Hill Loftos, Redbuck, and the kid, Elmore Lewis—ran out and opened fire on us, killing three horses.

I was making every effort to get my Winchester out of the scabbard, with all four of the outlaws shooting at us, but my horse was rearing and plunging so much to get away from the flare of the guns that every time I would reach down to pull my gun out, he would rear, and the horn of my saddle would knock me away from it. After three trials, and after getting a rib broken, I suceeeded in getting my gun, when I fell off my horse and faced the four men.

Three of them were in a trench leading into the dugout, and the fourth, Redbuck, was standing in the door of the dugout. I opened fire on them, as they were already shooting at us, and my first shot struck Redbuck just over the heart. He fell backward into the dugout. The ball had only struck his breastplate, however, and he recovered in a few minutes and again joined in the fight. I found out afterward that we hit him again, shattering his collar bone and shoulder blade. I also learned that one of the men in the trench was killed.

The firing was kept up until we had emptied our Winchesters and reloaded them. Suddenly I heard a gunshot behind me, and I turned and discovered that Johnnie Williams, the deputy sheriff of Wilbarger County, had come to my assistance. His horse had been killed in the fight, and Johnnie returned to me at once.

I asked Johnnie if he was hurt, and he replied that he was not, but added that I had better lie down on the ground or the desperadoes would kill me. Out of all the officers, Johnnie was the stayer.

We fired several more shots at the three men, but they went into the dugout and fired at us from a window. I suggested to Johnnie that we dismount the four men by killing their horses, which we did, and every time we fired, a horse fell. There were four animals in the pen, but it was so dark we couldn't see very well, and we afterward found that we had killed two of Waggoner's horses, which they had stolen, and two of his big freight mules, which were used by Farrell. They had stolen two other horses from an old fellow in the Cheyenne country, but they had turned them out into the pasture. Later we captured these two horses and turned them over to their owner.

I suggested to Johnnie that we crawl across the draw and get in the corral, behind those dead horses, and kill the men as they came to the door. We then started crawling across the draw, keeping as close to the ground as we possibly could, when the men suddenly began firing on us again.

Just at this time I fell over backward into a gully, and got fastened so tight that I had to make several efforts before I could get out. I was asking Johnnie all the time if he was hurt, and he crawled over to the edge of the gully that I was in and said he was not injured at all. I whispered to Johnnie that I had to get out of that gully, and if they killed me when I raised myself out of it, for him to shoot at the blaze and kill the man who shot me.

I managed to get out of the gully, however, without being shot, and we began crawling again toward the corral, which was then about twenty steps away. If we could get behind the dead horses, we would only be about fifteen steps from the door of the dugout. We had gotten on high ground, when the three men "skylighted" us and opened fire again. Johnnie asked what we had better do, and I replied that it would not hurt to "crawfish" a little at that particular time, and as we turned back, we met three of the other men whom we had left.

WE FOUGHT the outlaws until eleven o'clock that night. Every time they saw any of us moving anywhere, they fired. Finally, we got so cold we couldn't pull a cartridge from our belts, and couldn't work the lever of our Winchesters, and had to quit. We decided to go back that night to Waggoner's camp, which was twenty-five miles away; so we started out, walking across the country.

We arrived at Waggoner's camp the next morning, and I gave Dick Farrell five dollars to guide me back across the country to the dugout. All of my men, except Billy McCauley and Lee Queen, refused to go back with me; so with these two men and Dick Farrell, I left for the dugout in a blinding storm of snow and sleet.

When we arrived at Red River, Dick Farrell decided that he didn't care to go to the dugout if we went together, for if the men were still there they would open fire on us as they did before. He suggested that he go alone and, if they were there, he would tell them he was the owner of the dugout, and would report to me that night. I concluded to let him do this.

Farrell then went to the dugout, and my men and I returned to Waggoner's ranch. That evening Farrell returned to the ranch, and stated that the desperadoes had left the dugout, but he found Sheriff Tittle of Greer County there, with John Byers and Jim Farris, two of his deputies. Tittle told Farrell there had been a fight there the night before, and one man killed, and he asked Farrell if he knew who had been in the fight.

Farrell told him it was Sullivan and his officers and the four outlaws. He then instructed Farrell to return to Waggoner's ranch and tell me that he and his men had come to the dugout to investigate the matter, and that Joe Beckham, ex-sheriff of Motley County, had been killed the night before, and that there had been seven horses killed, and for me to come there at once. He would stay until I arrived.

Farrell returned to me with this information, and I immediately got a buckboard and a pair of mules from Tom Waggoner, and with Alf Bailey, Billy McCauley and Lee Queen, went to the dugout, where I found Sheriff Tittle and his two men. Before we entered the dugout where Alf Bailey's goods were, we had him tell us his cost-mark on them tallied with the cost-mark Bailey had given us before seeing the goods, and we recovered nearly all of the merchandise that had been stolen from Bailey.

I put Beckham's body in the buckboard, and then loaded in seven saddles, three of which we took off the dead horses, and four of which belonged to the outlaws. I also put in Alf Bailey's goods, and then returned to Waggoner's station on the Fort Worth & Denver Railroad. The next day, Tuesday, we buried Beckham, but the following Thursday I received orders from Adjutant General Mabry to hold an inquest over Beckham's body, and we had to take the body up and hold an inquest over it that day. Before burying him again, however, I took his wife's ring off his finger.

Beckham had a sister living in Altus, and one night while I was in that town she sent for me to ask me about her brother. I went to see her and gave her the ring which I had taken from her brother's finger. I explained to her the manner in which her brother had met his death, and, although terribly grieved, she said she could not hold me responsible for his sad fate. She said her brother had once been an honorable man, but had gradually gotten bad, and kept getting worse, until his untimely and tragic end was inevitable.

AFTER the battle in the dugout, I returned to Amarillo, and nine days later I received a message from the operator at Waggoner, and one from Taylor Holt also, saying that there was a man in Paint Creek dugout by the name cf Redbuck, and that he was very badly wounded and expected to die, and that his friends were making arrangements to carry him farther off.

At that time all of my Ranger boys were out on a scouting expedition; so I sent to Vernon for the deputy marshal, and wired C. Madsen, of El Reno, Indian Territory, chief of the marshals, to send me one of his deputies, and he sent me Ed Meyers. I also had Jailer Shies of Vernon; Tom Pickett, constable of Wichita Falls; Sam Abbott, of Wichita Falls; Charley Landers, city marshal of Vernon; and Henry McCauley, of Wichita Falls.

With these men I went to S. B. Burnett's headquarters camp, ten miles from Wichita Falls, where I succeeded in getting a wagon and a span of mules, horses for myself and men, and plenty of bacon, beef, coffee, flour and horse feed.

We then started out, with Henry McCauley as teamster. That night we camped at Burnett's line camp in the Territory. Before we reached this place, however, we had quite a lively scene. There were two Negroes and an old white man at the line camp. They saw us when we were several hundred yards away, and thought we were outlaws. The two Negroes, one with a six-shooter and the other with a Winchester, were trying to get to a thicket about two hundred yards from the camp. The old white man was standing on the gallery trying to get the Negroes to stay there, and he finally succeeded.

When we reached the camp, the two Negroes, Zip and Jack, told us they thought we were Foster Crawford's gang. The white man had taken out a little notebook before we reached the camp, and had written in it, "I was killed by outlaws." I told him he made his will too quick.

AS I WAS not very well acquainted with that section of the country, the next morning I concluded it would be better to have someone go with us who was familiar with the country. I got Jack to go in front of us, and I told him that whenever he came near a dugout he must go ahead and see if everything was all right and then report to me, as I did not want to rush myself and the boys into anything without first knowing a few particulars.

Jack located several dugouts, and came back and reported each time that there were no strangers or wounded men in any of them. About eleven o'clock that day, Jack had gotten careless and had fallen behind with the teamster. Ed Meyers and I were riding in the lead.

Looking ahead of us I saw a little box house about eight hundred yards away, and a moment later I beheld three people running out of it, two at the back and one in the front. I motioned to the men to come on, and as Jack ran his horse up beside me, I asked him who lived in the house. He replied that a family of white people lived there.

We ran our horses toward the house, and after we had run about five hundred yards, Jack said he saw a buggy leave the house. But as neither Meyers nor I had seen this buggy, we rode straight for the house, while Jack kept leaning to the left, away from it. Meyers and I ran up to the back of the house, and there we found a buggy, but there was no team hitched to it. I remarked to Meyers, "Look where Jack is; he sees something," and we ran our horses toward Jack.

After we had gone about five hundred yards, we discovered this buggy coming around a hill, and they were riding around to get on our left. I told Meyers to kill their horses, as he was riding next to them and my Winchester was a long one and hard to handle on horseback.

After Meyers fired, they began firing on us, and I told him to quit shooting and wait until they started down a string of wire fence, and we would then follow them.

"When we get close enough to them, I will get off my horse and tear the back out of the buggy," I said.

Just as I was about to dismount, Jack threw his hat in the air and yelled "Comanches!" We then saw an Indian, whose name I afterward learned was Crowmore, come out of Oak Creek, riding a paint pony, and he fired two shots at us with his Winchester, yelling "sheepshier!" meaning "hurry up!" About this time we discovered that the people in the buggy whom we were after were Indians, three of whom were Crowmore's wife and papoose, and his brother-in-law. Crowmore and the other three Indians in the buggy then went down to their camp.

Jailer Shies proposed going to the camp and explaining things, as he was acquainted with Crowmore, but I advised him to stay away, as Crowmore would not know him from any other officer if he saw him riding up to his camp and as he was on the warpath, he might shoot him. Shies insisted, however, and I told him if he was determined to go, he had better go alone. If several of us went, Crowmore would likely fire on us before we could get him located.

After Shies had been gone for some time I began to feel uneasy about him. I took Sam Abbott, Ed Meyers and Jack, and went down to the camp to see what the trouble was. I found no one there, but while searching for Shies, I found a rope stretched in the yard loaded with what I took to be beef. I dismounted and ate a big lot of Crowmore's nice beef, and then got my men and went back to the little house which we had left some time before. There I found the other members of my party, and they were just getting ready for dinner.

I told them that I had eaten so much good beef that I was not hungry and did not want any dinner.

"Where did you get the beef?" the lady of the house asked me.

"Down at Crowmore's camp," I replied.

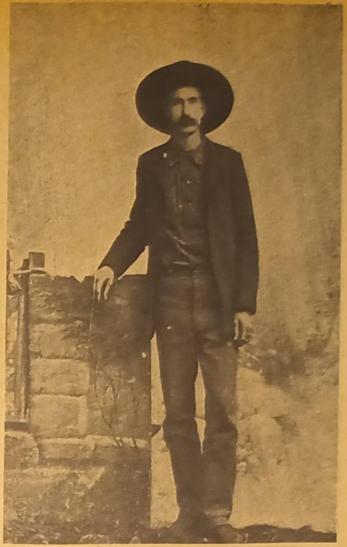
"That beef you ate down there was an old horse that died a few days ago, and they 'jerked' him on that rope," she said.

'Well, he was 'jerked' twice then if they jerked him, for I 'jerked' him once myself," I answered. I did not say anything else, but my meat didn't set very well after that.

ABOUT FIFTEEN minutes after I arrived at this house, and while watching for Shies, I saw forty-six Indians riding toward the house as fast as their horses could carry them. When the lady, who lived at the house where we were, saw them, she said that they were on the warpath. She had lived in that section of the country for fifteen years and knew their ways. The Indians came within five hundred yards of where we were and, with their horses, formed a figure eight. Jack said that was a sign that they were going to fight us, and when they made three such figures it meant they were coming. They went back a short distance, and then came toward us and made another figure eight, leaving them one more to make before they charged. I then discovered two Indians running their horses toward the haystacks back of the house. I saw at once that if they reached the haystacks, they would have the advantage of us; so I sent Charley Landers and Sam Abbott to head them off. After a quick chase, they beat the Indians to the stacks, and the Indians returned and joined the others who were getting ready to make the third figure eight.

This lady, whom I have spoken of several times, informed me that she could speak the Indian language as well as they could, and offered to go to the Indians and deliver any message I might wish to send them. I accepted her proposition, and asked her to tell them that we were Texas Rangers and we had come to this house to look for a wounded man by the name of Redbuck; that we heard his friends were going to take him away in a buggy and when we saw the buggy leave the house so hurriedly we concluded the man we wanted was in it. Consequently we had tried to kill the horses which were hitched to the buggy, not knowing we were after Crowmore's people.

After I explained to the lady what to tell the Indians, she started toward them, swinging her blue bonnet in the air to let them know she wished to parley. She explained the situation to them, but they told her we had deceived her, and also told her they knew we were outlaws. They had been informed at Fort Sill that the country was full of them, and there had been a fight about twenty-five miles below there a few nights back, and they were satisfied we had come to kill their people.


"Skeeter," one of Bill Cook's boys. A thirty-year sentence at Sing Sing closed out his career as lawbreaker.

She returned and reported what they had told her. I then asked her to go to them and state to them that Tom Pickett, constable from Wichita Falls, was with our men, and that they ought to know him, as he had managed their war dances for them at Wichita Falls, and he could prove to them that we were officers.

She did this, and informed us that the Indians said to send Tom Pickett to them. Tom didn't seem to be very anxious to make the visit to the Indians just then, but I told him to lay his Winchester down on the ground where they could see it, and to go to them and try to make a treaty with them. If they killed him, I said, I would kill every one of them before they could get back to Fort Sill.

Tom concluded to go, and Henry McCauley, the teamster, volunteered to go with him. When they reached the Indians they recognized Tom at once, and the chief dismounted and took Tom and Henry by the hands, and seemed to be very glad to find out that we were not outlaws.

He instructed his warriors to stay where they were, while he investigated the matter a little more. He mounted his horse and came toward us at full speed, and when he arrived within seventy yards of us, he threw his Winchester across his left wrist. This was a sign that we were friends, but I didn't know it at the time, and I came very near shooting him. Jack stopped me and explained what was meant by the gesture.

When he reached us, he dismounted, shook hands with us all, and then motioned for his men to come, and they, with Tom and Henry, soon joined us.

I cautioned the men not to let the Indians get to our guns, and not to be too free with them. The Indians would point to our belts and indicate to us that they wanted us to give them some cartridges, which we did.

The chief informed me that Crowmore's wife had gone to Fort Sill, where she would report that we were outlaws, and that the police and soldiers would be looking for us in a short while, and we had better hire two of his men to stay with us the balance of that day and that night, in order to explain our presence in the country. If I would give him five dollars, he would let me have two of his men. I told him I would give him two dollars and a half, but he would not consent to take less than five dollars; so we agreed upon that amount. All this conversation was carried on, of course, with the help of the lady who was with us.

When I first saw that the Indians were convinced that we were not outlaws, I told the lady to ask them if they had seen anything of a white man, for I was uneasy about Shies, not having seen him since he went to Crowmore's camp. But the Indians replied that they had not seen anyone at all. A few minutes later Shies rode up, and said that he had just been riding around the country scouting.

WHILE IN VERNON helping to hold court in the trial of Joe Blake, who was alleged to have killed Sheriff Tom McGee in Hemphill County, I received a warrant from Bowie County for the arrest of Jerome Loftos, who was wanted for stabbing a man in New Boston ten years before.

I did not know that Loftos was in Vernon until Mrs. Aiken, the proprietress of the hotel, told me that a man by the name of Jerome Loftos was in the hotel the night before to see me. I asked Mrs. Aiken when the man would be back, and she replied, "In a day or two."

I told Mrs. Aiken that I would be glad to see Jerome, as I had not seen him but once, and that was a few days after the fight which I had had with his brother, Hill Loftos, in the dugout in the Comanche Strip.

I began watching for Loftos, and the sceond morning after the lady told me that he was in town, I went into the gentlemen's sitting-room and found him standing by the stove. I did not recognize him, however, until after he had spoken to me and told me his name.

When he told me that he was Jerome Loftos, I merely asked him if he had eaten his breakfast, and he replied that he had not.

The first table was full, so I told him that we would watch our chance and eat at the next table.

When we went to the table I let him sit on my right side, and I made it a point to get through eating before he did. Leaving the table after breakfast, we went into the gentlemen's sitting-room, where I found about twenty-five men standing around. I did not want to arrest Loftos in the presence of these people, and, noticing that the stove in the ladies' sitting-room was heated up, I said to Loftos, "Let's go in yonder where there is a good fire."

After we got in the room I told Loftos that I had a warrant for him.

"Where from?" he asked.

"From New Boston," I replied.

I searched him then, but found nothing but a pocket knife. I told him that I did not want to handcuff him, nor put him in jail; that for his sake I didn't want people to know that he was under arrest.

I then notified the sheriff of New Boston that I had his man, but it was three days before he came to Vernon after him. I never jailed Loftos, though, nor put handcuffs on him, but I kept him in my sight all the time. I told Loftos to go with me when I took Joe Blake to the trial, and for him to sit near Blake, the defendant, so I could watch both of them at the same time.

When the sheriff came after him, I told him that Loftos had behaved well, and that he deserved the good treatment which he had received at my hands. I told the sheriff that I would appreciate it if he would also treat him as courteously as the circumstances justified, as Loftos had been a good citizen ever since he stabbed the man ten years before, and that he had been a good prisoner.

Just as the train was pullling in, Loftos asked to speak to me. We walked a few steps away from the sheriff, and I told him that I was ready to listen.

He asked if I knew what he thought of me, and I told him that I did not.

"I think you have been giving me dirt ever since you arrested me." he replied.

I immediately turned Loftos over to the sheriff, telling the latter that he had better handcuff and shackle him securely, as I had learned that I was greatly deceived in the prisoner when I recommended him so highly a few minutes before. I told Loftos that I was mighty glad he let me know what he thought of me before it was too late for me to do him any service.

The sheriff did as I told him, and securely shackled and handcuffed Loftos, much to the latter's displeasure.

Loftos stood his trial in New Boston and came clear. A year later I met him on a Fort Worth & Denver train, while I was going to Fort Worth. I was talking to a lady, when Loftos came through the car and greeted me, and told me that he wanted to see me in the smoker. I told him "All right." He then turned and went back into the smoker.

"Who is that gentleman?" the lady asked.

I told her that he was Jerome Loftos, and that I had once arrested him in Vernon. I also told her what Loftos said to me when the train rolled into Quanah, and, I added, he might want to call my hand for telling the sheriff to handcuff and shackle him.

"You ought not to go into the smoker if you think there will be trouble," she replied.

When I entered the smoking car, Loftos got up and introduced me to four or five men and treated me as cordially as he knew how. He motioned me to a vacant seat, and later on apologized to me for what he had said to me before he boarded the train in Quanah. "You treated me so nice when you had me in your charge," he said, "that I have been sorry ever since that I told you that you have been giving me dirt; for I knew at the time that you had not."

"What prompted you to make such a remark?" I asked.

"I was mad at the world in general," he replied, "for I had led a better life ever since I cut the man in New Boston, and had worked hard on the ranches, and had saved my earnings and accumulated a little bunch of cattle. I had gotten a little start in life, and felt happy. But when you arrested me, I realized that it was 'all up' with me then, and knew I would have to spend everything I had to come clear. I was reckless, and never thought about what I said to you, but I am ashamed of it now, and hope you will forgive me and forget that incident."

IN 1896 the citizens around Amarillo were constantly losing their fat cattle, and could not locate the cause. I was informed by John Curry, who lived in the north edge of town, that he suspected old man Crump and his two sons, Albert and Bill, who lived two miles north of town, who were running a butcher shop in Amarillo. Albert Crump lived in town, and did the selling of the beef. After learning all this from John Curry, I decided to lie around Crump's place, and try to catch him and his two boys in case they were stealing cattle. I watched the old man's place for quite awhile.

One evening Sam Dunn and Hank Siders (both cattle inspectors) and I hid in Crump's pasture, and a little before dark we heard a gunshot at his slaughterhouse. We waited about half an hour, in order to give him time to get his beef skinned, but we stayed a little too long. Billy, his son, about twenty-two years of age, took the beef to the city and placed it in the butcher shop.

I followed the hack, and got there in time to stand out in the dark and see Billy carve the beef. The quarters of this beef looked to me, from a distance, to be from a two or three-year-old animal. I could see from the light he had in his butcher shop. I said nothing to Bill; not even letting him know that I was in town.

Hank and Sam and I went back to old man Crump's. It must have been about ten o'clock at night. I called out at the gate, and learned that Crump had gone to bed. He got up, however, and came about half way from the house to the gate, and asked me who I was. I told him that it was Sullivan.

He told me to wait a minute until he went into the house to put on his shoes, as he was barefooted. I waited, although I believed that he was trying to "make medicine" or work his rabbit foot on me. When he got to the door I saw his wife slipping out to the west gate, in a stooped position, making her way to the slaughterhouse. I told her to come back, and not go about the slaughterhouse. She obeyed my command.

From left to right: Edgar T. Neal, Allen Maddox, Tom Johnson (cook), Dud Barker and W. J. L. Sullivan at Ranger camp on the banks of San Saba River, near "San Saba Town"

Then I asked the old man if he had killed a beef that evening. He said that he had. I told him that I wanted to see the hide. He said that it was in the slaughterhouse.

We three dismounted and went to the slaughterhouse, and came very nearly being taken in by the worst set of dogs I ever saw. He must have had eight or ten vicious dogs. I think he kept them on hand to bluff people, so they would not come anywhere about his place.

When we arrived at the slaughterhouse, he pulled a hide out of a barrel of brine and threw it on the floor, with the hair side up. It being wet, it rattled as if it were a green hide. This hide must have been seven or eight days old.

It was so dark that I could not tell whether this was a fresh hide or an old one. I rubbed my hand over the hide and got the scent of it, and told the boys that the hide was an old one. I struck a match but, as the slaughterhouse was open at the top, the wind would blow my matches out as fast as I could strike them.

At last I told Mrs. Crump to go into the house and bring me a lamp or a lantern. She remarked that the wind would blow out either one and that we had better take the hide into the house. I told the old man to take hold of one end of the hide and Hank the other. When we got into the house and threw the hide on the floor, I discovered that it was black, and that it was an old one with a brand on it.

Crump asked me to let him step out of doors. I granted him this privilege, knowing that he was going to the slaughterhouse. The old man went directly to the slaughterhouse, and I went directly to the same place. I heard him drop the hide in this barrel of brine. Then he picked up a zinc tub to put over the barrel, and as he did so I arrested him.

WE LEFT at once for town. After turning him over to Hank and Sam, I went to meet Billy, to arrest him and to keep him away from his father so they could not "make medicine" together.

I arrested Billy, and asked him a few questions in regard to the killing of this beef. I asked him if he had a bill of sale. He stated that he had.

I asked him the name of the party he got the beef from, but he said he could not remember the name, still claiming that he had a bill of sale for the beef.

I talked with him until his father was within hearing distance, then he called out something to Billy in German. I told Billy to turn his wagon around, and I took him to town and turned him over to John Bell, telling the latter to hold Billy until I arrested his brother, Albert, who was asleep in the butcher shop.

As soon as I arrested Albert he asked where "Pa and Billy" were. I told him that I had them under arrest, too. "Lord, have mercy," was all he had to say.

I placed the old gentleman in jail, and took Billy and Albert to my camp and shackled Billy to one of the Ranger boys and Albert to another one, not letting either one of them speak to their father, nor to each other.

The case was called for trial in Amarillo, but the defense got a change of venue to Clarendon, Donley County, and Billy was convicted, but got a new trial, and finally beat his case. The old man and Albert were also acquitted in their trial at Clarendon. John Veale and Bill Plemmans, two attorneys from Amarillo, defended them.

Mrs. Crump had three small children. Judge Plemmans and Judge Veale were shrewd enough to borrow three more children who live in Clarendon, keeping the six children around Mrs. Crump all the time the trial was going on. In their speeches, the attorneys for the defense would refer to the old lady and her six small children, keeping the old lady constantly crying and rubbing her hand over the six children's heads.

When she and her six children would cease crying, Judge Plemmans would step over to the woman and tell her that if she didn't keep the children and herself crying that the old man and the two boys would go to the pen "as sure as God made little apples."

Once the old lady spoke out loud, and said that she had already cried so much that she couldn't cry any more if the whole family went to the pen. This caused quite a laugh in the courtroom at the expense of Messrs. Veale and Plemmans.

WHILE at headquarters camp at Amarillo in 1896, I received a letter from Jim Loving, President of the Cattlemen's Association, asking me to go to San Angelo and out to Big Lake in Tom Green County, and look through Major Look and his brother's pasture for burnt cattle. I went to San Angelo at once, and hired a wagon and team, and got Sheriff Shields and Cattle Inspector Moore to go out to Big Lake with me. I also took two Negroes along, one to drive and cook, and the other to rustle the horses.

While on my way to Big Lake, which is one hundred and five miles from San Angelo, I drew on my imagination considerably as to the kind of a lake I was going to and the scenery around it. I thought the lake would be full of good, clear water, and that I would see lots of antelope, deer, wildcats, coyote and lobo wolves, going there late in the evening for water. The lake was a mile and a half long and half a mile wide.

We reached the lake at sunset, and our horses were very tired and thirsty, and so were we, but we didn't find a drop of water in that lake, and had to drive until late in the night before we could find water.

Early the next morning we went to Look's pasture, where we spent the three following days rounding up the cattle and looking for burnt brands. We expected to find about a hundred burnt cattle, but only found three. We took them to San Angelo and gave them back to their owners. Then we arrested Major Look and his brother, and turned them over to the sheriff, and they were reported to the grand jury.

The day after I had arrested the two Look brothers, a man walked up to me on the street and asked me if I was an officer, and I replied that I was.

"Do you see that man standing on the sidewalk, about twenty steps from me on my left?" he then asked.

I replied that I did.

"I want you to arrest him," he said.

"What for?"

"He stole a five-dollar pair of pants from me at the hotel the other night, and he has them on now," he answered.

I asked him if he would swear to the pants.

"If I could get to examine them, I would," he replied.

I arrested the man and took him to the rear of a nearby store, and the man who made the complaint went with us, and after examining the pants he swore that they were his. I then searched my prisoner, and found on him a pistol and a letter, which was from his best girl in the Nation, I gained some valuable information concerning this man's record. A portion of the letter read this way:

"Pet, you have treated your baby bad by stealing those horses and that saddle. The officers are hot on your trail, but my people are trying to make them believe that you are in Kansas and not in Texas. You have gone to a mighty good place to get caught, Pet, and you had better get out of that State or you will be taken in. I am perfectly surprised at you, Pet, for committing that crime, and I don't see how you could have done it if you loved me."

I learned that this man was Jack Ihart, a noted highway robber and horse thief. I turned him over to the sheriff, and he notified the officers in the Nation, and they immediately came after him, as he was very much wanted up there. Carrying a sweetheart's letters got him in a lot of trouble.

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT a man asked me if I wasn't Sullivan, the Ranger, and I told him that I was.

"My name is Ed Smith. I guess you have heard of me before," he said. "I am an ex-convict, but I have something important to tell you."

I told him "All right," and he asked me if I wanted a man by the name of Hill Loftos.

I told him that I did, and that I wanted him very badly. He asked me if there was a reward out for him and I told him that there was. Then he told me that if I would give him half the reward he would point Hill Loftos out to me. I agreed.

He then told me that Hill Loftos was in the back end of a saloon gambling. I went to the hotel and got my handcuffs and put them in my pocket. Then we went to the saloon which he claimed Loftos was in. Reaching the front door, I told Smith to go in and see if Loftos was still playing cards. He came back and reported that Loftos was not in there. We then went to every saloon in town, and I sent Smith into all of them to see if he could find Loftos, but he always reported that he failed to find him.

Smith then said that Loftos had two aunts living near the depot, on the edge of the town, and that he might have gone to their house to go to sleep; so we struck out in that direction to find our man. It occurred to me that Smith might be leading me into a trap, as the house where the two old maids lived was surrounded by timber, and there were no lights in that part of town; so I kept a close eye on the man who was helping me to find Hill Loftos.

After reaching the depot, we inquired at ten or twelve houses to find out where the two old maid sisters lived, and were beginning to think that we would not succeed in locating the house, when we finally came to a house where the yard was full of pretty shade trees. The front gate was tied at the bottom with wire; so we went around to the back gate and found it also tied so it couldn't be opened. Thinking this place was vacant, we went across the street and aroused a lady, who told us that the two old maids lived in the house where the yard was full of trees, which was the place where we had tried to open the gate.

I told Ed to go in the house and see if Hill Loftos was there. "If you see him," I said, "you tell him that you have won a big piece of money at a gambling dive; that a big game is going on, and that you are willing to stake him with money, and both go in together and see if you can't win a hundred dollars."

I told Smith that I would hide at the corner of the fence, and that I would watch the gate and when he came out I would join them. I gave him instructions to stop and roll a cigarette when he came out, so that I would have plenty of time to catch up with him.

Smith carried out my instructions to the letter. When I came out, I caught up with them and said, "Hello, gentlemen." Both of them spoke very cordially to me. It was about one o'clock in the morning.

I remarked that I had started down town to get a drink of beer, and asked them where the nearest saloon was. They pointed one out that was about forty yards in front of us. I invited them to take a glass of beer with me, and they said they would "with pleasure," and we went on toward the saloon.

While walking along, I let Hill Loftos get a yard ahead of me, and I eased my six-shooter from the scabbard, holding on the trigger all the time, so it would not click when I cocked it.

When I got everything in shape, I stepped up to his side and threw my six-shooter cocked in his face and ordered, "Hands up." He at once threw his left hand above his head, but placed his right hand over his heart.

"Both hands up," I quickly said, and he immediately put his right hand up. I then pulled my handcuffs out and, giving them to Ed, I told him to put them on Loftos, which he did. Then I arrested Ed, too, and asked him his name. He said it was Ed Smith. I did not want Ed, but did this to keep Loftos from thinking that Ed had told on him.

Turning to the other man, I asked if he wasn't Hill Loftos, and he said he was not; that "Jack Sprey" was his name. He said he was from Greer County.

"Have you been passing yourself off as Hill Loftos?" I asked.

"No, I have not."

I told him that I would hold him, anyway, and I carried him over and placed him in jail. I told Ed, in Sprey's presence, that I would guard them both, but when daylight came, I turned Ed loose, of course.

I took the other man to Vernon, where I learned that he was wanted in Indian Territory for horse theft. This man really was not Hill Loftos, but he told Ed that was his name, because he knew of Loftos' bad reputation as a fighter, and he wanted Ed to be afraid of him. Hill Loftos is the man with whom I had such a fight in the dugout in the Comanche Strip, twenty-five miles from Fort Sill.

WHILE I was stationed at Amarillo in 1896, our entire company, and three other companies, were ordered by Governor Culberson to go to El Paso, to keep the Fitzsimmons-Maher fight from being fought in Texas.

We stayed in El Paso eighteen days to see that these prizefighters didn't pull off their exhibition.

We also had to put down the tough element of the town, as thieves, robbers, pickpockets, and other classes of criminals were giving a great deal of trouble.

One night while City Marshal John Selman and I were on duty, we arrested twenty-six burglars and jailed them, one making his escape. John Selman is the man who killed John Wesley Hardin in an El Paso saloon.

One night, while in that saloon where Hardin was killed, I met John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan, prizefighters. While Sullivan and I were trying to rake up relationship, I noticed that Ryan's nose had been broken, and asked him what caused it.

"Fourteen years ago," he replied, "Sullivan and I had a prizefight in Mississippi and he warped my nose."

About that time I heard a lot of shooting on the street. Sullivan, Ryan, and I were in the back of the building, and about three hundred men, the largest portion of whom were full of beer and whiskey, stood between me and the front door.

When I heard the shooting, I was satisfied that some of the Ranger boys had gotten into trouble with some tough character, and I decided to go to the street as quickly as I could and see what was the matter. I finally pulled through this crowd of men and reached the door, and when I stepped out upon the street, I heard three more shots. I located the direction of the shooting from the flash of the pistols, and discovered it was a special Ranger trying to arrest an El Paso gambler and a deputy sheriff from Greenville, who had fallen out over a game of cards and had come out on the street to settle their trouble.

When the two men reached the street, the Ranger told them to be quiet or he would arrest them. The gambler got mad and fired at the Ranger, and a general shooting scrape followed. Though each man fired several shots, no one was hurt.

We arrested the two men who had resisted the Ranger, and took them into the saloon through the back entrance. Much excitement prevailed among the men in the saloon, but after placing the two prisoners in the keeping of other officers, I went out the back way and walked around the building to guard the front door, as a crowd of men were trying to break it down and get into the saloon.

I had ordered the door shut when the shooting first occurred, because I did not want anybody else to get into the building. There were about four hundred men, all tough characters, standing in the street with their six-shooters out, shining like new money. They tried a number of times to make me let them in, but I held the door shut against them. I knew that most of them were robbers and cutthroats, and if they got into that crowd of men in the saloon they would spot out the diamonds and watches and shoot the lights out, and great slaughter and robbery would come off.

Gen. W. H. Mabry, our State Adjutant General, came to me and told me to put my pistol up.

I told him that I could not do it. About that time Eugene Miller, a special Ranger, who was helping me to hold the door, yelled at me to "look out." I glanced quickly around, and there, standing behind me, was the man who stole Bill Cook away from me in Roswell, New Mexico. I could see the handle of his six-shooter, which he held in his hand behind him.

Recognizing the man in a moment, I turned and asked Miller why he had called me in such an excited manner.

"Everything is all right now," replied Miller, and the man left before anything else was said about the incident.

In a few minutes, however, Miller asked me if I knew who that tall man was, who stood at my back when he called to me to "look out."

I told him that I did; that it was the man who stole Bill Cooke from me, and with whom I had had some trouble as a result.

Miller then told me that the man had his pistol cocked and pointed at my spine, and that when he called out to me, the man threw his hand and pistol behind him.

It seems that the man was about to take advantage of the moment while confusion reigned, and murder me from behind because of his grudge against me. I told Miller that if I had caught the man pointing his gun at me, I would have killed him on the spot.

I can safely say that I saw more tough characters in El Paso at that time than I ever saw before in my life, or ever expect to see again. They were drawn to that town by the prizefight, which was about to be pulled off there. It took one hundred and fifty officers to preserve order and prevent the prizefight.

The fight was pulled off in Old Mexico, about four hundred miles down the Rio Grande River. I wanted to go and see the fight, but I was requested by the Adjutant General to remain in El Paso with eleven Rangers and help guard the three banks, which I did.

WE WENT to El Paso in November, 1896, with four companies of Rangers to prevent the prizefight between Fitzsimmons and Maher. After staying there about eighteen days, I started back to headquarters. Two of my men asked me to let them get off at Bowie for a day, and I consented after instructing them to come to Amarillo the next day, as we would likely have a great deal of work to do.

I continued on my way to Amarillo, and when I reached Wichita Falls I received a telegram from C. Madsen, the Chief Marshal at El Reno, I. T., to come there. Jack Howell and Lee Queen were on the train with me, and I told them to get off and go to El Reno with me. They requested me, however, to let them go on to headquarters and get some clothes, and they would come on to El Reno on the following day. This was agreeable to me; so I spent that night in Wichita Falls, and the boys joined me the next day, and we started to El Reno, after wiring to the other two men, who were on the train coming from Bowie, to join me.

When I arrived at Bellevue I received a telegram to return to Wichita Falls, as Frank Dorsey, the cashier of the bank at that place, had been killed and four men wounded by robbers. My two men and I then boarded the train, where I found my other two men who had stopped at Bowie. Captain Bill McDonald also was on the train.

Mr. J. A. Kemp, the president of the bank that was robbed at Wichita Falls, was on the south-bound train, and I told him to return to Wichita Falls with me, as he was needed at his bank. I stepped into the office and asked Annanias Moore, the operator, to wire the operator at Wichita Falls to have me six horses and saddles waiting at the depot when I arrived. I asked George Clark, the conductor on the train, to put me in Wichita Falls before schedule time; but I think, from the rate the train ran, we reached Wichita Falls a little ahead of time.

Mr. Kemp sat down by me, and asked me what the trouble was. I told him that his bank had been robbed, his cashier, Frank Dorsey, had been killed, and four other men had been wounded. He turned pale, and tears came into his eyes as he said, "Frank came to me this morning and asked me to let him resign, as he had a presentiment that he was going to be killed, but I talked him out of it."

Three months before Dorsey was killed, I was called to Wichita Falls to guard the two banks, as twelve suspicious looking characters had been seen camping out near town, and the citizens thought they were bank robbers. I took six Rangers with me, and we guarded the two banks for three days and nights. We went out one evening to the place where the men had camped, and found pictures of Bill Cook, Jim French, Frank Baldwin, Cherokee Bill, and other noted outlaws, thus confirming the suspicions of the citizens who were uneasy about the banks.

While we were guarding the banks on that occasion, Frank Dorsey came to me several times and said that he feared that he would be killed, but I told him there was no danger, as my men could hold out against any robbers. The suspicious characters left the country after we began guarding the banks, and the citizens of Wichita Falls no longer felt uneasy, so we Rangers packed up and went back to Amarillo.

Three months passed away, and everything was quiet and peaceful in Wichita Falls until the dreadful day of the bank robbery. The night before the robbery, Dorsey told his wife that the presentiment that he would be killed by bank robbers had come back to him stronger than ever. He said that he would resign his position the next morning; that he believed if he didn't, he would be killed in a short time.

His wife told him that it was all imagination; that he ought not to give up his work, as he had a family to support and the president of the bank thought so much of him. He was easily persuaded by those arguments not to resign, and the next evening his dead body was carried home to a heartbroken wife, and the president of the bank was on the train hurrying back to Wichita Falls, mourning the loss of a fine cashier and valuable friend.

WHEN we arrived at Wichita Falls, my horses were standing at the depot; but just as I stepped off the train, twenty or thirty men rushed me into the depot, telling me that the bank had been robbed and Frank Dorsey killed by two men, and they could talk of nothing else but the reward—two thousand dollars—which had been offered by the bankers for the capture of the robbers. I told them not to talk to me about rewards, but to give me the descriptions of the two men. They did so, and we started out after them.

Some of the citizens of the town were already out after the two robbers, but after we had gone a short distance, we met most of them coming back to town. Some of them, however, turned and joined us in our pursuit.

It was related to us that as the two robbers, whose names I learned were Elmer Lewis and Foster Crawford, started out of town, Frank Hogister killed Lewis' horse, and he rode behind Crawford until they met a man driving a little dun mare. They relieved this man of his animal, which Elmer rode bareback. They soon met two men, who were plowing in the river bottom, and took their two large plow horses, releasing the ones they were riding. These two plow horses were so large, though, that they didn't last long, and we soon found where the robbers had tied them in a thicket and then waded the Wichita River.

Some of the men went a mile below this place and crossed the river on a bridge, and others waded the river where the robbers had, but we saw nothing of them that day, although we were satisfied that they were in some of the thickets in that vicinity.

About eight o'clock that night we discovered them, after they had come out of a thicket, crossing an open space of prairie to another thicket, about seven hundred yards away. Captain McDonald, Billy McCauley, Jack Harvell, Bob McClure and Lee Queen entered the north side, and I the south side, and we all came upon the robbers about the same time, and demanded their surrender.

When we found their six-shooters on the ground a few minutes later, we discovered they were cocked, which showed that they came very near fighting us. They had their Winchesters hidden at Wichita Falls, but after they robbed the bank and were leaving town, the citizens prevented the men from getting them.

We recovered the money they had taken from the bank—$677.10—and then went to a house close by and got supper, after which we returned to Wichita Falls, arriving there about four o'clock in the morning. We guarded the jail the remainder of the night and all the next day and, as everything seemed to be perfectly quiet and as there were no signs of trouble, we left that evening on the train for our headquarters at Amarillo.

When we reached Childress we received a telegram stating that two thousand citizens were breaking into the jail. When we reached Clarendon we received another telegram stating that they had hung the robbers.

The citizens of Wichita Falls got twelve hundred dollars of the reward, and the other Rangers and I received the rest—eight hundred dollars.

A FEW DAYS later I went back to Wichita Falls, where I met Elmer Lewis' mother. She was standing at the head of the table, watching me while I ate my dinner, and when I had finished, she asked me to come into her room, as she wanted to talk with me. After we entered and she had closed and thumb-bolted the door, she asked me to take a rocking chair.

"No, I do not care to sit in a rocker," I answered, "for I had a rib broken not long ago, and it pains me when I sit in a rocker."

"I have been wanting to see you ever since I came to Texas," she said, "I am Elmer Lewis' mother. Where were you at the time Elmer was hung?"

"I was at Childress."

"How far is that from here?"

"About one hundred and twenty miles," I replied, "but I was at Clarendon, sixty miles farther up the road, when I received the news that the two men were hung."

"If you had been there, do you think you could have prevented the hanging?"

"I think not, as they were two thousand strong."

"Of course, if that was the case, you could not have prevented it," she replied.

"The jailer has my watch, that my son had," she continued, "and I wish you would get it for me."

"How old are you, Mrs. Lewis?"

"I am thirty-six," she answered.

"You are so young looking that the people here do not believe you are Elmer Lewis' mother."

"Well, you see I am Scotch-Irish, and you know we hold our age well."

She asked me again about the watch, and I told her that if it was her watch she should have it. She then asked me to show her the way Lewis and Crawford went after they robbed the bank, and I pointed out the way to her, but never took my eyes off her; for when she bolted the door it made me somewhat suspicious, and when she asked me to have a rocking chair, it made me more so. She knew that if I sat in a rocker, I could not get to my pistol easily, and I concluded she had not asked me in her room for any good purpose, as she kept her hands under her apron all the time.

She then asked me for my address, thinking, probably, I would lower my head while writing it, but I had an envelope in my pocket which had my address written on it; so I took the letter out and handed her the envelope, watching her all the time. We talked a while longer, and when I arose to leave, I walked backward to the door, keeping my eyes on her while I unlocked it, and then told her goodbye.

I believe it was her intention to kill me, as she tried every way to get me to take my eyes off her; but I was on the lookout.

The watch, which she spoke of. was advertised in the newspaper, and a man and his wife came from Oklahoma and identified it, telling the jailer it had three letters on it, and that they were very dim but could be seen upon close inspection, which proved true. They said the watch had been stolen from them. It did not belong to Mrs. Lewis. I received two letters from her after she went back to Missouri, in regard to the watch. I learned from the sheriff of her county that she was Elmer Lewis' mother, notwithstanding the fact that she looked so young.

WHILE in Amarillo in 1899 I was notified by the Adjutant General that a train was robbed at Benbrook, fourteen miles from Fort Worth, on the T. & P. Railroad. J. V. Goode, superintendent of the Fort Worth & Denver, had a car sent for our horses and saddles. After loading the horses and saddles on, we crawled into the caboose, and the car was hitched onto the south-bound passenger train, and we arrived in Fort Worth on schedule.

Sheriff Fulis, of Tarrant County, joined us at Fort Worth, and Superintendent Thorn, of the T. & P. Railroad, had our car hitched to an engine and we left immediately for Weatherford. Everything between Fort Worth and Weatherford was sidetracked and, having an open track all the way, we made a quick run, arriving at our destination that evening. We unloaded our horses and saddles, and spent the night in Weatherford.

The following morning we were joined by the sheriff of Parker County, and all of us started out together to look for the robbers. At Springtown the sheriff of Tarrant County had to leave and go back to Fort Worth.

We searched the whole country around Weatherford, finally striking the trail of two men who were well armed, each having two belts of cartridges, a Winchester, and six-shooter. One of the men was mounted on an iron grey stallion, while the other was mounted on a black, baldface, stocking-leg horse.

We followed the trail of these two men, and struck the Fort Worth & Denver road at the town of Sunset. While crossing the country, near Red River, I lost the trail, but I learned that a Joe Couch had loaned an iron grey horse to a stranger about two weeks before the robbery and had never seen it since. I looked for Couch, but failed to find him. I decided that the robbers were playing fox on us and had turned back; so we dropped back, too, going to Decatur, and tried there to get all the information that we could concerning the fugitives.

While I was in Decatur, I had occasion to call up Irby Duncan, in Fort Worth, on a little business, and Col. R. D. Hunter, president of the T. & P. Coal Company, got the other end of the line for a few minutes, and asked me how I was getting along with the train robbers.

I told him that I had lost their trail, and it did not look like I was going to find it again. He asked me if I had been notified that the Rock Island had been held up and robbed the night before.

I told him that I had not; so he notified S. B. Hoovey, superintendent of the Rock Island, that I was in Decatur with six Rangers.

I asked Col. Hunter to have Captain McDonald, who was in Fort Worth at that time, found and brought to the phone. McDonald gave me a little more information about the Rock Island hold-up, and I quit the trail of the Benbrook robbers at once, and went to work on this other case.

I went to Bridgeport, reaching there in a few minutes, and found transportation, which Superintendent Hoovey had sent me. A little later on, Hoovey came up to Bridgeport from Fort Worth on the train that was to pull us to Red River. Hoovey and I discussed the situation at some length.

Before leaving Bridgeport, I found Joe Couch, the one who loaned one of the Benbrook robbers a grey horse. I found him playing cards, and I took him and his horse with me on the train to Red River.

Reaching Red River, I learned that the robbers had boarded the train on the Texas side, and while the train was crossing the river they relieved the passengers of all their money and jewelry. Arriving in the little town of Terral, on the other side of the river, we discovered that officers of that community had captured the robbers and placed them in the depot, where they were kept under guard. We put the prisoners and the officers, who had them in charge, on our train and took them to Duncan.

The marshal of that town claimed the men, but they were given over to the Texas authorities, and we put them in jail in the town of Montague, in Texas. They were tried twice, and succeeded in beating their cases. I was on hand at the trial, and we encountered lots of toughs who were in town to intimidate the court and get their friends clear.

I WAS satisfied that these men were the same ones who had held up the train at Benbrook, and I told the others that. I received a letter from Sheriff Pat Ware, of Cooke County, that there was an iron grey stallion in the livery stable at Gainesville, so I went at once to that town and had the sheriff point the horse out to me. I also asked the sheriff if he knew the man's whereabouts, and he said he thought he was across the river in Indian Territory. I learned before I left headquarters camp a second time, that this grey stallion belonged to a man at Henrietta.

Pat Ware and I went across the river to look for this man, who had stolen the grey stallion, and about seven miles on the other side we learned that there was a suspicious looking stranger picking cotton at a certain farm. We went at once to this place, and going into the field, we saw a cluster of men, all picking cotton.

I had never seen the man before, but ever since I had been on his trail the first time, I had had him described to me so often that I knew him before Pat and I had gotten close to him. Pat also knew the man from the description I had given of him.

He surrendered to us without any trouble on our part, and we asked him in the presence of several witnesses all around him, if he was willing to go across the line without any requisition.

He said that he was; so we handcuffed him and, hiring a horse, we left with him at once for Gainesville.

When he neared the river, he remarked that he believed that he would not cross the line without a requisition. We told him that we would show him whether he would cross over or not, as he had said before fifteen or twenty witnesses that he would go into Texas with us without requisition.

He then went on to Gainesville with us without any further trouble. We gave him a bed in the Gainesville jail that night, and took him the next morning to Henrietta, where we notified the owner of the grey horse that he could get his property. Our prisoner was wanted for selling mortgaged mules, as well as for stealing this horse.

The Benbrook train robbers, whom we came so near capturing several times, were finally caught in Fort Worth by local officers.

IN 1896 I was ordered by Governor Culberson to go to San Saba and put down the mob that had existed there for sixteen years. Governor Culberson sent me because he knew I was well posted with this mob, for I had been sent there in 1890 to preserve order while court was going on. I had also been a witness in the Campbell case ever since then, and was familiar with all the leading people on both sides of the wrangle.

By this time the situation had reached a very perplexing stage in San Saba. The men of both factions were very bitter and aggressive. Good and bad citizens, both, were on either side. In their continued strife both factions had lost sight of the lofty ideals (which had probably at first actuated them), and now allowed their animal passions to overcome them. The mob people had originally organized to put down lawlessness, while the "anti-mobists" had organized because they thought the law should be allowed to take its own course; but those first principles had long been forgotten. Lawless people had joined both factions, and had introduced their evil influences among members of each side.

When the mob was first organized it started out by preventing crime, especially stealing, but now lawlessness was being encouraged by both sides, and could not be suppressed by local authorities. The bitterness between the two factions had become so great that a number of murders occurred, and were traced to one or the other side. The State finally had to step in and put down the strife by suppressing the mob, as that was the side which was arrayed against the law. Cattle thieves, murderers and other criminals were also given prompt attention, irrespective of the faction to which they belonged.

When we went to San Saba, I took Dud Barker from Company B. and Captain J. H. Rogers sent me two men from his company—Edgar T. Neal and Allen Maddox. Barker and I were joined by the two other Rangers, Neal and Maddox, when we reached Goldthwaite. Sheriff Hudson of San Saba also met us at Goldthwaite with a wagon and team. The three Rangers under me went to San Saba in the wagon, and Sheriff Hudson took me over in his buggy.

The county furnished me with a wagon, harness, and a span of mules, and the State furnished me a cook. We spent three days in the town of San Saba, and then left for Hannah's Crossing on the Colorado River.

That was a beautiful place to camp, and that part of the river was one of the finest fishing spots in the world. We remained there four months, and enjoyed our stay, except for the danger we were in when we first arrived there.

THE PEOPLE of both factions, especially the mob element, were antagonistic to us when we first went to San Saba. When we four boys pitched our tent at Hannah's Crossing, we shook hands with each other and made a solemn pledge that we would stay there and do our duty if we all had to die together. We vowed that we would arrest anybody of either faction whom we caught disobeying the law, and that we would die working the lever of our guns before we would give up our prisoners, no matter how many men we had to fight.

When we pitched our camp, we expected that we would never have to move it again; for it seemed to me that we were doomed to die at the hands of some of the people of the bad element. We went about our work quietly, however, and made friends with everybody we could, and showed them that we were not after anybody but those who maliciously violated the law. The better class of people soon began to treat us kindly, and we were often invited to take dinner with them. We always accepted their invitations, and would eat one day with a member of the mob, and the next day we would probably dine with some one of the anti-mob faction. We showed no partiality to either side, and in that way we gained the respect of the law-abiding citizens of both factions, and our stay in San Saba was, for the most part, quite pleasant. With the tough characters, however, we had some rough times, and I met with quite a number of thrilling experiences.

Hannah's Crossing was twenty miles from San Saba, on the San Saba & Brownwood Railroad. When we went out to it, we were accompanied by Sheriff Hudson, who stayed at our camp a day or two before he went back to town. We located in Jim Linsey's pasture, which was near the river.

A week before we pitched camp, three men concealed themselves in this pasture one day and assassinated Bill James, a well-known citizen, while the latter was going after water in his wagon. We tried to capture the assassins, but they had a week's start on us, so we gave up. We had lots of other work to do, and left it to the county officials to ferret out the perpetrators of the James murder.

W. J. L. Sullivan, Marshal of the Day at the Cowboys' Reunion, Seymour, Texas. The four-day affair attracted 20,000 excluding some 500 Comanches also in attendance. Perfect order was maintained.

During the trouble between the two factions in San Saba, a Mr. Turner, an anti-mobist, was killed. It was alleged that he was murdered by Matt Ford and Tobe Bridge, two members of the mob. The trial, which took place at Austin, was sensational, and created state-wide interest. Ford and Bridge were defended by Governor Hogg, Judge James Robertson, and Judge Pendexter of Austin, and Attorneys John and Ab Walters, brothers, of San Saba. They were as good lawyers as the State afforded. Judge Albert Burleson and W. C. Linden were the prosecuting attorneys. There were 369 witnesses. Judge Morris was the district judge. The two men were at last acquitted, and went back home to live, and they led a different life and made good citizens.

The two factions in San Saba finally made peace with each other and buried the hatchet. The last time I was with them they were going to church and visiting each other, and all signs of former strife and bad feeling had faded away.

ONE SUNDAY morning while we were camping at Hannah's Crossing, all four of us Rangers—Edgar Neal, Allen Maddox, Dud Barker and I—were invited across the river to participate in a "Hardshell Baptist Foot-washing."

We accepted the invitation, and enjoyed the meeting very much. The members of the congregation asked us to stay with them for dinner, as they were to have a spread on the grounds, and they desired very much to have us eat with them. They were to introduce us boys to the young people, and we were intending to have a very sociable afternoon. We had told the people that we would eat with them, and had made arrangements to stay all day; but just as the doxology was being sung, our cook, whom we called Tom, came to the church in "fool's haste," lit off his horse at the church door, and asked a man who was sitting on a back seat to get us Rangers for him.

We went out as soon as the man said that Tom wanted us. Tom informed us that there were two men at camp who desired very much to see us, and for us to go as quickly as possible.

We made a break for our horses, jumped into our saddles, and made a three-mile run in a few minutes, believing all the time that when we reached camp we would hear that someone in the neighborhood had been killed.

When we arrived at our destination we found the two men waiting for us. One of them said he wanted to speak to me. He took off where the others couldn't hear him, and, in whispers, told me that on the day before, while he was in the cotton patch, someone had entered his smokehouse and stolen twelve pounds of bacon. I told him at once that if it wasn't Sunday I would hang him for causing us Rangers to run our horses nearly to death, besides missing our dinner and a good time with the young people, just because he had twelve pounds of bacon stolen from him.

We offered to go and see about the theft, however, and the next morning we got our horses and started over to his place, which was about nine miles from camp.

While riding along the road we got thirsty, so we stopped in at a house and got a drink of water. When we entered the yard we saw two ladies in the hallway of the house sewing on a quilt. When we asked their permission to get a drink of water, one of the ladies politely told us to come in and help ourselves, which we did.

After we had finished drinking, she seated us, and said she thought she knew where we were going.

"Maybe you do," I said, in a manner that invited her to speak on and tell us what was on her mind.

"I think you are going to see about some bacon that was stolen last Saturday afternoon," she replied.

"Yes, we have started over that way," I said.

"I have no idea," she continued, 'that anyone stole that bacon. The smokehouse door was left open, and I think the dog went in and dragged a few pounds of meat out. The man married a mere child, and I suppose she left the door open herself, when she went down to the field to see her husband."

When the old lady got through talking, I spoke up and asked, "Why didn't the crazy man marry a woman that was old enough and had sense enough to keep house for him?"

"His wife is my daughter," she replied, and then the Rangers had the laugh on me.

Conversation between the old lady and me then ceased for a few minutes, and I thought of the good time I could have had Sunday, and the trouble I would have been saved, if those two men had not ridden nine miles to our camp and made the cook ride three more miles and summon all four of us Rangers, and cause us to ride nine miles and back for nothing the next day—all because a dog had stolen ten or twelve pounds of bacon.

As we expected, we found no bacon thief, and went back to camp feeling rather done up and wishing to forget the incident as long as we lived.

SOON AFTER DARK one evening, while we were camping at Hannah's Crossing, I received a message from the postmaster at Indian Creek, in Brown County, saying that the post office at that place had been robbed. I was urged to go to the scene of the robbery at once; so we packed one of the mules and immediately started for Indian Creek.

It was very dark, and rain was pouring down in torrents, but we went on anyway and tried to find a place where we could ford the river.

We went up the river about twelve miles, but still could find no place where we thought it was safe to cross. We feared that it was raining so hard farther up the river that we couldn't cross any better up there than where we were, so we decided to stay at Bill Martin's house, which was nearby, until daylight.

We went up to Mr. Martin's house and called him to the door. He asked me who we were. I told him that I was Sullivan, and that I had the Texas Rangers with me.

It was raining so hard that it was only with difficulty that we could hear each other talk. Martin invited us to spend the night in the house with him, but we told him we couldn't stop unless it was impossible for us to ford the river.

We then asked him if he thought we could make it safely to the other side. In reply, he said that if it had rained above as it had here, the river was bound to be "swimming," and that he would advise us not to cross. He again invited us to spend the night in the house with him, but we were so wet that we decided it wouldn't do for us to go in and sleep in his beds and get them damp; so I asked Mr. Martin to let us sleep in his gin-house since we could not cross the river, and did not want to go in his house in our condition.

He assured us that that would be perfectly agreeable to him; so we went into the gin, and each one of us dug a hole in the cotton and slept in it. The next morning, when we got up, we found that the heat of the cotton had nearly dried us.

Mr. Martin and his wife fixed a good breakfast for us, and as long as I live I shall never forget that big dish of fried chicken and that pot of delicious coffee that they had prepared for us.

After breakfast we went to the river to see if it was very high, and found that it was just about "swimming." It looked silly for wise men to plunge into that river; but we four boys split it wide open, leading our pack mule, and crossed safely over to the other side.

We reached Indian Creek that day, and captured the men who had robbed the post office. I sent them to Brownwood by Barker and Maddox, and they stood trial for the robbery and beat the case. Edgar Neal and I remained in that community several days looking up testimony for the State.

WHILE LOOKING UP testimony in the country around Indian Creek, a few days after the post office robbery, Edgar Neal and I came to a house where a Mrs. Hogan, a widow, and her four daughters lived. It was about an hour and a half before sundown when we arrived at Mrs. Hogan's house. We had learned before reaching this place that the two men whom we had arrested had stopped there the night they committed the post office robbery. Mrs. Hogan said that they left her house that night at eleven o'clock. She also informed us that the two men lived directly east of her, and when they left the house the night of the robbery, they climbed over the fence and went due west, the direction of the post office. The evidence that we had accumulated that day and the things Mrs. Hogan told us that evening, led us to believe that we had arrested the right parties.

When we first went into her house and seated ourselves, Mrs. Hogan asked us if we were strangers in that part of the country. I replied that we were, and I told her my name. She gave me her name, and treated me in a cordial manner. I saw at once that they were well-to-do, cultured people and, after introducing myself, I presented Mr. Neal to Mrs. Hogan.

"Mrs. Hogan," I said, "allow me to introduce you to Mr. Neal."

"Is it Bedgar Neal?" she asked.

"It is," Edgar answered.

"My dear nephew," she joyfully exclaimed, "why didn't you let me know you when you first came in? I thought I recognized those eyes when you first stepped in at the door."

She made a dive at Edgar and grabbed him by the hand. She looked like she was trying to kiss him, but he leaned his head out of her reach. Then she asked him how "Dona and the baby were." He replied that they were both well.

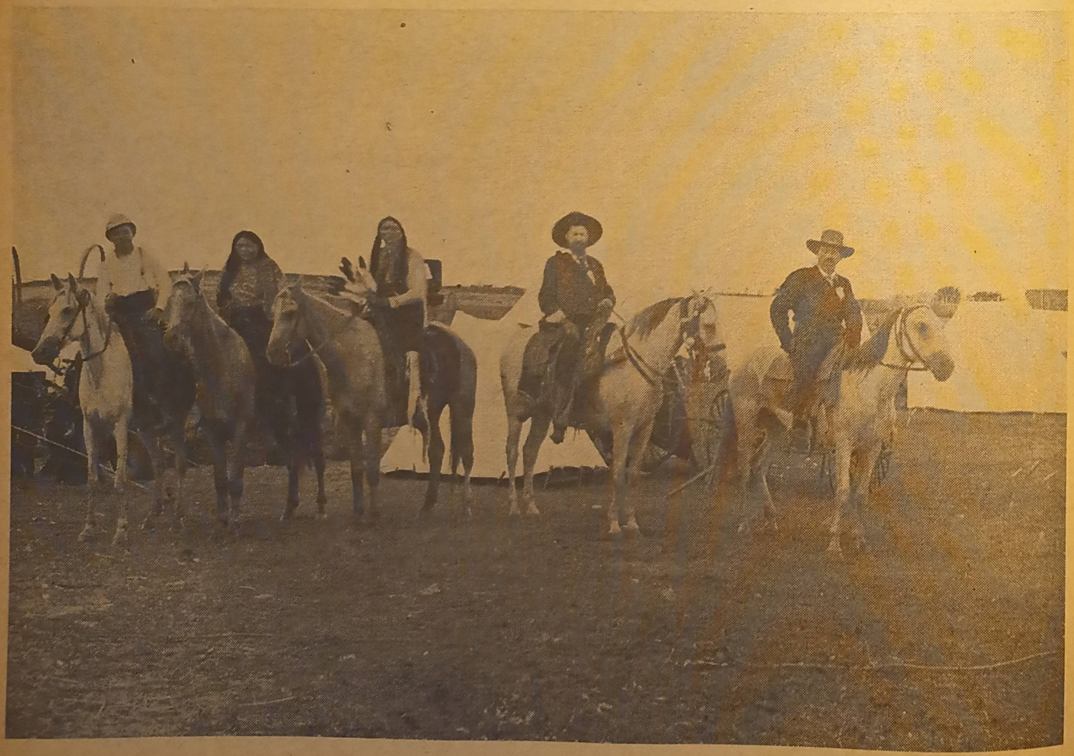
"You have fleshened up mightily," she said.

He nodded.

I was just about to tell the old lady that she was mistaken in this man, when she called out to her four daughters, who were in the next room, and said, "Come in, girls, Cousin Bedgar is here."

All four of them came hopping and skipping in at once, and they were as pretty as any girls I ever saw. I was wishing that they would make some mistake about me, but they didn't; Edgar got the benefit of it all.

The lady introduced the girls to him, for fear he had forgotten some of their names. Then they began hanging on him, and trying to kiss him. He played the same game on them, however, that he played on the old lady. He ducked his head and leaned it over to one side.


At the Cowboys' Reunion, Seymour. From left to right: Judge Glasgow, Too Nicey, Quanah Parker, W. J. L. Sullivan, and Ex-Sheriff Sam Suttlemeyer.

After they got through hugging each other, Edgar and the four girls sat down together in the middle of the room.

One of the girls asked Edgar how Dona and the baby were. He replied that they were both well.

"You have fleshened up so, we like to have not known you," another girl observed, when she had a chance to speak.

Now, while all this was going on, my heart was beating like a mule kicking down hill. I was frightened. I knew if they discovered their mistake and found out this was not "Cousin Bedgar," that they would make it hot for us, for the old lady had a game appearance, and also, the four girls.

I kept asking questions about the robbers for fear they would keep talking to Edgar and get him tangled up and learn that he was fooling them. Whenever they asked Edgar a difficult question, I broke into the conversation and asked some important question about the robbers, thus saving Edgar from answering their queries.

Finally it got to where I could stand it no longer, and I said, "Ladies, we will have to be traveling, as we are on urgent business."

The old lady and all four girls spoke up and said at once, "Cousin Bedgar, you are not going to leave us now, are you?" Holding to his arms and coat, they continued, "Cousin Bedgar, you have not been here in so long, you cannot leave here tonight."

I spoke up and said, "We are forced to go, ladies. We will return tomorrow evening and spend the night," and Edgar said, "Yes we will. I see you have a piano and we will sing and play."

The old lady said, "My dear boy, you should not leave your aunt tonight."

We were both satisfied that we had spent about all the time we could spare at that place; so, after telling the family goodbye, we quickly made for our horses. We laughed a great deal about the joke on Mrs. Hogan, and often wondered how we came out of it alive. We learned afterward that they enjoyed the joke very much, and when the girls first realized that their mother had caused them to be fooled, they took it good-naturedly, and in a spirit of fun they pounded her considerably on the back.

Edgar Neal enjoyed jokes immensely, and was a good-hearted man. He quit the Ranger company at San Saba and became the sheriff of that county, making the people a splendid officer during the eight years that he served them.

WHILE I was stationed at San Saba, Tom Grey, a hardware man of that town, received a letter addressed to a man with his name. Upon opening it, he saw that it was written by someone in Paris, and was meant for another "Tom Grey."

In this letter the Paris man warned his friend in San Saba that the officers were still looking for him, and that he had "gone to a mighty good place to get caught." The letter also revealed the fact that the man's real name was Wax Lee, and that Tom Grey was his alias.

When Mr. Grey, the merchant, told me about the letter, I knew at once that the other Tom Grey was badly wanted somewhere; so I went to the post office and waited for someone to call for the letter.

Late that evening Mr. Jim Brooks, brother to Judge Brooks of Austin, came to the post office and called for the letter which was addressed to Tom Grey. I asked Mr. Brooks if he knew anyone by the name of Tom Grey. He replied that he had a man by that name working for him and that Grey had a companion with him.

Brooks lived about twelve miles out of town so I got a buggy and went out to his place. Brooks went in the buggy with me, and I sent the three Ranger boys out there on horseback. I hadn't recovered from the injuries which I received while chasing Del Dean, and was not able to ride horseback.

When we reached the farm, Brooks led us to an old house, where the two men were camping. We could not get the buggy right up to the house, however, on account of a slough which emptied into the Colorado River, and which lay between us and the house. This slough was so muddy and boggy that I sent the three other Rangers over on their horses, and told them to capture the men and be very careful in making the arrests.

After the boys had gone, I discovered a tent about forty yards in front of me, and thinking that the man I wanted might possibly be in it, I got out of the buggy and, leaving Brooks to hold the horses, walked toward the tent to see what I could find.

Brooks had told me that Lee was dark complected, and when I had nearly reached the tent, a man of that description came to the door. I decided to arrest him, but when I started toward him Jim Brooks called out and told me that the boys had arrested the men; so I whirled around and went back to the buggy.

When the Rangers got back to the buggy I saw that Brooks was mistaken, for the boys had captured only one man, and he was the companion of the one I was after. Brooks saw and heard the Rangers when they made the arrest, but took it for granted that they had captured two men instead of one, and being thus mistaken, he informed me wrong.

When I turned and walked away from the tent, Wax Lee, the man whom I started to arrest, broke and ran toward the river, crossed the slough, and hid in the brush, which was thick all along there. I saw the man running, and when the Rangers turned their prisoner, a young fellow, over to me, I told them to go after the other man immediately.

I mounted Brooks and sent him along with them, as I knew they would have a hard time finding the man if he hid in the brush, and they would need all the help they could get.

As I was afraid he would do, the man hid in the brush, and the boys couldn't find him anywhere. After searching a little while, they gave it up, and got together to plan what was the best move to make next. During the conference, Dud Barker discovered that while he was loping his horse a few minutes before that, his six-shooter had worked around too far behind him, and while talking to the other man he reached around and pulled his gun in front of his belt to readjust it. None of the men knew that Wax Lee lay hidden within a few feet of them while they were wondering where he had gone to, and Lee could not understand what the men were saying. When he saw them stop, he thought he had been discovered, but decided to lie still, thinking that he might be mistaken.

When he saw Dud Barker pull his pistol in front on his belt, however, he thought that he had surely been discovered, and imagined that Barker was going to shoot him, so he called out and asked the Rangers not to kill him. He then surrendered to the boys, who were very much surprised, since they had not seen him before he crawled out of the brush.

The Rangers fired their six-shooters to let me know that they had captured their man. When I heard the shots, however, I was afraid that they were having a battle with Lee, but pretty soon they brought him up, and we took the two prisoners to town.

When the boys brought him up to the buggy, Lee told me that he was satisfied just as soon as he saw I was after him, that I had his right name. He then told me that his name was Wax Lee, and that it was his son whom we captured with him.

When we reached San Saba with the prisoners we learned that Wax Lee and his son were wanted in Paris, Texas, and also in Indian Territory. We wired the sheriff at Paris, telling him that we had his prisoners. The two men were charged with four murders and twenty thefts of horses and cattle. The sheriff at Paris gave us a hundred dollars for the capture. A big reward was out for the men in Indian Territory, and we tried to get it, but some slick scoundrel beat us out of it.

JUDGE GLASCOW of Seymour notified me, while I was in Austin in 1897, that I was elected Marshal of the Day for the Cowboys' Reunion, which was to be held in his town on the 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th days of August. Later on Judge Glascow came to Austin, and I met him at the trial of the famous Matt Ford and Tobe Bridge murder case, which was removed from San Saba to Austin.

Judge Glascow asked me if I had received his letter, in which he had notified me that I was to be the Marshal of the Day at the Cowboys' Reunion in August.

I told him that I had received the letter, and he asked me if I wasn't going to serve them. I told them that I would be proud to do so, but that I would have to see McDonald, my captain.

"Where is Bill?" he asked.

"There he is, just a few steps from you," I answered.

Glascow walked up to McDonald and told him that a committee had elected me to act as Marshal of the Day at Seymour, and asked if I could serve them.

McDonald replied that I could not go, as I would have too much work to do then, putting down the mob which was raging in San Saba County.

"You are over Sullivan as captain," Glascow replied, "but there are two men at the Capitol over you, and I shall go to see them."

Glascow then walked up to the Capitol and was gone about a half hour. When he returned to the hotel, he tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Charley Culberson, the Governor of our State, and W. H. Mabry, the Adjutant General, both say that you shall act as Marshal at the Cowboys' Reunion."

I left for Seymour in time to arrive there by the night of the 2nd of August, and the following morning I was sworn in as Marshal of the Day.

Twenty thousand white people and five hundred Comanches were in Seymour for the reunion. Chief Quanah Parker had charge of the Comanches. I served them four days and nights as an officer and never jailed a single person.

THE WHOLE TOWN was turned loose to the cowboys and other visitors. There never was better behavior known in such a large crowd before. Thirty saloons were open day and night, and the cowboys drank some and had lots of fun, but they were as quiet as necessary, and respected the law. On the night of the 5th, the Indians gave a great war dance on the Reunion grounds that was quite an interesting sight to witness. I had to arrest a man for cutting the rope that was stretched around the arena in which the Indians danced, but his wife and mother and two young ladies, who were with him, all pleaded so earnestly in his behalf that I didn't lock him up, but let him go free.

Judge Glascow, ex-sheriff Sam Suttlemeyer of Baylor County, Quanah Parker and his favorite wife, and I had our photographs taken together. Quanah stole this squaw from another Comanche, and his men got mad and deserted him and he went to New Mexico, where they stayed several months. The Comanche, whose wife was stolen from him, finally wrote to the Chief and told him if he would give him eleven hundred dollars he could keep her and could come back and take charge of his tribe. Quanah at once paid the money, and again became the Chief of the Comanches. I found Quanah and his men to be easily controlled, and they gave me no trouble whatever.

One night after the Reunion had closed for the day, and while the people were on their way from the fair grounds to the city, about two thousand cowboys bunched up together and commenced firing their six-shooters off in the air. The guns gleamed in the moonlight, and it looked like the world was full of lightning bugs. Quanah and several of his braves rushed up to me on their horses and asked what the shooting meant. I told them that it was a lot of jolly cowboys having a little fun, but meaning no harm. Quanah and his Comanches were on the Reunion grounds, and I told Quanah to call his men together and have them form themselves in a circle. They did as I had requested, and all got as close together as possible, and I held them that way until the cowboys had passed and ceased their shooting. There was no danger of the cowboys making any break at the Indians, but I thought I had better take that precaution.

I witnessed during that Reunion some of the finest roping and "broncho busting" that I ever saw in my life. I have often wished since then that I could witness another Reunion like this and be the Marshal of the Day, and have things move off as they did at Seymour.

WHEN I left the Ranger service, I accepted a deputyship under Sheriff Pearle of Williamson County. One day while court was in session at Georgetown, Judge D. S. Chesser told me that he had received a 'phone message from Corn Hill, saying that four suspicious characters were camping about ten miles from that place, and that some officers should go out and investigate the party. The man who 'phoned Judge Chesser had been out bee hunting, and when he walked near the camp, one of the four men motioned him not to come near them by waving a towel at him.

The hunter became suspicious and 'phoned Judge Chesser. As all the officers were busy, Judge Chesser asked me to go out with him to round up the men and find out what they were doing in that pasture.

I told him that I would go with him, and we left a little after dark, reaching Corn Hill about eleven o'clock that night. A Mr. Johnson, the man who had sent for Judge Chesser, met us there and, mounting his horse, went the rest of the way with us.

About three miles from Corn Hill, Johnson said that he knew a man down in the cornfield who was very good and brave, and that it would be a good idea to take him along, as the place where the men were camped was surrounded by brush and they could easily escape if we didn't take another man along to help us.

Though it looked rather funny to me, I consented to his getting this man from the cornfield. Our new assistant seemed very willing to join us, so I had no regrets about it. He carried a muzzle-loading shotgun, the lock, stock and barrel of which were all three whitewashed.

Traveling a mile farther on, we came to another house and Johnson expressed the wish that we get the man who lived there to join us, so we pressed him in, too.

About three miles farther, we stopped and got breakfast. We had lots of fried chicken to eat, and we did full justice to the occasion, as we had ridden all night and were dreadfully hungry.

Referring to the gentleman who was entertaining us, Judge Chesser spoke up while at the breakfast table and said: "We had better get this man to go along with us," so I was now convinced that the Judge was in favor of plenty of company. The other two men promptly said that they thought it a good idea to get him to go along, and I commenced wondering if all the men's feet were not getting cold.

WE PRESSED our kind friend into service and left immediately after breakfast in order to arrive at the camp of the suspicious characters by daylight, so we could find them asleep. We were riding fast, and the morning star was rising and shining brighter all the time.

Nearing our destination, we came to another house, where we found a man and his dogs in the cotton field, driving out a bunch of cattle that had broken into his field during the night.

The man, his dogs, and his cows with their bells on, were kicking up such a terrible racket that Judge Chesser decided that we had better press this man into service also, but we had a hard time getting him to the fence.

When he finally reached us, we told him that we wanted him to help us arrest a bunch of outlaws who were camped nearly a mile from his place. He took a chill at once and said he was sick. He told us, though, that he had a hired man sleeping out in the yard on a cot, and that he thought he would go with us.

We woke the man up and told him what we wanted, and he said he would go with us all right, and reaching under his pillow he pulled out a .22 Smith & Wesson revolver. I asked him if that was the only gun he had, and he replied that it was. I handed him my .45 Colt's revolver, and loaned my other one to the man with the whitewashed gun, leaving me with my Bill Cook Winchester, which was plenty for me. I felt perfectly safe with my trusty Winchester, for I knew it had never gone back on me.

Arriving within two hundred yards of the four men's camp, we dismounted and tied our horses. We walked up a little trail, which carried us about a hundred and fifty yards nearer the camp. Then we stopped and commenced a discussion as to what we should do next. The morning star shone still brighter and brighter. We decided to lie still until daybreak. We heard a rooster crow in the camp, and I remarked that they must be movers.

Just as day was peeping upon us, I said to keep still, and I would make a sneak of about thirty steps toward the camp. I gave them instructions to come to me one at a time, as soon as they saw me stop, and they did exactly as I had told them.

I made another sneak, and they came to me again, as they had done before. That put us within ten or twelve steps of the camp. The chickens saw us, and not knowing what to make of us, they did some tall talking with each other, and I thought they would wake the men up before they got through. One man did rise up and, getting on his knees, he held his Winchester in his right hand and looked toward the west, but we had come from the east, and he failed to see us. I was in front of my men and could see this man when he got up, but they couldn't, as they were scattered out behind live oak bushes. I never spoke to them about the man handling his Winchester.

"It is about daylight, and we had better be getting up," said the man on the ground to the other men, but none of the sleepers responded to his call. In a few moments the man who had spoken these words, himself lay down on his stomach, and pretty soon had gone off into "the sweet by and by."

I motioned my men to follow me, and in another minute we had spread all over the camp. Two of the men were sleeping on the ground, and two in the wagon, but we captured all four of them with ease.

We learned from them that they were witnesses in the Owens rape case, which was then being tried in Georgetown. When they told me that they were witnesses in that case, and that Col. Makemson had them hidden out on the quiet, I asked Judge Chesser if they had any such names as these men gave as witnesses, and he replied that they did. I then turned them loose and, knowing that they were caught up with, they went to town that day and reported at the courthouse. Col. Makemson told me to let his witnesses alone after that.

ON the 25th of October, 1899, I was invited by Sheriff Williams of Wilbarger County to go to Vernon and help him hang a preacher who was sentenced to be executed on the 27th of that month for the alleged murder of his wife, whom he had poisoned with strychnine. I accepted the invitation and left at once for Vernon, arriving there on the morning of the 26th. The sheriff immediately put me on the death watch, and I remained on guard until eleven o'clock that night.

The prisoner, Rev. G. F. Morrison, who was sentenced to be hung on the next day, was supposed to have murdered his wife at their home in Panhandle City, and had been brought to Vernon for trial on a change of venue. Although given the death penalty, he denied his guilt to the last. But the evidence was conclusive, and proved beyond doubt that he had fallen in love with another woman, and had poisoned his wife to get rid of her.

Though most people believed him to be guilty, there was a movement on foot to have Morrison's sentence commuted to a life term in the penitentiary. A few days before his execution, however, he and two of his fellow-prisoners attempted to escape by attacking Mr. Shies, the jailer, and trying to overpower him. While one of the prisoners had Shies "clinched," Morrison yelled to him to "kill the jailer."

This news reached Governor Sayers while Morrison's sister and two attorneys were kneeling at his feet, pleading with him to commute the prisoner's sentence to life imprisonment in the penitentiary. There was a possibility of Governor Sayers' yielding to their prayer, but he determined upon the other course after he received the message from the sheriff and learned how ugly Morrison had acted. On the evening of the 26th the sheriff at Vernon received a telegram from the Governor saying that he must hang Morrison on the following day.

Morrison listened to the sheriff, as the latter read to him the Governor's message, and replied that all had been done that was possible and that he guessed he would have to take it.

The next morning his sister went to the jail and wept over him. Later on another lady and a preacher joined her, and the three knelt together in prayer. Morrison also prayed until time for the execution. At twelve o'clock he stood on the scaffold and made his farewell speech. A few minutes later his body dropped through the trapdoor and his neck was broken.

Morrison apparently took a fancy to me, and left me a pair of suspenders and a matchbox for keepsakes. He also wrote me a letter the night before his death, which I had requested him to do, as I wanted it for a souvenir. Following is the letter as he wrote it:

"Vernon, Texas, Oct. 26, 1899.

Mr. Sullivan.

Dear Sir: You have asked me to write something that you can keep to remember the occasion of our meeting. I don't know what to say to you, but I hope the following may be entirely satisfactory.

First, I believe in a future life, and I believe that men are punished for the sins of this life, and are rewarded for the good things.

Second, I believe in a general judgment, and all must stand in that day before the bar of God and be judged. I believe I have the witness with my own spirit, and believe that, though God allows man's law to take my life yet he saves me, and of the future I have no fears whatever.

Now, goodbye, and may you ever be a champion of the right and an enemy of the wrong.

Your well-wisher,
G. F. Morrison."

DURING the first part of the summer of 1901 I was riding the range of the LX and Turkey Track ranch on the Canadian River, guarding that place against a band of cow thieves, horse thieves and outlaws who were terrorizing the citizens in that part of the State. On the 8th of July, things having quieted down considerably on the range, I went over to a small ranch which I owned farther up the river, to take a little rest.

During the afternoon of that day, while lying on the bed idly and quietly thinking over my past life, it suddenly came to my mind that in two more days, 10th of July, I would be fifty years old.

With that thought I fell into deep meditation. I asked myself if I had accomplished anything good in life, or if I had ever bettered myself or had done anything to help mankind in general in my humble way. I smiled when I reflected that I had always been an honest, law-abiding citizen, so far as I knew how, and had ever tried to be a faithful officer; but another thought came to my mind, and I smiled no more. It is true, I had always been careful to do my duty to my State and to society, but had I not been very negligent of my duty to God?

Once, in 1872, while attending a religious meeting in the little town of Douglasville, Texas, I was profoundly impressed with the doctrines of Christianity, as they were earnestly expounded by the able minister of that place. I did not feel, however, that I had been converted, and was leaving the church at the close of the services with no idea of becoming religious, when some of the preachers and a young lady, who was then Miss Cora Howe, stopped me and asked me to go up and give my life to God. I told them that I had not been converted; that I had not received God's grace. They talked to me a long time about my soul, and slapped me on the back so hard that I thought they were trying to beat religion into me. They finally left me and went their way, and I went mine.

I still thought that I had not been converted, but a night or two after that, while riding back home after the close of one of the meetings which I had attended, and while deeply meditating on religious subjects, a happy feeling came over me that I cannot describe. Some young people were riding just in front of me, whose gayety and laughter did not harmonize with the mood that had suddenly taken possession of my mind; so I held my horse back until the distance was so increased between them and me that I was left alone with God.

Not in a church building, with men and women all around watching me, but there in that lonely spot, surrounded by Nature, and with God my only witness, I beheld even through the darkness of the night a great light, and I reached out in an effort to grasp that brilliant, dazzling thing. I don't suppose I could have reached it myself, but because I tried so hard to get the light it came to me, flooding my mind with spiritual understanding, and I gave my heart to my Maker.

The rest of the story I do not like to confess. I lived as a good Christian would for three years; and, then, as lots of men do, I began to be careless, and gradually grew more and more negligent of my duty to God, and for twenty-five years I left Him almost entirely out of my life and consideration. In other respects I had performed my duty and built up a good character, but I had not given God His due; and, as I lay on the bed on this July afternoon in 1901, these thoughts troubled my mind and pricked my conscience.

I resolved that in two more days, on the anniversary of my birth, I would again give my heart to God. In 1872 I had seen the light in the darkness; this time I beheld and recognized it in its peculiar beauty, even while the sun was pouring out its own rays of brilliancy all around me. I resolved to give God my heart on the 10th of July; and I had a good excuse for putting it off two days, for I desired, for sentimental reasons, to commence living right again exactly on the day of my fiftieth anniversary. It is not wise to unnecessarily put things off and, in this instance, procrastination proved to be as great a thief as ever.

ON the 10th, the day I was to have reformed and to have given my life to God, I happened to be very busy and failed to comply with the vow I had solemnly made on the 8th. It was not long before I had good reason to regret it; for on the 12th, I met with an accident that came near costing me my life.

I spent the day and night of the 11th in Dumas, the nearest town, where I had gone for my mail. On the following day, I went back to the ranch, and in some manner accidentally shot myself through the leg, and came near bleeding to death before assistance reached me. While crawling on the ground, with blood spurting from an ugly wound, I thought of the resolution I had made four days before to lead a different life.

"Is this God's manner of punishing me for my negligence?" I asked myself. But I did not believe it was, and dismissed the thought from my mind. I feared, however, that my time had come, and I dreaded to think that I was to die by my own hand.

In my helplessness I looked up to God and prayed to Him, with all the earnestness of my heart: "Oh, God, I know I do not deserve to live but, Merciful Father, grant me a few more years on this earth, so that I can serve You the rest of the days of my life. If, however, it is Your will that I die now, I shall accept my fate with resignation and calmness, realizing that Thou art the All-wise God and know best what to do with me."

God spared my life, and ever since then I have tried to live as I thought He would have me to do.

DURING the twelve years that I served the people of Texas as a State Ranger I was exposed to hundreds of bullets and other dangers, but never received a serious injury until I shot myself, while guarding the LX and Turkey Track ranch in the summer of 1901, which fact I just mentioned. After coming out of so many tight places unharmed, it seems remarkable to me that it should be left to my own hand to inflict the wound that crippled me for life.

I returned on the 12th day of July to my ranch, after spending the previous day and night in Dumas, and while passing through the pasture on the way to my ranch, my attention was attracted by the barking of a dog, the bawling of the cows, and the bleating of calves. A certain dog in the neighborhood had a habit of chasing the cattle away from the water, and knowing this, I soon guessed the cause of the confusion and decided to kill the troublesome little canine.

When the dog saw me, however, he ran away, going as fast as he could up the hill, with me close behind. I shot at him three times before he reached the top of a hill, when my saddle slipped from the animal's back down to his neck. My horse, being a little wild, became frightened at this occurrence and commenced to jump and pitch considerably. I was still in the saddle, and while trying to control the horse I accidentally pulled the trigger of my six-shooter which was cocked. That was an unlucky moment for me when I touched that trigger and discharged that gun, and the next few hours meant horrible pain and suffering, and the following days and weeks were but little better.

The bullet passed through my thigh,

breaking the bone, and causing the blood to flow freely from the wound. I fell from the saddle to the ground and saw my horse turn and run up the hill. When I discovered that I had broken my leg, I pulled my boot off and began crawling, dragging the boot along with me. My boots were of extra fine quality, and I did not want to lose them; so after going about seventy-five yards I hid the boot in a place where I could easily find it afterwards.

Owing to the nature of the wound, I had to crawl backwards. A few moments after hiding the boot I fainted, and when I regained consciousness my fever was so high and my mouth was so parched with thirst that I crawled to a nearby creek.

The nearest house was two miles away. In trying to reach it, I crawled down this little stream, and drank so much water that it cramped me. After four hours in the creek I took to the land, and tried to shorten my journey by crawling through the pasture.

Some distance away from the creek I came upon a bunch of cattle. My leg was still bleeding, and the cattle, scenting the blood, came to me. I wished that they had been human beings. They did not know what to make of me, crawling along in such a strange manner, and becoming excited they walked around and around me in a circle, gazing at me all the while.

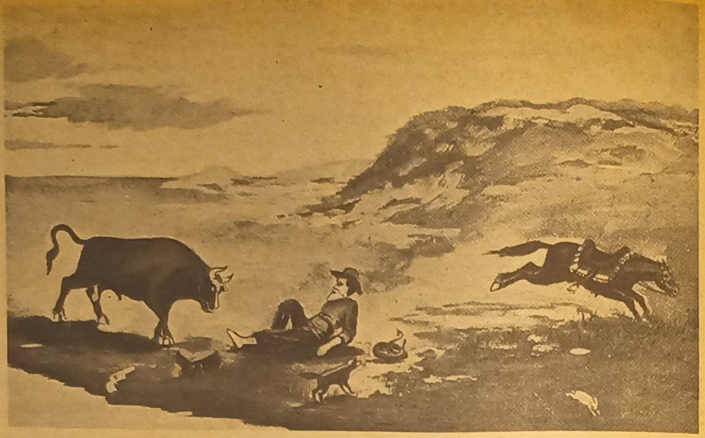
Suddenly a big Durham bull with sharp horns advanced near me, and looked as if he was going to tear me up. About five steps from me he stopped and shook his head, pawed the earth and bellowed. I wished then that I had not lost my six-shooter when I fell from my horse a few hours before.

I also remembered my Bill Cook Winchester, and thought about how quickly I would shoot this bull if I had it with me. As it was, I was defenseless, and expected every moment that the next would be my last. I could do nothing but talk to the beast, and I appealed to his principle, honor and mercy, and implored him not to attack me. My prayer did not at first appear to have any effect on his mind and heart.

While thus imploring the bull to go his way, I suddenly discovered that I had come upon a huge rattlesnake in his coil. I was within two feet of him when he began to use his rattles. I was satisfied from his movements that my time to die had at last arrived, and I felt rather creepish; but I managed to evade the snake by crawling around him, and thus ended my troubles of this nature.

The bull and the snake gone, I resumed my slow and painful journey. I had to travel by throwing my body backward with my good leg. At sundown I reached a barbed wire fence, and was almost famished for water after my tedious crawl of an hour and a half across the pasture. Exhausted from loss of blood, I leaned my head against a post to rest, and soon became drowsy. However, I immediately roused myself to action for I realized that to fall asleep then would mean death, as my leg continued to bleed and I was getting weaker all the while.

Suddenly I heard the voice of a boy, and knew that someone was around. I was satisfied that it was Ray Bennett, the little son of the owner of the ranch, looking for his cows. I called out to him, but the wind was blowing toward me from his direction and I could not make him hear. The noise that the lad made while riding in that part of the pasture gradually died away, and I knew that he was gone. The hope that had suddenly leaped into my heart also departed, and left me in despair.



Sullivan wounded and in peril

I WAS STILL suffering for water. I knew that there was an irrigation ditch about thirty yards on the other side of the fence, but getting to it was the problem. The fence was too low on the ground for me to crawl under, and climbing over it was, of course, out of the question. I thought of a place, however, about twenty yards farther down, where the wind had blown the sand from under the fence and left a hole large enough for me to crawl under. I immediately made my way to that place and crawled through the hole.

When I had got within fifteen yards of the ditch I looked up and saw the same little boy whom I had heard a short time before. I called him to me and asked him to bring me my hat full of water from the ditch. He not only brought mine but his own full, and I drank all the water that my hat would hold. The boy then summoned his father, who brought me stimulants and carried me in a wagon to his house. This part of the trip was easy for me, as Mr. Bennett had thoughtfully put a mattress and some quilts in the wagon, so I could rest more comfortably.

I asked Mr. Bennett to send me to my ranch, six miles away, but he would not think of it, saying that it was too far and that the trip would be against me. He sent for his wife, who happened to be at the creek fishing, and they went to lots of trouble and did everything possible to help me. My wound had swollen so that my clothing had to be cut off the injured leg. A fire was quickly made and a pot of coffee put on for me.

Not wanting to occupy one of their best beds in my condition, I asked them to make me a bed on the floor and let me lie there; but they would do nothing of the sort, and placed me in the best bed they had. I complained that I was too much trouble, but they assured me that I was not, and acted as if it were but a pleasure for them to do for me. Their manner and cordiality cheered me up, and made me feel at home. Such is rural hospitality and kindliness.

Mr. Bennett's oldest son, Charley, went to a line camp nearby and got Charley Smith. who lived there, to go thirty miles from the camp to a 'phone to summon Dr. Pearson at Amarillo (which place was twenty-five miles still farther on). Dr. Pearson left Amarillo at two o'clock and reached me the next morning at eleven—about twenty-three hours after my accident. My leg was so badly swollen by that time that the doctor could do nothing but await developments.

I stayed at Mr. Bennett's six days and was treated royally. I shall never forget the kindness of that family. On Wednesday I was started in an ambulance to Amarillo, where I was to have my leg set. I was accompanied on my trip by five men, who carefully attended to my wants. A dozen men wanted to go with me, but I told them that five would be enough.

When we reached our destination—the next day at noon—my friends in Amarillo met me and rendered me what assistance and comfort they could.

My leg had been broken so long that it could not be set straight. One end of the bone overlapped the other about three inches, which made a difficult operation for the surgeons.

I had to stay in Amarillo three months, but the kind ministration of friends seemed to shorten the time and ameliorate my suffering. My experience was terrible, but while undergoing it, I was forcibly reminded of the fact that there are many people in the world who have real humanity in their hearts, and who possess much tender sympathy for those about them who fall victim to trouble and misfortune.

I was tendered financial assistance by the presidents of two banks of Amarillo, Messrs. W. H. Fuqua and Tol Ware, but luckily I did not need this assistance.

WHILE I was ranching in Moore County, on the Canadian River, I went to Dalhart, Dallam County, to visit some friends who had settled there. To get to Dalhart I had to go to Amarillo, which town was sixty miles from my ranch, and take the train there for Dalhart.

Dalhart was then a new town on the Rock Island, where that road intersects the Fort Worth & Denver. It was strictly a railroad town, and was located thirty-five miles south of Texline, the county seat. The town and county were supposed to be "prohibition," but two saloons and several gambling houses were running "wide open" in direct violation of the law.

These saloons were called "Tom Black" and "The Beckett," being named after their respective owners. The sheriff, who lived at Texline, had three deputies in Dalhart, but they were unable to put a stop to these violations of the law, and could not preserve peace and order.

When I reached Dalhart, things were in a bad shape, and a reign of terror existed. The town was filled with lawless people. Gambling was going on night and day, and drunkards were always to be seen staggering along the streets. A lady was not safe outside her house. One lady was robbed in open daylight, and others were insulted by some of the low characters who daily emerged from the saloons, soaked with whiskey.

While I was there on a visit, numbers of robberies occurred every night. The better element of the town were outnumbered by these outlaws, and were bluffed and scared by them. The lawlessness that reigned in Dalhart was becoming notorious, and the growth and the prosperity of the town was threatened. The people who were deeply concerned in the moral and material interests of the town realized that something had to be done with the outlaws and thugs who infested the city, and a committee of the best citizens of that place asked me to move to Dalhart and serve them as a peace officer.

Justice of the Peace R. P. Edgel; Col. Oaks, the banker; Chapman, the real estate man, and Sheriff Morris and Col. Al Boyce were among those who asked me to help them break up the gang of outlaws who ruled their town. They offered me a hundred dollars a month for my services. I told them that it was a hard proposition to think about, as it was a bad bunch I would have to deal with, but I asked them for ten days to think over their offer. They gave me the time I asked for, so I left at once for my ranch to attend to other business, and to think over their proposition.

Before the time limit expired, I decided to go to Dalhart and help the people out; so I got on my horse and rode across the country, it being sixty-five miles away, and reached Dalhart late in the evening. The sheriff met me and I told him to "swear me in," which he did the next morning.

I KNEW that I would have to go about my business in a determined manner. I also realized that unless I was careful I would have lots of trouble on my hands. I went to work at once and billed twenty-seven cases against Tom Black for selling whiskey in a prohibition town and county, and eighteen cases against Beckett for the same offense. I also billed cases against Beckett's bartender and Tom Black's three bartenders. Black then employed a lawyer, a Mr. Smith of New Mexico, to represent him.

Smith went to Sheriff Morris and told him that Black said that he would give him (Morris) fifty dollars if he would discharge me. Smith then remarked that Black could get along all right with the sheriff, but he could not stand me, and again asked Morris if he would not discharge me for that fifty dollars.

The sheriff told him by no means would he "fire" me; that I was the only man he had ever had who did not stand in with the tough element. The sheriff told me later on about the proposition that the lawyer had made to him, but told me not to mention it, and I promised him I would not. When I met Black afterward, however, I was sorry I had made the promise, for I saw I had to break it. Black was coming down the street, and I called to him and rode into an alley to meet him.

I asked him if he had promised the sheriff fifty dollars if he would discharge me, and he answered that he had. I then asked him what his grievance was against me. He asked me if I did not summon the jury that indicted him in twenty-seven cases for selling whiskey. Of course I did not have anything to do with summoning the grand jury, and Black ought to have known better than to ask such a question. I told him that I summoned every one of them, and asked him how he liked the men.

He said that they were the liars and damn thieves of the country, and I told him that he was one of those jump-backs himself.

At that time I was pulling off my gloves—I was not going to shoot Black; I was going to "throw down" on him, and make him listen to what I intended to say. Black thought that I was preparing to shoot him, as I afterward learned, so he made a spring and caught me around the waist pinioning my arms to my side.

After scuffling for quite a while, I finally succeeded in getting my arm loose from his, and reached down and clutched his throat. I touched "White Man," my horse, with my left spur, and made him lean over toward Black. Black was jerking me all the time, and I still held to his throat. He finally twisted around until he got next to a porch, however, which gave him more power than I had while on my horse.

My six-shooter had been working loosely on my belt, and his jerking me made it slip around in front of me. He suddenly loosened his hold on one side with his right hand and jerked my pistol from the scabbard. Black was a giant in size, weighing 225 pounds and measuring six feet and four inches in height.

I wondered for an instant what he was going to do with my six-shooter, but I soon saw; for after getting my gun he broke away from me and made a long run to his saloon, carrying the weapon with him.

My Winchester was at the butcher shop on the opposite side of the street from where the struggle went on, and while Black was running to his saloon I popped my spurs to my horse, and he reached the butcher shop in about three jumps.

I called to Bob Troup to hand me my Winchester, which he did. I knew there were no cartridges in it, as I had taken all of them out for fear some thoughtless person would let it go off and kill someone out in the street. I asked Troup then to hand me my belt, and, as he did so, I pulled two cartridges from it and loaded my rifle.

I was just whirling my horse around to fire at Black, who was then entering the rear of his saloon, when I saw his half-brother running toward me with my six-shooter. I stopped and waited for him, and when he got to me he said that Tom had sent my gun back to me. I told him to tell Tom that I had no intention of killing him, and that if he would behave himself I would never have to hurt him.

THAT NIGHT I watched Black's saloon, it being full of gamblers, robbers and thugs. While watching the saloon from the outside, I saw two men walk in and come out in a few minutes. I arrested them, and found on the person of each man a quart of whiskey. I escorted the two men to the office of the justice of the peace and sent for the justice. When he arrived at his office I made the two men swear under oath where they bought the whiskey, how much they paid for it, and from whom they purchased it. I then got two warrants out for Black, and getting Sheriff Morris to join me I went back to arrest him. Black learned that we were after him, however, and left the saloon and tried to make his escape. Several officers joined in the hunt, and we pursued him vigorously.

Sheriff Morris and Officer Logan went northeast down the Rock Island track to the depot, while Bill Garrett and I went northwest.

Pretty soon I saw a man running on the outer edge of the town, and saw him stop suddenly and lie down. I said to Bill Garrett, "That is Black." As we started after him, he got up and ran to a small building nearby.

When I had gotten within twenty-five yards of the house, and was facing the door, Black called out and asked if I was Sullivan.

I told him, "Yes."

Then he asked me if it was the sheriff with me.

I told him, "No." that it was Bill Garrett. Then I told him to come out of the house and surrender.

He said, "Sullivan, I will surrender, but do not shoot me nor hurt me."

I replied that I would not hurt a hair on his head if he did not make a play; "but if you do make a bad break," I added, "I will cut you off at your pockets."

He gave up quietly, and I took him to the office of the justice of the peace, where I could get a light and read the warrant to him. I shackled him then, and carried him on the next train to Texline, where he was lodged in the county jail.

He remained there nine days and nights before he gave bond and was released. I met him soon after he gained his freedom. and had a long talk with him. He told me that he dreaded to be arrested by me that night, on account of the fight which we had engaged in the day before his arrest. Black wound up his side of the conversation by saying, "Sullivan, after what has happened between us, I shall always give you credit for being an honest officer. My respect for you has caused me to resolve to hereafter lead a different life. I know that I have been violating the law, but I will quit now, and I would like for you to knock out all the indictments which you have secured against me, and I will take oath that I will never sell another drop of whiskey in the State of Texas."

I saw the sheriff and district attorney and begged them to let him take the oath. I expected them to do so, but they did not agree with me, and persisted in prosecuting him. Black lived in Dalhart for quite awhile after I left there, and was assassinated by someone who shot him from across the street.

The next sheriff—Jno. Webb—and his son were alleged to have committed the deed, and were tried, but acquitted. No one knew for certain who did the shooting.

Beckett and his bartender took the oath that Black wanted to take, and went to Montana and I never heard from them again.

"TO OFFICER,
December 22, 1901, Dalhart, Texas:
Arrest and hold one Tom Mayers for murder, as he has no examination, and notify sheriff at Beaver City, O. T.

Thomas Mayers and Al Zimmerman left last night to get their money. You can find them at the Rock Island office in the morning at Dalhart. Both of these men are about twenty-eight years of age and they wear a beard of three weeks growth. Five feet five inches tall. Both wearing caps. Zimmerman accessory to murder.

G. O. Neal,
Section Boss."

While in Dalhart I received the above telegram from Mr. Neal, who was working on the railroad about forty miles out of the city. The message was handed to me while I was talking to some railroad officials in the depot. I immediately wired Sheriff Morris to come down to Dalhart in the morning, telling him I wanted to see him on business.

Fearing that the sheriff was not in Texline and could not come down to help me, I deputized a Mr. McCormack to assist me in the case. I told the sheriff and McCormack, both, to come to a certain house before daylight.

Both men arrived at the house the next morning on time, as I had requested, and I told them that we would go down to the depot before daybreak, so we would not be seen. I did not want anybody to know that anything was wrong.

After reaching the depot, we went upstairs into the cashier's office and concealed ourselves. When the cashier arrived at his office we told him what we were up there for, and I gave him the names of the two men who were to come for their money.

"When they present their cards," I told him, "I want you to notify me."

He assured me that he would, and we lay still and waited for Mayers and his partner to show up.

About nine o'clock the sheriff went downstairs and stayed away quite awhile. When he returned I told him that he ought to stay with us, as the men might discover him hanging around the depot, and think something was "up" and not come in. The sheriff stayed with me then until eleven thirty o'clock and left me again. I suppose he grew impatient and thought the men were not coming.

Soon after the sheriff left, the cashier came to me and informed me that my men were at the window. Motioning McCormack to follow me, I opened the door that led into the hallway. I noticed that there were eight or nine men in the chute that led to the cashier's window. Every time a man looked in my direction I motioned him to come out.

In that manner I finally got everybody out, except the two men who were next to the window, and I wanted them to stay where they were. They were watching the cashier and did not look around until I took the man nearest me by surprise and ordered him to hold his hands up.

Hearing my command, he whirled around quickly on his heels and, as he did so, I twice again said, "Hands up!" When he saw McCormack and me with our pistols pointing at him, he ran his right hand down into his vest on the left side. As he did that, I fired, and so did McCormack. We shot at him, and the firing of our pistols created such a dense smoke in the little chute that we could not tell whether the man had a gun or not, and when we saw he was advancing toward us, we fired again, hitting him twice in the breast.

Mayers was in front of him, and Zimmerman happened to be out in the hall, but I didn't know it then, and thought that the man who ran his hand down into his vest and advanced on us was one of them. McCormack and I, both, fired at him. McCormack shot three times and I fired four times.

AFTER BEING mortally shot, the victim of our guns ran out of the chute into the hallway, where he soon died from his wounds. Mayers and Zimmerman both emptied their pistols at me, but only succeeded in hitting the man who had already received his fatal wounds. They shot him in the left ear, in the back, and in the right side. A shot struck Mayers in the chin, cutting the underpart of it off. The top of his sleeve was also torn by a stray bullet from Zimmerman's gun.

Before the fight was over, the smoke had become so dense in the chute and hallway that we had great difficulty in recognizing each other. During the confusion McCormack got on the other side of the room and came near shooting me, while firing at the man.

The man who was killed fell with both feet propped against the facing of the door that led into the cashier's room. I went to him when the smoke cleared away, and found at his left side a .44 cartridge and at his right side a .41 Colt's cartridge that had been snapped, the cap having gone two-thirds of the way in. His pistol had failed to shoot, and the smoke caused me not to see it. I looked around for his gun, but not finding it, I was satisfied that whoever pulled the dead man out of the door had taken it.

I stepped back to McCormack and told him that we had better knock the empties out and reload our guns as we had one more man to catch. When I learned that the wrong man had been killed, however, I knew that we had both the murderers to capture, and McCormack and I soon got busy.

Zimmerman and Meyers were running around in a cluster of excited men, but we picked them out, and gave chase to Zimmerman, leaving Mayers behind. The sheriff came up about that time, and I secured a horse for him and sent him after Zimmerman, who was trying very hard to make his escape. Then I summoned seventy-five men to help me search for Mayers, who I thought was hiding behind one of the numerous piles of culverts, ties and rails that were stacked in different places up and down the tracks.

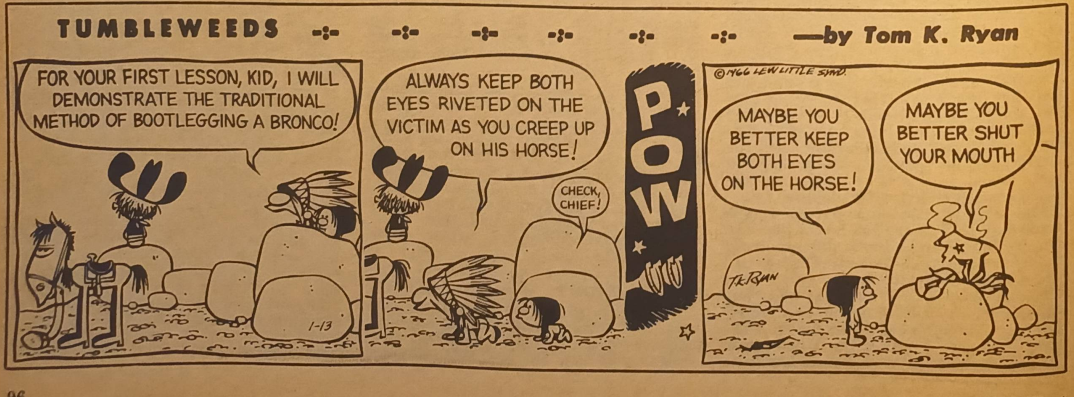
Zimmerman was soon caught by the sheriff and brought back to me. A lady saw Zimmerman and Mayers drop two six-shooters in a barrel, and she got the weapons and sent them to me a little while after they were captured.

Mayers was found, after a three hours' search, in a restaurant, bleeding to death from the wound on his chin, which he had received during the fight. I took him to a doctor and had him treated. Then I wired the sheriff at Beaver City, Oklahoma, that I had his men. He came at once and got them.

An inquest was held over the body of the man whom we had killed, and we were exonerated. The grand jury met in June, and they also declared that I was not guilty of murder. They were of the opinion that if the man had not been a fugitive from justice, he would not have tried to pull a gun on me. They further declared that I did what any other officer should have done under the same circumstances.

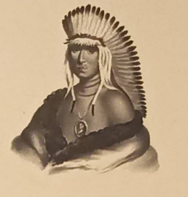
Note: This ends Ranger Sullivan's story as told by himself. The last thirty-one pages of the book are given over to resolutions in his behalf on the part of various organizations, and letters written by public and private citizens praising the officer and expressing sympathy for the unfortunate killing which had marred an otherwise successful career.

In the interest of space and to eliminate material which is, by its nature, repetitive, this deletion has been made.


TUMBLEWEEDS
—by Tom K. Ryan
FOR YOUR FIRST LESSON, KID, I WILL DEMONSTRATE THE TRADITIONAL METHOD OF BOOTLEGGING A BRONCO!
ALWAYS KEEP BOTH EYES RIVETED ON THE VICTIM AS YOU CREEP UP ON HIS HORSE!
CHECK, CHIEF!
POW
©1966 LEW LITTLE SYND.
MAYBE YOU BETTER KEEP BOTH EYES ON THE HORSE!
MAYBE YOU BETTER SHUT YOUR MOUTH
T.K.RYAN
1-13

Biographical sketch prepared under auspices of Department of War at Washington in 1854

AMERICAN INDIAN GALLERY



PETALESHARRO

WE HAVE been accustomed from childhood to hear but little of the Indians, except in connection with scenes of blood. The border wars, with their tales of horror, have left the deepest impressions on our memories. This strife between the red and the white man is coeval with the first settlement of the country, and it continues even to this day. The bloodthirsty cruelty of the Indian has been so often dwelt upon, and presented to our view under so many shocking forms, as to keep almost constantly before our eyes the war-club, the scalping knife, and the tomahawk, together with the ferocious red man clad in the skins of beasts, the glare of whose eyes, and his blood-stained limbs, have all combined to fill our minds with terror and our hearts with revenge. Indeed, we have been taught to consider the Indian as a being deprived, at the creation of his species, of those faculties whence come the nobler and more generous traits which are the boast and glory of his civilized brother.

It is certainly true that his mode of warfare is barbarous. He spares neither age nor sex; and his victim is often subjected to the severest tortures. But it is no less true that he has never been taught those lessons of Christianity, without which we should be no less savage than the Indians. Indeed it would be easy to demonstrate, that even when aided by the light of civilization, and professing to be Christians, the white man is no less cruel than the red man; and often, in our conflicts with each other, we come fully up to the savage man in all that is barbarous and revolting.

In our wars with the Indians we have been our own chroniclers. And how rarely has it happened that justice has been done the Indians, not only as to the causes of these wars, but to the conduct of the parties to them? Everything of a palliative nature has been minutely registered to justify or excuse the white man, whilst the red man has been held up to the view of the world, and consigned over to the judgment of posterity, not only as the cause of sanguinary and vindictive conflicts but as the Moloch of the human race. The Indian has never been able to leave a record of his wrongs, to illustrate his own position, or to justify the desperate means he has resorted to in defense of his inheritance and his life.

We have well authenticated instances of the most refined humanity, confirming our decided belief that the Indian is not, by any law of his nature, bereft of the more noble qualities which are the pride and boast of civilized man, or that he is necessarily savage. We might enumerate many cases in which the untutored Indian has melted into pity at sight of the perilous condition of the white man, and at the very moment when he was looked upon as an invader and enemy. And we hasten to sketch the character of Petalesharro, whose portrait is before the reader.

PETALESHARRO was a brave of the Pawnee tribe. His father, Letalashaw, was chief of his band, and a man of renown. Petalesharro went early into battle, and soon won the title of a "brave."

We saw him in Washington in 1821, whither he was sent as one of a deputation from his tribe to transact business with the Government. He was dressed precisely as he is seen in the portrait. He wore a headdress of the feathers of the war eagle, which extended in a double series down his back to his hips, narrowing as it descended. His robe was thrown carelessly but gracefully over his shoulders, leaving his breast, and often one arm, bare. The youthful and feminine character of his face, and the humanity of its expression, were all remarkable. He did not appear to be older than twenty years, yet he was then believed to be twenty-five.

A fine incident is connected with the history of this Indian. The Pawnee Loups had long practiced the savage rite, known to no other American tribe, of sacrificing human victims to the Great Star, or the planet Venus. This dreadful ceremony annually preceded the preparations for planting corn, and was supposed to be necessary to secure a fruitful season. To prevent the failure of the crop and a consequent famine, some individual was expected to offer up a prisoner, of either sex, who had been captured in war, and someone was always found who coveted the honor of dedicating the spoil of his prowess to the national benefit.

The intended victim, carefully kept in ignorance of the fate that impended, was dressed in gay apparel, supplied with the choicest food, and treated with every tenderness, with the view of promoting obesity and preparing an offering the more acceptable to the deities. When, by the successful employment of these means, the unhappy victim was sufficiently fattened, a day was appointed for the sacrifice, and the whole nation assembled to witness the solemn scene.

Some short time before Petalesharro was sent to visit Washington, it chanced that an Itean maid, who had been taken prisoner, was doomed by her captor to be offered up to the Great Star, and was prepared with the usual secrecy and care for the grand occasion. The grief and alarm, incident to a state of captivity, had been allayed by deceptive kindness, and the grateful prisoner became happy in the society of strangers, who bestowed upon her a degree of adulation to which she had probably not been accustomed. Exempt from labor, and exalted into an unwonted ease of life, she soon acquired that serenity of mind and comeliness of person which rendered her worthy of being offered to the Great Star as a full equivalent for an abundant harvest.

The reader will now fancy himself in view of the great gathering of the Pawnees, assembled in honor of the sacrifice. In the midst of the circle a stake is driven deep into the ground. Yells and shouts announce that all is ready. In the distance is seen a company of Pawnees; by the side of the leader is a delicate girl. They approach near.

He who made her captive enters the circle. He takes the girl by the hand, and leads her to the fatal spot. Her back is placed against the stake; cords are brought, and she is bound to it. The faggots are now collected, and placed around the victim. A hopeless expression is seen in her eyes.

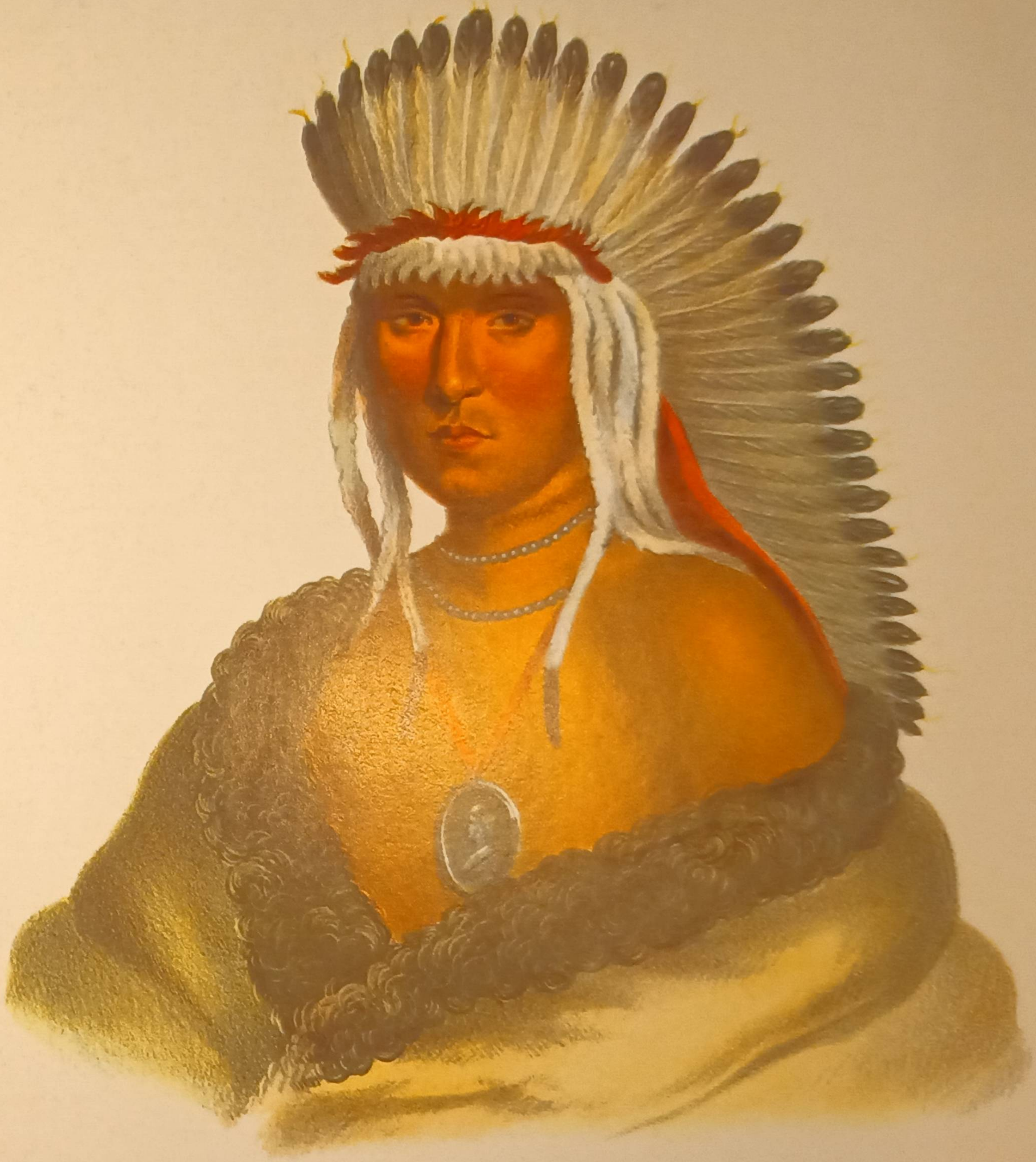
Then a torch is seen coming from the woods hard by. At that moment a young brave leaps into the midst of the circle, rushes to the stake, tears the victim from it, and springing on a horse, and throwing her upon another, and putting both to the top of their speed, is soon lost in the distance. Silence prevails—then murmurs are heard—then the loud threat of vengeance. The stake and the faggot are all that remain to mark the spot which, but for this noble deed, ashes and bones would have distinguished.

Who was it who released the captive maid? It was the young, the brave, the generous Petalesharro! Whether it was panic or the dread of Latalashaw's vengeance that kept the Pawnees from using their bows and arrows and rifles, is not known, but certain it is they did not use them.

OUR READERS will, perhaps, expect to hear that Petalesharro conducted the maiden to her own people, and received the reward which valor deserves from beauty. But mere gallantry formed no part of this adventure. It was not induced, nor rewarded, by love. The Indian is very scriptural in his belief that man is the head of the woman; but he is equally strong in the faith that the female, if she has fair play, is quite as able to take care of herself as a man.

Having escorted her into the broad plains beyond the precincts of the Pawnee village, and having supplied her with provisions, he admonished her to make her way to

(Continued on page 54)



PETALESHARRO,

A PAWNEE BRAVE